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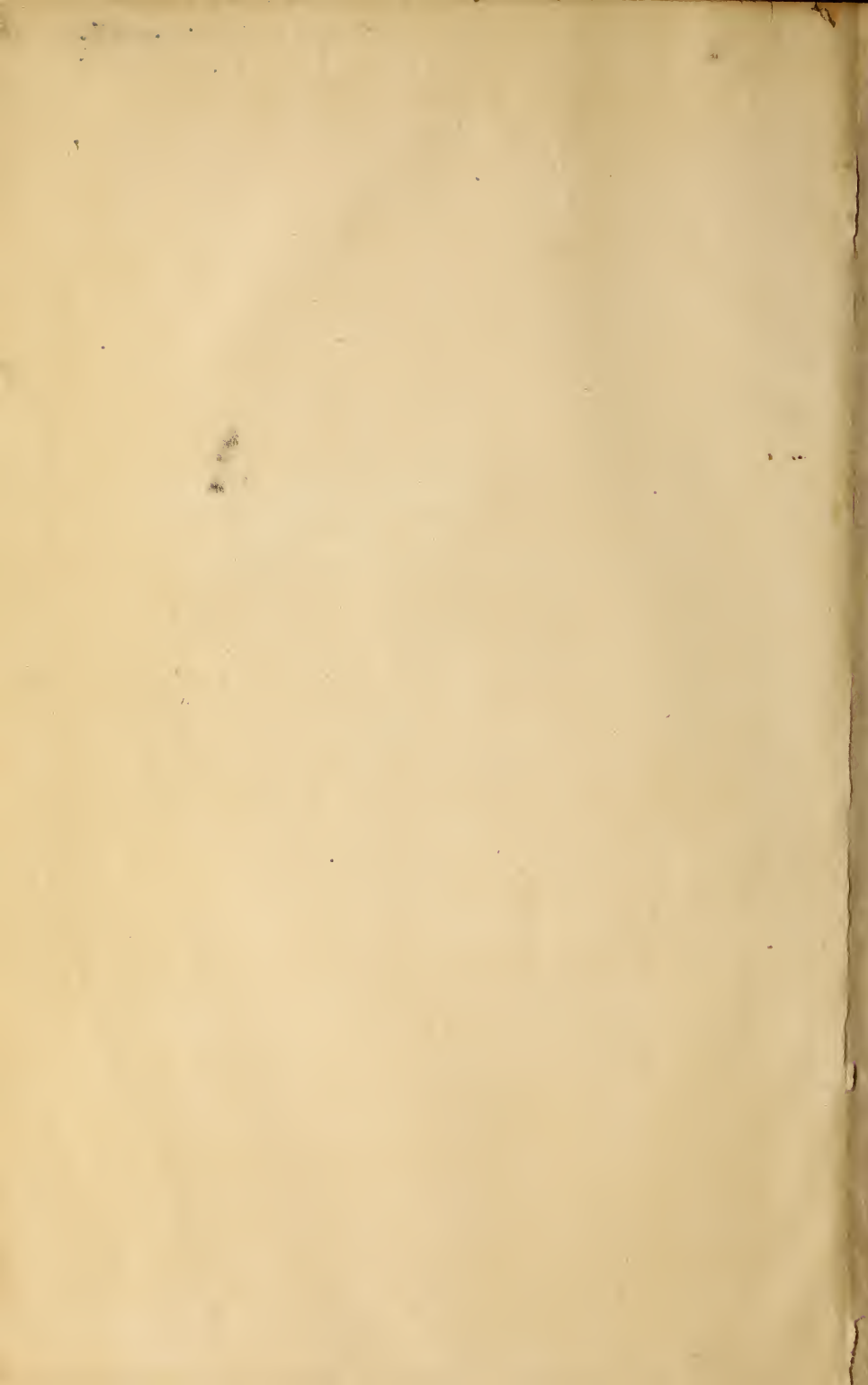
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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL



PUBLISHED BY THE COUNCIL
AND PRESENTED BY THE VARIOUS SOCIETIES.

VOL. XI.

OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 1.

Entered at the Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as Second-class Matter.

CONTENTS.

Advertising Department	2-8
Literary Department	9-33
"The Past," by Henry Timrod	9
"Edgar Allen Poe," by C. C. Alexander	10
"Laurentalia," by Blyarkoen	15
"Our Inheritance," by A. Morrison	23
"Patriotism in Politics", by J. B. Gibson	27
Squibs	31
Editorial Department	35-38
Exchange Department	39-43
Alumni Department	45-48
Local Department	49-54
Directory	55
Advertising Department	56-67



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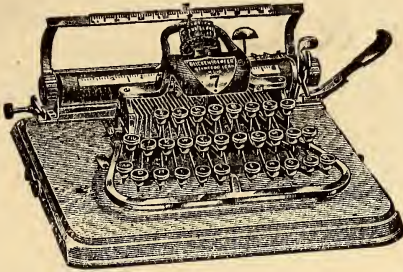
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10/1899

October, 1899

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Literary Department.

L. I. HARDIN, EDITOR.

THE PAST.

Today's most trivial act may be held the seed
Of future fruitfulness, or future dearth;
Oh, cherish always every word and deed!
The simplest record of thyself hath worth.

If thou hast ever slighted one old thought,
Beware lest Grief enforce the truth at last;
The time must come wherein thou shalt be taught
The value and the beauty of the Past.

Not merely as a warner and a guide,
"A voice behind thee," sounding to the strife;
But something never to be put aside,
A part and parcel of thy present life.

Not as a distant and darkened sky,
Through which the stars peep and the moonbeams glow;
But a surrounding atmosphere, whereby
We live and breathe, sustained in pain and woe.

A shadowy land, where joy and sorrow kiss,
Each still to each corrective and relief;
Where dim delights are brightened into bliss,
And nothing wholly perishes but Grief.

Ah, me!—not dies—no more than spirit dies;
But in a change like death, is clothed with wings;
A serious angel, with entranced eyes,
Looking to far-off and celestial things.

—HENRY TIMROD.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

MEDAL ESSAY, CALHOUN SOCIETY.

I can fancy the reader of this paper as glancing at the heading, heaving a weary sigh and murmuring: "One more young fellow who is going to take up the cudgels either pro or con; one more special pleader to apologize for Poe's errors or to declaim against his prostitute genius." And I confess that I hesitate in choosing this subject for fear of creating at the outset that weariness which necessitates the reading of unoriginal sentences on a threadbare theme. But though my subject is a familiar one, in one respect, at least, you will find that my paper is unique. I am going to say not one word about Poe's life. I am going to discuss his writings as literature, and as literature alone, and I am not going to be betrayed into what I deem the weakness of digressing from my theme into biographical discussions and arguments.

It may be a matter of some surprise when I say that, after a careful search, I have been able to find no purely literary discussion of Poe's works. Whenever he has been given any critical estimate at all, it has been brought in as a matter of secondary importance; invariably there have been ten pages of biography to one of criticism. I believe that to America's greatest creative genius in literature there should be accorded the dignity of a purely literary criticism, free from all incrimination and from all special pleading.

Every classification of an author's work must, of necessity, be general, and when I say that Poe's work may be divided under three heads, it is in this general sense that I wish my division to be taken. I divide his writings into Poems, Tales and Essays,—or literary criticisms. I shall ask you to examine these divisions with me in the order mentioned.

The literary principles and doctrines upon which every one of Poe's poems is written are laid down by him in his essay on "The Poetic Principle." This essay is clear and concise,

and forcefully states in a brief space the views of the class of poets to which he belongs. It is a brilliant presentation of his opinions on poetry, and it would be well to state briefly and in outline the principles which it involves. In the first place, he declares that a true poem must be short; it must not lose its unity by undue length. "I maintain that the phrase 'a long poem', is simply a contradiction in terms," is one of the startling propositions with which the essay abounds. The highest poetical sentiment, we are told, is Beauty,—'Beauty embodying a pleasurable melancholy.' His final proposition and the one over which there has been so much difference of opinion, is in regard to his opposition to didacticism. He believed that poetry was not the medium through which Truth was to be most forcefully inculcated. "With as deep a reverence for True as ever inspired the bosom of man, I would, nevertheless, limit its modes of inculcation. I would limit to enforce them; I would not enfeeble them by dissipation." These citations give us in brief the substance of his views on poetry, and they can be included in a single sentence. Every poem must, in order to possess unity, be short; and not Truth, but Beauty, is the highest province of poetry.

It is striking, on reading Poe's poems, to find how thoroughly consistent he was in his beliefs. Every one of his poems is brief, and, in general, they embody a single idea; with the exception of *Al Aaraaf* and *Tamerlane*, any one of them can be read in ten minutes. Beauty in each is the end sought, and each is tinged with sadness. They are sad with that 'depth of divine despair' that he deemed so poetic a sentiment. If he ever had any premeditated purpose in poetry, it was to write a great poem on what he believed to be the most poetic of all themes—the death of a pure woman. Many of his poems embody this idea, but its highest expression is reached in his best known poem, *The Raven*. Poe never tries to point any moral or teach any doctrine in any of his verse; he avoids didacticism at all times.

But the crowning glory of his poetry is its chastity, its

perfect purity. It has been a great fault with lyric poetry that it is often sensual, sometimes even coarse and vulgar. But I defy any man to point out in all of Poe's verse, lyric or otherwise, one word or expression that would bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of the purest maiden,—one suggestion or thought that would have stained the words of a maiden's speech. Burns, Goldsmith, even Shakespeare were sensual and coarse at times, but this lone poet was, in very truth, a maid in purity. And what he said of Tennyson when, in his youth, that poet was struggling along unknown and unappreciated, I say now, in all sincerity of him: I call him and think him one of the noblest poets—not because the impressions he produced are, at all times, the most profound—not because the poetical excitement which he induces is, at all times, the most intense—but because it is, at all times, the most ethereal, the most elevating and pure. Few poets are so little of the earth, earthy.

This chastity is to be admired the more because we know it to be sincere and natural. Poe never withheld any of his thoughts because he believed their expression would make him unpopular. If there is one quality of his verse that we may instinctively feel above any other, it is its confiding openness and evident sincerity. You will find no half-hearted enthusiasm in him; his verse, whether it be of the first or second rank, has ever the fire of true feeling.

We who see before us every day magazines, books and papers full of short stories can scarcely realize that, half a century ago, this form of literature was undeveloped and almost unknown; yet, such was truly the case. With the publication of Poe's first volume of tales begins the history of the short story literature. The object of the short story, Poe believed, was to produce a definite effect; in so far as it succeeded in this was it a work of art. Every word and every sentence, from the beginning, must be chosen with a view to heightening the effect of the climax at the end. Since his success in this line of work, some of our best

writers have devoted their talent to this kind of work, and many have written well. But if you would see Poe's genius in its full brilliance, read even the best of these later productions, and then turn to any of the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque"; you will then find no difficulty in distinguishing the artist from the artisan. Poe's tales are so much alike in their treatment and so nearly equal in merit that it is not necessary to discuss them separately. Suffice it to say, however, that, for artistic effect and genuine genius in descriptive narrative, the opening paragraphs of the "Fall of the House of Usher" are not surpassed in English narrative literature.

But it is as an Essayist and Critic that Poe wished to be remembered by posterity, and it was in this role that he reached the height of fame. How well he deserved that fame may be realized when we remember that he first raised American criticism to a position of dignity and respect. From an attitude of servile solicitude toward European opinion, the American literary public had swung to a position of arrogance and sectionalism, and had begun, to use Poe's words, "To raise nonsense because, forsooth, the nonsense was American". He undertook to raise criticism above sectionalism and the influence of powerful friends or of social cliques to a level of intelligence and respectability. His task was to seek out and crush error, weakness and affection; in this duty he was impartial and pitiless alike to friend and foe,—he asked no mercy and gave none.

Perhaps his most brilliant and striking triumph in criticism was his discovery of Alfred Tennyson. When Tennyson's first small volume of poems was published, Poe announced to the world that a great poet—"the noblest poet"—had appeared. His announcement received the cold indifference which ever greets the voice of a true prophet, but it is left to our generation and to all future generations to witness the growing truth of this prophecy in the ever growing fame of the even now world-famous Alfred Tennyson. But this discovery shows in Poe something more than mere critical

acumen; it is an unerring indication of true genius. For, if the opinion of Thomas Carlyle be entitled to respect, nothing more clearly points out genius than the discovery and appreciation of genius. Boswell lives in history, with all his littleness, because he discovered Johnson in his obscurity and appreciated his greatness; yet, still more strikingly did Poe's genius point out the genius of Tennyson as unerringly as the needle points to the pole.

James Russell Lowell, between whom and Poe there was a warm friendship, is the only American man of letters who can compare with Poe as a critic. Lowell, however, is a worthy rival, and I place him above Poe in breadth of appreciation. But Poe undoubtedly excelled in analytical power and in critical acumen. For this reason he had more influence in giving strength to American criticism and in shaping the course of American letters.

As to what place Poe will occupy in English literature, it is far beyond the scope of this paper to even venture an opinion, but in the literature of America I assign him to a high place—if not the very highest place. He was the greatest creator of new forms of verse that the New World has produced. If he did not found a new school of poetry, he, at least, gave to the world the most brilliant and most powerful declaration of the principles of that school. He was the creator of the short story, and his tales are little masterpieces which have been enrolled among the classics; he has never been even approached in this line. He was the founder of American criticism, and he first raised American opinion to the position of modest dignity which it has ever since maintained. He was, above everything else, original; original in his Poems, in his Tales and in his Essays.

I have attempted a brief and, at the same time, fairly comprehensive sketch of Poe's literary work, and I have avoided all reference either to the relation of his work to his life or of his life to his work. I have avoided this, pointedly, not because I believed it unimportant or unworthy of study, but because I believe this phase of the subject has been over-

done. I believe, further, that we have not enough purely literary discussion of the writings of our greatest creative genius in literature. I have striven not to be beguiled in' o extravagance by enthusiasm; I realize that critical judgment and personal impressions are not to be confused in the literary discussion, and I have striven not to confuse them. In conclusion, however, I hope I may be pardoned for stating in a few words my own personal impressions of Poe, without trying to account for them by literary principles.

Poe has always exercised great influence over my literary tastes and opinions; beginning to read within his comparatively narrow range, I have gradually extended my circle and have read lyric poetry from many poets, with something, I hope, more than mere pleasure. I have read with keenest interest every detail of his stormy life and, while deploring his faults, have sympathized deeply with his hopes and fears. I have not deemed it just nor kind for his sacred private affairs to be unscrupulously laid bare before the cold gaze of morbid curiosity, although I realize that there are many things with which we may find fault:—but I am getting dangerously near the hidden rock of Special Pleading. I find a partial expression of my feelings toward Poe nowhere so well as in the simple lines:

“I know not why I cling to thee,
For thou wast not my kith nor kind;
Unless it was a sympathy
That made me to thy faults seem kind.”

C. C. ALEXANDER.

LAURENTALIA.

I.

The day was calm, the ocean tranquil. The ship rose and fell with an easy, rocking motion which almost put one to sleep—and almost asleep, I was. There I lay, stretched out at full length on the deck, a coil of rope for a pillow. As I gazed into the great heavens, I thought of the land I had left behind, whether I should ever see it again—of the un-

known regions I should see, of the strange people living there—of my future which stretched out before me.

I must have slept, for it was right after dinner when I had lain down, and now a small boy was vigorously punching me in the side, and saying that supper was served. This boy was the only son of a widow, who had come on board just before we began our voyage.

As I walked into the dining room the passengers were just taking their seats. At the farther end of the table was the widow, of whom I have spoken. Next to her was a curious old gentleman, who had written a history of Newfoundland, and who thought it was the best of its kind ever written. This old gentleman was very much annoyed by the widow's son, who had begun a sham battle with an imaginary foe, and who would wave his knife and fork around his head, only stopping now and then to give a thrust at the enemy. So the old gentleman was kept dodging about constantly, much to the amusement of the widow, who looked at her son approvingly.

I will make no mention of the captain, who was, of course, at the head of the table. Next to him sat an old man to whom we had given the title of "Traveler," because he related so many tales of travel. Though his hair was tinged with gray, he seemed strong and robust yet.

At the foot of the table sat a gentleman and his wife. They seemed to be quiet, refined people, for they were polite to every one else, and tried their best to please. Every now and then they looked at their daughter, who was a sweet girl of seventeen. Beside this young lady sat a youth on the verge of manhood. He was tall and slim, had black eyes, and on the whole seemed to be a charming person. It may have been this, or perhaps on account of his sitting beside her, but the girl seemed confused, and could hardly talk to him.

Off to himself in a corner, sat an old, white-haired man. His locks were long, his face wrinkled, and his hands were shaking with palsy. We had noticed two strange things

about this old man: that he was continually muttering to himself, and that he seemed never to eat anything. So we all held aloof from him, for he seemed to desire no one's company.

The ship all the while had been riding quietly in the calm, and no danger was apprehended from the wind.

So, after supper, when we had pushed back our chairs from the table, it was suggested that some one tell a tale. It was decided unanimously that the "Traveler" should be the one to tell it. After many protestations that if any one did laugh at it, it was, nevertheless, as true as "he was living." He began as follows:

"I was working about in the country all the afternoon, and at about dusk, I found myself near an old country church-yard. I never was superstitious, but, that evening, there seemed to be something of that nature in the air.

As I walked past a large grave-stone near the road, I saw something, long and fleshless, clad in white vestments, rise up from behind it. I stood rooted to the ground with fear, but as soon as I regained my senses, I sped off down the road faster than any steam engine tried to go.

When I became so tired and breathless that I could not go another step, I dropped down in the road, hoping that I had gotten rid of my ghostly companion,—but, no; there it stood, eyeing me coolly. My weariness was dispelled at once. Waiting about five seconds, I said,

"You didn't think I was running *then*, did you? With that, I jumped up, and———"

"That suffices," said the old, gray-haired man in the corner. The "Traveler" did not speak again that night.

"I will now read a selection," said the man who wrote the history of Newfoundland, taking a book out of his pocket. Whereupon, everyone, except the widow's son, retired.

II.

The weather betokened a storm. All day, the heavens had been overcast with dark clouds, and every moment ad-

ded to the velocity of the wind. The sea was already rising in mountains. There was an anxious look on every one's face, especially so, as it was now growing dark—for the oldest sailor dreads a storm at night.

Off to the left, we heard the sound of breakers, and at every moment it grew louder.

It was so dark that an object three feet off could not be seen.

We gave ourselves up as lost, for the ship was liable to strike the rocks at any moment.

All at once, we heard a scraping noise underneath, and we were driven against the reef with such force that everyone fell to the deck.

Muttered prayers could be heard from the most devout.

The widow was on her knees, her hands covering her face.

A second shock, and the straining of the timbers of the ship could be heard.

A loud cry was heard, and we all looked up, just as a flash of lightning illuminated everything. There stood the old man, his gray locks flowing in the wind, and his palsied hands lifted as to give a blessing.

"My children, close your eyes," he called out above the howling of the wind.

Every eye was closed, as if by some supernatural power. Then a greater shock than before rent the ship.

III.

I knew not what had happened, but the next morning I found myself on the coast of an island—I suppose the one on which we had been wrecked. To the North, West and East the sea stretched out calm and tranquil.

On the summit of a small hill above me, I saw a large tree. I walked up the hill to it, and noted that, about four feet from the ground, these letters were cut deep into the bark: LAURENTALIA.

Off to the west, was a large stone building which, on nearer approach, seemed as if it might have been an *abbey*,

used by monks of long ago. Hearing voices inside, I looked through a door, falling in ruins, and saw the youth and the girl, whom I had known on the ship. The girl was weeping, because she thought her parents were lost, and the youth was trying to comfort her, telling her that, as they had been saved so mysteriously, of course, her parents were, too. When I walked in, she stopped crying, and seemed more hopeful.

We now heard steps on the outside of the old abbey. Soon the "Traveler" and the author of the history of Newfoundland walked in. The "Traveler" asked me if I had seen anything of the old gray-headed man. I told him I had not. We then began talking of the strange way in which we had been saved the night before, all joining in except the "Traveler."

It was then agreed that we should explore the island. As we walked out, we saw approaching us, the captain, the widow and her son, and the parents of the girl. After we had greeted each other, and discussed again the manner in which we had been saved, we went down to the beach to see if we could find any remains of the wreck.

I pointed out the letters cut in the tree, and it was agreed to give the island the name of Laurentalia.

Seeing nothing of interest on the beach, we returned to the abbey. It was resolved to keep a diligent watch, day by day, and if a ship was seen, to hail it, and by that means return home.

Now, no as immediate danger was seen, and most of us had collected our senses, we looked about us and saw that all the passengers were safe and sitting around on the ruins of the old abbey, except the old gray man. Noticing this, the company asked where he was, and they began discussing again the manner in which they had been saved. The captain, seeing that the "Traveler" had said nothing, asked him to express his views on the subject.

"Well," said the Traveler, "you know I like to tell a tale, but that is not why I am going to tell you what I will—it is

because I think it due you to know some of the main facts about this old gray man;—but no longer gray,” he added in such a tone that the company started as much because of the tone, as of the fact.

It was now evening, and the wind which had risen, came in fitful gusts, sometimes bringing rain. Just now, a stronger gust than usual came and, overthrowing some heavy object in the distant part of the abbey, the sound of the falling was carried back and forth among the old rooms and halls.

It was by this time twilight, our forms looking more ghostly than otherwise in that old ruined room; and while the wind was whistling and moaning outside, the “Traveler” began:

“Some years ago, there came to the small town of L—— (which was my home) a man seemingly about twenty-three years old. I saw him as he stepped from the train at the depot. He was what you might call a fine-looking man—good face, black hair, and a superb physique, except that he was of ordinary height.

This man engaged an old empty house, a little outside the town, and not very far from my own house. Here he lived all to himself. No one ever saw anything of him, except when he went into town to make some purchase.

He had not lived there long, when three or four large boxes were delivered at his door. Every day after this large columns of black smoke could be seen rising from the largest chimney of the house. This of course excited great curiosity, but no one had ever been able to get so much as a peep into the house.

One day I was sitting alone in my house, my family having gone on a visit, when I heard a dull explosion and a slight scream from the house of the mysterious man. Here was a chance to satisfy my curiosity, which in truth had been burning ever since this man had come into our neighborhood; so hastily running to the house where the explosion had taken place, I saw more smoke than ever coming from the one chimney; and breaking down the door which was locked I rushed inside.

At first, nothing could be seen for the smoke, and coming from the cool, clear air into the heated and seemingly gaseous air of the house, I almost lost my senses. The smoke clearing away, I could take in the whole room. There, to be sure, in the middle of it lay the stranger—but the hair which had been so black was now snow white. Wondering at this, at the red-hot furnace and the great number of bottles, crucibles, and the like, I did not immediately go to the aid of the stranger. My mind asserting itself, I threw open the windows, and opening the stranger's collar, sprinkled cold water on his face. Soon he began to revive, and opening his eyes, looked about him with the greatest astonishment and asked where he was and how he came to be there. I made some answer and asked him about the furnace, bottles and crucibles. He could not or would not give any explanation whatever.

At that moment, I heard steps, and turning saw three men, whom I had never seen before. One of them said: "Well, here he is, but look at his hair!" I asked him what he meant, and in substance, he told me that the stranger was not in his right senses; that about a year ago, this man whose hair was now so white and another were in love with the same girl; the other had won her, and ever since the defeated one had not been in his right mind.

And so it was—these three men were his keepers; he had escaped, and they had been looking for him some time, and at last had found him in our town.

Just as I had finished telling them what I knew of the insane man and of the explosion, the afflicted man began muttering, and I shall never forget the sight we saw when we turned. There the man lay all drawn up, and his limbs seemed to be twisted. Not only was his hair perfectly white, but his face was becoming wrinkled, and great drops of perspiration stood out as if he were suffering the most intense agony.

We did what we could for him; and that evening the three strangers left, taking the other one with them.

IV.

About a month after these occurrences I went one day to the depot, and you may imagine my surprise at seeing on the platform that bent and now shaking form of the old man with the white hair and wrinkled face. He seemed to recognize me, and coming up slowly, he pulled me down and whispered in my ear that "Love-Elixir" could not be found by means of chemicals, and that he was now going to try to find it by nature.

I was wondering at this when the bell rang, and the old man getting on as best he could, the train slowly started.

In an instant I had gotten up on the platform of the last car, for I was determined to see the rest of this strange story.

Well, we traveled on, sometimes catching distant views of high mountains, and then after awhile coming nearer where the hazy mysterious blue melts into the green of the foliage and gives the scene a deeper tinge of mysteriousness—now through a fertile valley with green beneath, green on both sides and blue above; then by a rapidly-rushing river which gradually broadened out as we came into the lowlands; we went until suddenly there burst upon us the broad and endless view of old Ocean, looking quiet and sublime at such a distance. Coming nearer a little seaport town we could see the jetties, wharves and slips—one of these slips was alive with men going back and forth—she seemed about ready to sail. To this ship the gray old man hastened, I following. We both secured passage, and going aboard found you there who are now here.

You now know everything except one incident that occurred only a few hours ago on the beach. I was coming towards this old ruin when I saw the gray one a little ahead of me. He seemed to be hunting for something; I followed. He now came to the tree whereon is written *Laurentalia*; no sooner had he seen that word than he dropped on his knees and began scratching and digging the earth away from the roots of the tree. Then he broke off a piece of the root, and began chewing it violently. All at once I saw him drop as

if in a paroxysm to the ground. I ran to him, but I was some feet off when he jumped up and ran off like a deer. That is the last I saw of him, and I can't say whether anyone else will ever see him again or not.

One thing though, that I shall never forget—that, as he ran off, I saw that his hair was glossy and coal black."

BLYARKOEN.

OUR INHERITANCE.

MONTHLY ORATION, CALHOUN SOCIETY.

It is with a feeling of pride mingled with regret that I have been chosen as first orator of the present year. Yet I do not know but that I have been wisely chosen; for our new members will find that they will have my deepest sympathy in their first attempt and also therein much room for improvement.

We are now but a mere set of ordinary college boys banded together for development. How insignificant the acorn seems lyidg among the fallen leaves in the vast forest, but what a contrast after it has passed through the proper course of developement and becomes a Titan among his fellows. We are not exactly in acorn-hood, but in what you might call the sapling state, not strong enough, or sufficiently developed to successfully weather the storms of life but still protected by our fathers until we are fully able to cope with the elements.

While we are in this naturing state we should remember that each one has a place in the history of our time. This is something to which every one has a right, and if you do not obtain it it is because you will not step forth and claim it. In whatever circumstances a man is thrown if he always does his best as a man, he does that much for the history of his country, although his efforts may not be recognized at the time. The unknown heroes are the makers of history and its noted heroes.

As we stand at the close of the grandest of all centuries and behold the morning star of one still more promising, we naturally ask who will make the history and the heroes of this oncoming century? The answer "I will," is read in the face of every child, school and college boy you meet.

According to the Anglo Saxon record every generation is expected to advance and improve on all lines of civilization more than its predecessor. There seems to be an onward march toward the impossible perfection. In this onward march every generation has its cross to bear. But regardless of the crosses and many seeming insurmountable barriers the line of march continues; and as the old battle scarred warriors drop out, their places are readily filled by those younger and better prepared to face the toil of battle. I do not say better prepared, irreverently, but the old warrior has caused his son to profit by his experience and has used every effort to better train and equip him. Thus through the combined efforts of both father and son the younger starts out into life's battles better qualified than his progenitor.

Taking a backward glance at the last three American generations we may obtain an idea of what burdens they bore and what advancement they made. Our great grandfathers were born and reared under British oppression, but after a long and determined struggle they came out of the revolutionary war as victors under an eighty million dollar debt, but nevertheless they were able to leave their posterity that dear bought and richest legacy ever inherited by man, Liberty. They also laid the foundation of our government. Our grandfathers enriched by such an inheritance made the Louisiana Purchase, fought the war of 1812, welcomed the invention of steam and the telegraph, practically settled the Indian wars by giving them the Indian territory in thirty-four, adopted the Monroe Doctrine, received Missouri as a state after much discussion on the slavery question, causing Clay to introduce his Missouri Compromise, fought the Mexican war in forty-six and seven, annexed many states,

made laws, and built many cities. The 1790 Census of the United States was about four million inhabitants. The city of Washington was laid off in 1792 and in 1800 had nine thousand inhabitants. Fifty years ago Chicago had four thousand five hundred inhabitants, no bridge spanned the Mississippi, the buffalo roamed from the Rio Grande to the Red river of the North. The treasure vaults of California had not been opened. Nothing but nature in her wild and crude state stretched towards the setting sun.

Our fathers then fell into line, took up the question of slavery and suffered its terrible solution. The ancients and other nations may boast of wars and bloody carnage, but America and our own fathers have furnished battle fields and participants for some of the worlds most bloody battles. How our hearts should swell with pride and inspiration to know that the blood of those great heroes courses through our veins.

Now five great transcontinental railways bind our states together with their cords of steel. Our ocean liners plough the deep between our and foreign ports. Our great cities converse with each other by the telephone. The days of the frontier have past. Measureless fields of grain now wave on the Western prairies, and through these continents of corn and wheat the rivers of the West pursue their courses like veins of silver through beds of emerald and gold.

As we become more enlightened we see more plainly into the future, its needs and demands. Our fathers, having learned by experience wherein they were deficient, have tried to prevent any such deficiency in us by giving us better opportunities. They plainly see that the day of the educated man will soon be at hand, and that their sons must be prepared for it. The young men of today are to receive a bonus of about seven million dollars on education for the advancement of themselves and betterment of their future. Why such self-denial on the part of our fathers? Because they are Christians and know that success is only reached

through knowledge and application. Are we worthy of such love and interest? Let us not answer yes too readily, but prove it by our work and future life. Some, opposed to education, will say this is extravagant and it is the self made men that make the great men. Statistics show it otherwise. Twenty-five years ago one man out of every two hundred and seventy-three was a college man, now one out of every ninety-one. Forty-two of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, twenty-four out of the thirty-seven Secretaries of the Treasury, thirty-two per cent of the House of Representatives, eighty-three per cent of United States Chief Justices, seventy-five per cent of the one hundred and fifty most famous names in the list of Cyclopædic Biography, thirty-seven and one-half per cent of the eighty wealthiest men, were college men. Does this show the so-called self-made man in the lead? Where is the self-made man that was known to refuse an education when he had the opportunity of obtaining one. Circumstances only and not the lack of desire keep the self-made men from their college diploma. The unceasing desire for knowledge is the main essential to the making of a great man.

We, with the many opportunities and advantages offered us, and as heirs to an inheritance enriched and endeared to us by the lives and labors of our fore-fathers, should fully understand the responsibility we are to assume. So we in preparing should not only apply ourselves to the classic branches but also to the study of our own time and its great questions.

Many and difficult will be the problems of the future. The white man must be relieved of his burden, the Phillipine question must be settled, the Panama canal must be built, many new fields of science must be discovered and opened up, and numberless other questions and problems must be answered and solved. Will we be ready to assume our share of these great responsibilities? Our success in their solution depends upon our preparation and ability.

A contractor building an immense steel bridge across a

river, being crowded with other contracts and anxious to complete the work, fails to give the material the proper inspection and tests, and to realize the responsibility resting upon him. The bridge in its completed state makes a beautiful picture, gracefully spanning from pier to pier almost a hundred feet above the water. The contractor, ignorant of a defective bolt having been placed between the two central piers, proudly turns over the result of his labors to the road which receives it as satisfactory. That overlooked defective bolt is gradually giving way, and yet every engineer has learned to trust the bridge and dashes heedlessly over the unknown increasing danger. If there were only some way to discover the danger! But it is too late, we hear the shrill whistle of an oncoming express and wait to see it cross the bridge. We hear the roar. It dashes around the curve, rushes out upon the first span and then a terrific crash.— A feeling of horror rushes through your brain and you are brought to realize what has happened by shrieks, moans, and the hissing sound of escaping steam. Why all this sickening sight? Because one man failed to see that the bridge was constructed of sound material. Let us while here in college, the manufactory of this material, select nothing but sound and tried, to build our bridges on life's road! One defective bolt may cause disaster to ourselves and many friends.

Then being fully prepared for our grand inheritance let us gladly receive it, and each start out determined to fight his best for himself, his country, and his God, that in the end, the setting sun of our generation may through its beauty and grandeur inspire posterity to a still higher and nobler future.

A. MORRISON.

PATRIOTISM IN POLITICS.

Men whose purpose is to do right at all times and under

all circumstances, constitute the highest type of citizenship of any community. As a consequence of this, the man who works for the welfare and good of his country, is in full sympathy with all the forces that tend to uplift humanity. Self-sacrifice and devotion to duty is the motto and aim of the followers of true patriotism. Obedience to the laws of one's own country is certainly not all that is required of a true citizen and patriot; but he who wishes to accomplish the most good must not be selfish—he must in every respect be devoted to her best interests.

Much to our regret we must say that patriotism in our politics has been polluted in the past, and many under the pretense of being upright citizens and patriots have been disloyal to their country and friends. One of the most hurtful influences in our politics to-day is partisanship—for a good partisan is not always a good citizen. He who favors such measures as would benefit his own section alone, and that would prove detrimental to his country, cannot by any means be classed a patriotic citizen. Under the debasing influence of politics and unworthy politicians the integrity of honor and patriotism has been degraded, for scheming politicians, in order that they may successfully carry out their policies will resort to any method however low and base it may be.

It was the influence of some of our most prominent politicians, that now causes the unjust and inhuman war in the Philippines to go on, but sooner or later the president will declare himself for the independence of the islands. He is a politician who keeps his ear to the ground and changes front whenever it seems the most popular thing to do. He will very soon realize that the American people will not follow him in his repudiation of that love of liberty which animated Washington. Already the revolt of the Germans has alarmed him, and as soon as he catches on to public sentiment, the president will again set his sails to catch the popular breezes and will run to the front of the procession and

have his cliquers say that all the time he has been working to prevent criminal aggression.

No matter who stands in the way of it now, or long selfish or partisan consideration may delay it, it is certain that the American people will secure freedom and independence for the Philippine Islands. This republic has always been the inspiration and the hope of liberty-loving men in all sections for more than a century. Though an administration with a tainted title and honey-combed with scandals, may postpone the hour, the dawning of the day when the masses of our great and beloved republic will bring it back to its old moorings is not far distant, for no flag, however powerful the nation it symbolizes may be, can ever float permanently over a conquered race which desires its independence.

This government should wake up to the fact that it is incompetent to accomplish the task of righting all wrongs, and why should we as a liberty-loving people allow it to continue? We have problems here at home within our own borders, which challenge our most patriotic, our best, and our highest efforts. There are issues pressing for solution before which we may well stand appalled. There are matters which affect the very basis of our government claiming our attention. Shall we leave undischarged these duties and go out in a vain effort to rectify the wrongs of other nations.

Let us remember that a true, patriotic nation is one that always cultivates its spiritual and intellectual activities, and is always aiming to administer justice in its courts and peace within its bounds, instead of going out to oppress a people who are struggling for liberty. Did not our fore-fathers struggle in a cause they deemed sacred? There is a duty for every patriotic American citizen to perform. The scholar is needed to steer the ship of State aright, for education is a necessity in politics. The clergyman also aids in the putting of our politics on a higher plane, by teaching and exemplifying into the lives and minds of others, the great truths of the Scriptures. In this way the character of our citizens is moulded into pure, Christian manhood.

Not long since I heard of an instance where a man in North Carolina, during the recent election in that State, showed his manhood and patriotism in this respect which certainly deserves mentioning. He had, for fifteen years, been the leader of his party in his county, and was always devoted to its best interests; but at length when new measures were introduced into it which he considered detrimental to the welfare of his country, he quietly refused to support it longer and voted in another party, as he himself said, "for the protection of his wife and children." Was not this true patriotism? To-day that man is held in the highest esteem by all who know him, and is regarded as a true and upright citizen, one who can be depended upon when great questions are brought up for solution.

The welfare and happiness of our citizens can only be preserved and promoted by having just government, for in this way each citizen enjoys privileges in equal and exact degree with every other citizen. To promote and secure that end, there must be just and equitable laws that will guarantee to every man his rights without discrimination.

In order to secure just laws and the equal and exact enforcement of them, it is exceedingly necessary that those who have been vested with the rights, duties, and responsibilities of citizenship, should at all times exercise independence in passing upon the wisdom of any measure and the fitness of the man to represent it. Character and fitness are elements essential to be possessed by those to whom are committed the duty of administering the affairs of government. When such elements are presented before us, the highest type of citizenship and patriotism require us to abandon party organization, rather than allow the interest and welfare of the country to suffer by permitting dishonest and incompetent men to rule, for "when the wicked beareth rule the nation mourns."

In a country where the voice of the people is the supreme law, the man who uses independence in casting his vote is the salvation of it. The independent voter will analyze and

consider measures and men from a non-partisan standpoint, not from prejudice or partiality, but with the sole purpose of doing the best to promote the best interest of all.

Different entirely from the partisan voter, the man who exercises independence in casting his vote will, as a rule, choose the best and purest men to hold public office. The selection of the right men for such purposes, is very necessary in these degenerate days. Blind party adherence is a bane to any republican government. Washington, in his farewell address, warned the American people against the excessive party spirit, and if the advice of this great statesman and patriot had been followed when the people were deciding great questions of government, there would not be to-day such distress in the nation. Party lines and party adherence have kept men divided, and their strength has been rendered nugatory, yet they believed and advocated the same measures. If they were independent voters they would have united and accomplished what they desired. For example, the money question is considered the greatest issue of to-day in American politics, yet many men who believe that financial reform is a return to normal and prosperous conditions are members of various political organizations. Independent, united and working in harmony they could solve the problem. The highest type of citizenship is that which buries passion and stifles party prejudice when the interests of the nation are involved.

J. B. GIBSON.

SQUIBS.

Brother Weddington was the dusky divine sent by the Conference to pilot the little mountain community of black sheep to the heavenly fold. His congregation was neither large nor wealthy, and the pastor was often forced to resort to various expedients to eke out a subsistence. One of the most common of these was to give an entertainment for the

benefit of himself. He was arranging for one of these about the time that I overheard the following conversation, which was held with Sister Whitesides, the dusky damsel who wielded the frying-pan for our household:

"Sister, hab you heard ob de entertainment what's gwine to be over to Balaam's church tomorrer night. You must be sho an' come 'cause de admisshun fee am but five cents."

"I bin hear about it, Brother Weddington, and I spec I'll be dare, but I ain't gwine pay no five cents at de do'."

"But, Sister, I gwine to be at de do' myself to collect de money," was the reply.

"Didn't I train all dem chillun for de exhibition las' week? I ain't gwine to pay nuthin'. I just gwine walk right in."

When in need of an argument, Bro. Weddington generally resorts to scripture. "Sister," said he in a sepulchral voice, "I am de way and de door, and whoso entereth by any under way, the same am a thief and a robber."

Sister Whitesides paid her fee.

—ALEX.

* * * *

In every college community there are invariably some students who suffer with their eyes—some more, some less. For the benefit of such persons I respectfully submit the following directions, which if faithfully followed, will be found to relieve even the most obstinate cases of weakness or inflammation.

It will be found a great rest to the eyes to wink at the end of every line. Few people realize that in the course of a book the eyes will have a considerable time of complete rest if the simple process of winking at the end of every line is followed. If this does not give relief, wink at every punctuation mark; this will have the additional advantage of giving excellent exercise in grammatical analysis. The eyes of some people require an even greater proportion of rest; in such cases it becomes necessary to wink at the end of every word. Most

cases will yield to this treatment; but if relief is not felt, a wink must be given after every letter.

Rare and exceptional indeed are the cases that the last mentioned method will not relieve. A few such cases, however, must exist; to such I would say—*Stay winked*.

ALEX.





WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Established
1888.

OCTOBER, 1899.

Vol. XI.
No. 1.

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Editorial Department.

H. T. SHOCKLEY, EDITOR.

To the New Students. You have been already formally welcomed to Wofford and its various organizations at the "New Students' Reception"; but we wish again to welcome you in the name of all the old students.

Possibly you have come here with a feeling of "greenness" which makes you distant or backward. But don't let that trouble you; it will soon wear off, if you make good use of your opportunities. And if on any occasion we, who are older students can give you aid of any kind, do not fail to call on us. We are ready and willing at all times to give what help lies in our power.

Now, a word of advice. Of course, your primary object in coming to college was to find food for your intellect, but do not let your mind be trained at the expense of your physical and spiritual welfare.

Our Alumni have seen fit to give us a magnificent gymnasium for our bodily training, and we cannot think they would have made any such great outlay had they not deemed it necessary and helpful for us. Now, I do not mean that

you should neglect your books for the gymnasium, but I do mean that you should not neglect the "gym." and other exercises beneficial to your bodies.

Then, again, we have another part of our natures that should not be neglected; our spiritual being. We have every facility for the improvement of this part of our nature; a Christian faculty, good associations, a Y. M. C. A., the welcome of all the churches in the city, and our Bibles. Then let us not neglect our spiritual well-being.

Finally, I say, we accord to all students, "Old" and "New", a hearty welcome and best wishes for the coming year.



*

The Past Summer. It has been one of the most eventful summers in several years. Epoch-making happenings have occurred. To mention a few:

Dreyfus has been granted a new trial, and again found guilty, but pardoned on condition immediately after the verdict.

England has been and is trying to force a war of conquest upon President Kruger's domain; Oom Paul wishes to settle the question by arbitration.

Our war in the Philippines has been dragging along its weary length, nothing definite being done or in view of being done.

Admiral Dewey has returned to the country which is proud to claim him as her only admiral, and received with natural modesty the immense welcome provided by the city of New York.

The enormous "telegraph cotton swindle" has come and gone, and many speculators are poorer and wiser.

The *Columbia* and *Shamrock*, after minutely-described

* The following editorials were written by Mr. Norton, who did not return to College.

preparation, will this month settle the point of dispute as to which is the fastest yacht.

Many other things are deserving of the notice of college students, among them being several educational conventions, trust conferences, etc., well worthy of the students' study.



Your College Course. The question which confronts parents of which college shall be attended by sons is always a serious one and generally has the serious consideration which it deserves. The parents realize that in their choice they are accepting or rejecting to a greater or less degree sure chances of their son's success in after life; if they choose wisely, they think their son cannot be a failure, and of course they choose to the best of their ability. Having chosen, they dismiss the matter from their minds, thinking justly that the rest lies with their son and the college chosen, but unjustly attaching the greater importance to the part the college shall play therein.

The young man imbibes these notions, the latter principally, and proceeds to drift through college, happy finally to get a diploma, and proud of his diplomacy in "deadheading" the college and college authorities. It was when such young men were general that Horace Greeley expressed himself so forcibly upon them in journalism, an expression that has grown proverbial, but which happily is now gradually disapproving under the changed conditions brought about both by the college authorities and college students, in attempts to remedy this matter.

More importance is attached to hard and constant work by the young man and the college is looked upon only as furnishing the best possible means of culture, for developing to the greatest degree the brain and its faculties. The duties of the college are rather passive, aiding in a greater or less degree the young man to become a self-made young man, than which there are no other great or successful ones in the world today; the young man's duties are active always.

It is by using his arm, constantly exercising it, that a

man enlarges and strengthens it. This is a physical law, but as truly do we find its analogy true in the mental world. There is only one way we can strengthen, develop, bring to its full value the mind, and that is by constant exercise. This exercise cannot be taken by proxy, but we can be shown how to secure the best results. The exercise itself is simple: just hard study on definite lines and still harder thinking.

Of the two, I believe the last the more important, aids more in bringing the intellect to its full powers. It has been the persistent, constant thinker that has won the greatest battles, intellectual, moral, physical in this world.

It is the student who the most forcibly sees the importance of this hard study and intent thinking and who strives thereby assiduously for the end of mutual improvement and culture, and who is helped in the best possible way by the college curricula. I say it is such an one that derives the most benefit from a college course.

All of you may probably know these facts already: if so, they are simply brought to your mind again. It is a simple question often made complex by surroundings, and is lost sight of in active participation in college life. I ask you to always remember that the self-made man which you have read or heard of often, is one that simply studied and thought unceasingly, and if you intend to be a successful man, to make the most of your mental and moral natures, you must make yourself; must be a *self-made* man.



H Wofford College Annual. The question of an Annual has been fully and freely discussed before, and has come disappointingly near success at times. Can't we look the matter squarely in the face, and settle it at least for this year?

The matter is simply mentioned here to bring forward discussion. Will it not be to our advantage to have one? Will it not promote college spirit and draw the interest of the students closer to the college?

There are many other questions that could be favorably answered, but these are sufficient to start you thinking.

Full discussion is wanted and should be had. It deserves in every way our attention, and should receive our best judgment.

Exchange Department.

E. P. MILLER, EDITOR.

Criticism is of the utmost importance as a means of improvement along any line whatsoever and not less so in the field of college journalism than in any other. In order that the magazines may have a medium through which ideas for their advancement and up-building may be interchanged, the Exchange Department has been created. This department should be of most practical value to the magazine; because in it should be contained disinterested criticisms and suggestions, which, if heeded, would tend to elevate college journalism to a higher standard.

In taking upon myself the duties and responsibilities of this department, I fully realize my inability to make it all it should be. Nevertheless, it shall, at all times, receive my earnest attention. It is my purpose to be perfectly fair and unbiased in all criticisms and suggestions that I may make and to point out, in so far as I am able, the lines along which improvement are needed. I would also ask that our exchanges be perfectly frank in their criticism of us and if, at any time, they should see danger ahead for us a kind note of warning will be thankfully received.

Very few of the June magazines having reached our hands our department for this month will necessarily be small.

The May-June issue of the *Tulane Collegian* contains several interesting pieces of fiction. We are exceedingly sorry that the issue containing the first installment of "Guissepine" did not come our way; for this story is somewhat out of the ordinary run of college journal stories. The author's style is pleasing with its ease and smoothness. The same magazine contains an excellent biographical sketch of

Petrarch. This valued exchange has neither local, alumni nor exchange departments. With the exception of a short editorial, the entire magazine is given up to literary contributions. We believe in keeping up a large and well filled literary department; but we do not believe that all others should be excluded on account of it.

The *Furman Echo* contains several very readable articles. The writer of "Imperialism as an American Policy" advances some very strong arguments in favor of its adoption. While we cannot agree with the writer in all of his ideas of government, we must say that the article is well written. "The True Cyrano De Bergerac" as portrayed by Dumas in "Les Trois Mousquetaires," is an able review of Edmond Rostand's new drama that has so completely taken Paris and, indeed, the whole of Europe by storm.

The mechanical get-up of the June issue of the *Echo* surpasses, by far, that of any of the exchanges that have fallen into our hands.

"Shall we Become a Power" in *The Dial* is a strong argument against the expansion policy now being so freely discussed in the leading publications of the country. The writer presents some very forcible facts to show that the expansion policy, if adopted, will not better the condition of the American people. "The Poet Gray" is a biographical essay of merit.

The last two issues of *The Georgian* contain an excellent translation of Theodore Storm's "Immensee." We know of no place where one can find nobler or more beautiful sentiment than is contained in this simple little story. This new phase of college journalism should meet with encouragement.

The Centre College Cento is filled with contributions of a wholesome nature. "Criticism on Henry Esmond" is worthy of special mention. *The Cento* it well up in all of its departments.

The June issue of *The Georgia Tech* serves the double purpose of annual and magazine. It comes to us beautifully illustrated and in attractive cover. The board of editors are to be congratulated on their success in getting out such an attractive commencement issue.

The following exchanges came into our hands too late for criticism in this issue: *The Wake Forest Student*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *The Black and Red*, *The Davidson College Magazine* and *The Central Collegian*.

CLIPPINGS.

CARLYLE.

He traveled as a pilgrim, toward the Light,
But still, with each new height attained, he bent
More sorrowful to catch the cry of fear
That pity and the ever-darkening space
Made tremble more acutely on his ear.

He pointed, as a prophet, toward the Light,
But with his eyes so fixed upon the Earth
That in his heart he carried half its gloom,
And, in his trumpet call, his fellow-men
Heard both their soul's salvation and their doom.

—*Smith Monthly*.

AN UNATTAINABLE IDEAL.

A poet labored through a dreary span of years
His ideal to attain,
And perfect art, in spite of poverty and tears,
Struggling, he sought to gain.

At last the longed for words and inspiration came;
 He wrote with burning pen,
 Far beyond the seas the poet's new-grown name
 Was known and praised by men.

But standing in a garden dim 'neath sunset skies,
 In the soft summer air,
 He saw a lover gaze into his loved ones eyes,
 His love reflected there.

"Alas," the poet sadly sighed; knowing again
 His ideal high lies art above,
 "My arduous labor has been all in vain,
 I cannot portray love."

—*The Georgian.*

A COLLEGE CHAMELEON.

He enters here a *dull green* fresh,
 The world to him looks bright,
 Until by Sophomores rambling round,
 He's *blackened* at dead of night.
 A Sophomore bold he next becomes,
 Distinctly a bright "yeller,"
 And when to Freshies rooms he runs,
 They shrink to hear him bellow.
 A solemn Junior next we find,
 He's feeling very *blue*,
 When for exams by night he crams,
 He's striving to get through.
 A sober Senior we see next,
 With brainy looking head,
 He glibly quotes the Latin text
 And shows himself well *read*.

—*Davidson College Magazine.*

"O non intelligo"—ait Cæsar, "non tam torridus es!"
 Ariovistus respondit,—“non saxum solum in litore es.”—*Ex.*

HARD TO BEAT.

Last night I held a little hand
 So dainty and so neat
 Methought my heart would burst with joy,
 So wildly did it beat.

No other hand into my soul
Could so great solace bring,
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.

—*Wesleyan Literary.*

“Es giebt eine schöne Schule
Mit Studenten fromm und froh,
Die studieren viel im Winter
Und in Fruling thun nicht so.

“Ich wunsche sehr zu wissen
Weshalb es so geschicht
Die Knaben werden ‘pensive’
Und die Mädchen essen nicht.”—*Ex.*

They were playing they said at a practice game,
That they oft had played before,
And curious friends stood by and smiled,
And wondered which one would score.
But Cupid as umpire, called the game,
With a clear and cloudless sky,
And the minister smiled as he hung out the score,
For the game had come out a “tie.”—*Ex.*

Alumni Department.

E. C. MAJOR, EDITOR.

THE CLASS OF '99.

It is natural for the old boys who have returned to college to wish to know what the last graduates are doing. So we think it advisable to give the situations they have secured which we feel will be well filled.

H. J. Brabham, of Bamberg, is taking a course in law at Georgetown University. We predict for him a shining success in the court room.

W. R. Crum, of Rowersville, is carrying on, in company with his father, an extensive mercantile business.

G. E. Edwards is teaching at Dothan, Marion county.

R. J. Geddes, the most handsome man of his class will soon begin teaching at Campton.

J. P. Gray, of Woodruff, who spent six years on the campus, has decided to remain at home a year in order to recuperate before undertaking a course in law at Georgetown University.

W. T. Magness, of Spartanburg, is with his father in the brokerage business.

H. S. Parnell, of Darlington, is teaching near Cades.

Ernest Wiggins, of Holly Hill, who so successfully managed the business department of the Journal last year, is now principal of Hampton Graded School.

H. V. Stribling, of Spartanburg, the poet-artist of his class, has been selected city editor of the Evening Telegram, a new paper just established in the city.

ALUMNI NOTES.

C. R. Calhoun, '93 who took his A. M. in '95, is Superintendent of the Graded School at Bamberg. He has made a fine success as a teacher and we expect him to reach the height of his profession

J. Esterling Walker, of the class of '96, who so efficiently served the college as librarian for the last three years is teaching in the Spartanburg Graded School.

T. F. Barton '98 is a successful farmer near Rowersville, Orangeberg county.

H. A. C. Walker, '97 is teaching at Summerton, S. C.

C. G. Dantzler and I. W. Bowman, are both prominent members of the Orangeburg bar.

J. H. Bennett, who spent a part of the sophomore year with the class of '01 is doing a very large mercantile business at Clio, S. C.

C. B. Waller, A. M., '94 who for several years has been a tutor at Vanderbilt University, now holds the position of assistant Professor of Mathematics at Clemson.

W. W. Nickels, '95 is teaching at Lata.

T. S. Shuler, '93 is rail-road mail clerk in Georgia.

G. Marshall Moore, of Greenwood, one of the most well known young educators of the state is principal of the Anderson Graded School.

S. C. Hodges, '95 is a very successful druggist at Greenwood, S. C.

G. T. Pugh, class of '97 is teaching the Hebron school, near Stokes bridge. He made a fine record while in college, and we expect much from him in the hereafter.

W. E. Willis, '92 is head-master of the Carlisle Fitting School, Bamberg, S. C.

J. Cullen Sullivan who finished the junior year with the class of '98 and who was Regimental Quartermaster of the 2nd S. C. Volunteers is now in the newspaper business in Anderson.

T. A. Graham, '77 for several years a member of the House of Representatives from Abbeville, is now Auditor for Greenwood county.

W. L. Gray, '76 one of the most successful business men of the state, has an extensive mercantile establishment at Laurens, S. C.

S. H. McGhee, class of '95 made a reputation for himself as a student while in college. After teaching for several years he is now editor of the Greenwood Index.

C. A. Woods, '72 of Marion is one of the most prominent lawyers of the state.

W. F. Stackhouse, class of '95, graduating in law at the South Carolina College, and practicing for some time at Greenwood, has moved to Marion.

FOOT BALL.

Some men think that the college boy has no time to play foot ball, or base ball; and that the student should "take advantage of his opportunities," (as they express it)—think of nothing save *text* books and recitations. To the man who knows "boy nature," and who has studied somewhat himself, this is absurd and impossible. He knows that there is that in every boy which demands a trial of strength, a something that will not be satisfied unless there is danger, struggle and victory. Every boy feels that he must take part in some such contest, that he must win where others are trying. It is this that makes the successful student, or man of success any where. It is this same spirit that will not be satisfied with one line of thought, and that demands other outlets.

A college where every energy is directed to the development of the mind, where there are no temptations, no evil, is a dream of a sleeper indeed. As long as colleges are made up of human beings there will be evils for the faculty and student body to look after. I am in favor of foot ball for this reason. Foot ball (*did*) will eliminate present evils that are more injurious to the college boy, to the formation of character, than the evils of foot ball.

Now, it seems to me that the man who is not in touch with "college life," who does not *know* the condition at Wofford should be sure of what he is saying when he condemns the game of foot ball.

As to what these present evils are, it is not necessary to call the attention of those who are *in touch with Wofford*. Compare the number of suspensions, expulsions and requests of withdrawal since "foot ball was killed at Wofford" with the same when the boys played foot ball. The ratio is *five to one*. Ask about college pride, about the good feeling and sympathy that exists among the boys, about the confidence in each other. You will find that evils along these lines have greatly increased during the past two years. That they played a small part during the foot ball years of '94-'95 and '95-'96. These things can be decreased by allowing the boys to play foot ball—inter-collegiate foot ball. The gymnasium is not enough. There must be something more. Foot ball will give the best results.

To those who think "foot ball cranks" alone speak favorably of the game, I shall say that I did not play foot ball during my college course, nor was I in any way connected with the team. I did not realize while in college that other evils greater than foot ball evils would arise. Such, however, has been the case; and I should like to see Wofford again playing foot ball.

ALUMNUS, '98.

Local Department.

W. C. MARTIN, EDITOR.

RECEPTION.

A reception was tendered the new students in the college chapel, on Monday evening the 3rd inst. Dr. Carlisle presided over the meeting and called different young men representing each association, to make short speeches of welcome to the new men in behalf of the different organizations.

The addresses were short but appropriate. The Preston and Calhoun societies were represented by Messrs. Lee and Edwards, respectively. Each in his time, endeavored to impress upon the new men, the extreme necessity of cultivating this side of their college education. Mr. Miller as president of the Gymnasium association was called and after explaining the object of such an organization, urged the new men to join the association; next, Mr. L. E. Wiggins, as caterer of the Wightman-hall spoke informing the new men where they could get good board at \$6,50 per month.

Mr. H. T. Shockley, chief editor of the Journal when called, endeavored to stir up the old men as well as the new men, in the work of college journalism. Mr. L. L. Hardin, manager of the base-ball team represented the Athletic Association. Mr. Hardin in part said: that the new men could look with pleasing anxiety to the coming base ball season, and the outlook for a winning team, next spring has never been brighter. He believed, that Wofford would put out a stronger team next spring than last season's champions.

Mr. P. C. Garris spoke last from the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Garris begged the new men to connect themselves with this association, where they would be encouraged to built up themselves spiritually as well as intellectually. After the students had extended a hearty welcome to all new men, Dr. Carlisle called on Professor Clinkscales for a few remarks. He

spoke in behalf of the 'fresh,' and encouraged the poor home-sick freshmen, saying he wanted no better sign for the future of a young man than to know that he is home-sick. When he touched on the theme of foot-ball, the boys at once recognized in him a warm supporter of the old game they love so well, and they did not fail to show their appreciation in loud and continuous applause. Professor Clinkscales touched the key-note and it was quite evident that the same old spirit as of old existed at Wofford, and that foot-ball has been and shall always be the favorite game for Wofford men. Dr. Wallace, who now fills the chair of "History and Economics" by request addressed a few remarks to the student body, and it is useless to say, that our new professor made quite a favorable impression.

After the meeting was over, the freshmen felt happier, their faces looked brighter and they believed, there were older boys at Wofford, who sympathized with them in their hour of distress.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION MEETING.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, Professor Clinkscales, who is already so popular with the boys, was unanimously elected president of the association for the ensuing year. Speeches were made by Professors Rembert and Leitner and warmly seconded by the president in behalf of foot ball. The boys were encouraged, an old spirit was revived and as a result the Athletic Association has now on the roll one hundred and three names, with a strong probability of twenty more. Again, twenty-two new foot ball outfits have been ordered and before this issue of the Journal is mailed, Wofford will have a fairly good team on the gridiron. It is undecided, whether we shall be allowed to play intercollegiate foot ball this season or not, but nevertheless the boys have hope and if we fail this year, all will not be lost. The boys will be better prepared for 1900's

season. For the present, class teams will be organized and from time to time match games will be played, to which the public will be cordially invited. What will our foot ball alumni say to this.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Foot ball!

Old gold and black.

Every one must play foot ball!

Why should Wofford not get out an annual?

Wofford has opened with a large number on the roll, and everything bids fair for a successful year.

Messrs. N. Alford and F. Bryant, of Marion, have returned to college, after missing a year, and have entered the present Sophomore class.

Mr. Barnes, of Lowndesville, who has been out of college for the last few years has returned and registered with the class of '02

Eight of last season's victorious base ball team have returned this year. This may be bad news for our sister colleges.

Hurrah! for the red-head men!! Count them! They have a scheme on foot to charter a club. There shall be light.

Junior H——has organized a fresh regiment headquarters—No. 104.

Speaking of foot ball, how is Sloan for center with Stokes and Dantzler for guards.

A new book entitled "The Invisible Choir" is now on sale for the fresh.

It is a known fact that every freshman class has curiosities and wonders. The most notable of these remarkable beings is now our "young" fresh from Florida, who claims

to ride six miles in $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes on his "bike." Another record breaker. Alas! for champion Jimmy Michael!

Two young ladies Misses Ligon and Jones have registered with the present fresh class, making the total number of Co-eds in college six. We do not doubt, that they, like the other four young ladies, will stand among the first in their class. Wofford, at least, is proud of her Co-eds.

The fresh must expect high things as well as great things at Wofford, or at least one would form this opinion after finding two lovely fresh, rambling about in the bell tower in search of Professor Snyder's English room. They were advised not to aspire so high.

Senior B— was frightened so bad one night recently, that his horrible yells for help aroused the entire campus. He has not gained his equilibrium yet. Sophomore M. was the criminal.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

We believe that, if there is anything in a good beginning, we will have a prosperous year before us. The general tone of the campus conversation is in this direction; the earnestness of the boys, both new and old bespeak nothing less. Now as Y. M. C. A. men we are truly glad that the prospects are so bright; for on the good condition of affairs on the campus, alone, depends the success of the association.

But we believe we have a better bill of fare for our members this year than we have been able to give heretofore. We have two very fine courses of Bible study to offer, and the good part of this is that we can give nothing but first class matter. Both these courses are based on the Bible itself. There is good room for a student of these courses to do his own thinking, though he be a lower class-man, and sometimes lower class-men do our best thinking. We are glad that we can offer such opportunities to the new boys; for it means a great support and up-builder of their spiritual

natures while they are enjoying the freedom of college life.

Now we are pleased to see how the boys are taking hold of this opportunity. We will have about twenty-five or thirty boys, who will devote a reasonable amount of time to these courses. With such a force of Bible men, the Wofford Association must mean a great deal this year; and in a few years it can mean nothing less than a revival of good, honest Bible study throughout the State.

P. C. G.

ELECTIONS.

Fresh Class.—Mr. Herbert Lewis, president; W. K. Greene, vice president; J. R. Duncan, secretary and treasurer.

Sophomore Class.—Watkins, president; C. Varner, vice President; Strother, secretary and treasurer.

Junior Class.—Daniels, president; M. Auld, vice president; Gibson, secretary and treasurer.

Y. M. C. A.—P. C. Garris, president; B. H. Boyd, vice president; Peele, secretary; L. E. Wiggins, treasurer.

The following marshals have been elected to serve the ensuing year:

Mr. H. M. Brown, chief Marshal.

Calhoun—Gibson, Strother and Brabham, K.

Preston—Bates, Mathias and Clinkscales.

At the last regular meeting of the two societies, steps were taken looking to the selection of a man to represent Wofford next spring in the State inter-collegiate oratorical contest, to be held at Greenwood, S. C. It was finally decided between the two societies, to have a local contest in the college chapel on or about the first of December. Each society elected three men to speak in this contest, the winner of which will represent Wofford College next spring at Greenwood. The Preston Society elected Messrs. L. I. Hardin,

E. H. Hall and L. T. H. Daniels. Calhoun, Messrs. W. C. Martin, A. Morrison and W. C. Koger. This contest will take the place of the regular Ante-Xmas debate.

████████████████████

CALHOUN HALL, Oct. 7, 1899.

Whereas, God, in His infinite wisdom hath seen fit to remove from our midst Nicholas Winfield Hodges, a member of our society, and

Whereas, While a member of our Society he showed his consistent efforts and sterling worth; be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Calhoun Literary Society of Wofford College commend him as a youth of high integrity, faithful and earnest student and a dutiful brother, and be it

Resolved, that we deeply mourn with the bereaved family of our deceased friend and co-worker, and tender them our profoundest sympathy. And, be it further

Resolved, That a page in our Minute Book be inscribed to his memory; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and given for publication in "The Journal."

VANCE W. BRABHAM,
WILLIAM C. KOGER,
VICTOR C. WILSON,
Committee.

████████████████████

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Secretary, C. E. Peele.
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Literary Editor, L. L. Hardin.
Exchange Editor, E. P. Miller.
Alumni Editor, E. C. Major.
Local Editor, W. C. Martin.
Ass't. Bus. M'g'r., W. C. Koger.
Ass't. Lit. Editor, Thomas Daniel.

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President, P. C. Garris.
Vice-President, B. H. Boyd.
Secretary, Peele.
Treasurer, L. E. Wiggins.

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Manager, L. L. Hardin.
Assistant Manager, E. P. Miller.
Sec. and Treas., E. C. Major.
Captain, Chas. B. Burnett.

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Vice-President, C. D. Lee.
Sec. and Treas., E. C. Major.

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Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, '76.

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Pi Kappa Alpha.
Kappa Alpha.
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Poet, C. C. Alexander.

Junior Class.

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Vice-President, M. Auld.
Sec. and Treas., J. B. Gibson.
Poet, F. K. Lake.
Historian, W. C. Koger.

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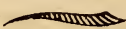
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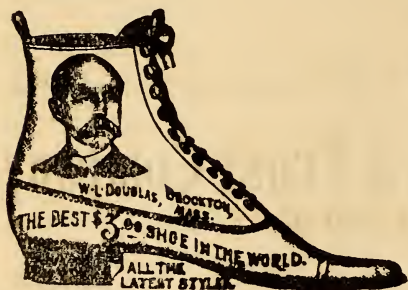
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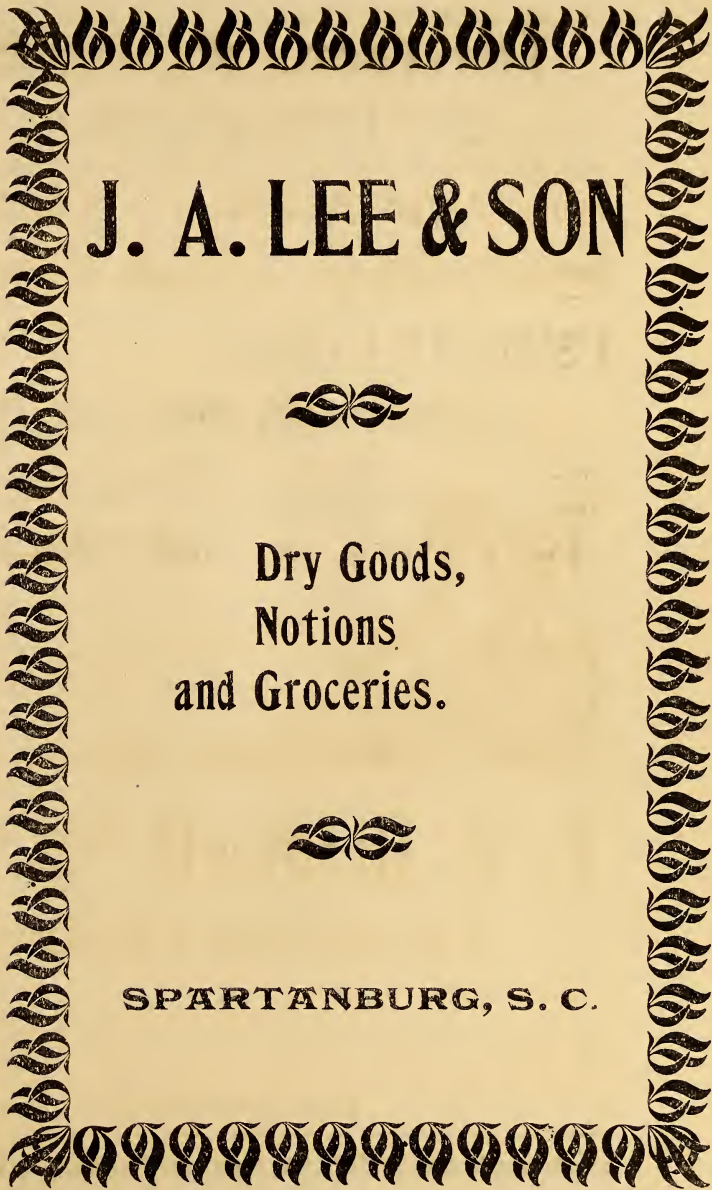
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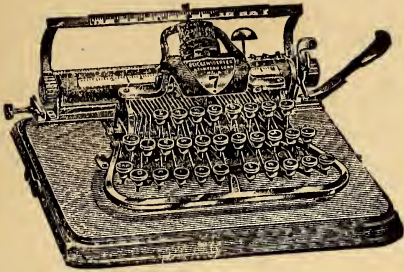
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L. I. HARDIN, EDITOR.

SWEET THINGS AND LOVELY.

SCENE I.

O all blue eyes are fair as skies
When April winds are waking;
And any maid that ever strayed
With one alone in Whisper-glade
Where new-born leaves were shaking,
And violets sweet around their feet—
And ne'er a daintier flower meet—
Their closed buds were breaking,—
Just any maid while breezes swayed
Her bonnet's plume, and merry played
Among the boughs above her,
With lingering glance would quite entrance
One's heart till one must love her.

SCENE II.

O all brown hair is rich and rare
'Mong even's mingling voices,
When June's hot sun his task has done
And, summer twilight just begun,
The parched earth rejoices.
While beetles fly and breezes sigh
As slowly fades the dark'ning sky
And cease the day's harsh noises,—
Just any face, with sunset grace,
And in some dim, rose-odored place,
Would set one's heart to burning,
And low, sweet words, but faintly heard,
Will ever wake one's yearning.

SCENE III.

O finger tips that lightly trip
Across the harp-chords mellow,
While shoulders stoop and eyelids droop

And wayward notes of fancy troop,
 Each sweeter than its fellow,
 While all the clouds that press and crowd
 The high moon's holy face to shroud,
 Are stained in a ring of yellow,—
 Just any hand may thus command
 The heart's love, when the moon doth stand
 In the open blue and listens,
 And all the light of autumn nights
 On all the red leaves glistens.

CONCLUSION.

O birds that sing full glad in spring,
 And flowers springing lightly,
 And leaves so clean in tender green,
 And sunrise fresh and moon's sweet sheen,
 And breezes blowing nightly,
 And every star that shines afar
 And rises still without a jar
 And twinkles, twinkles brightly.—
 These all are fair, but none so rare
 As eyes of blue, and hands, and hair,
 And music, words, and glances,
 When deep in eyes as deep as skies,
 Love's light like starlight dances.

—OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

A SHORT STUDY OF MYTHS AND MYTH-MAKING.

MEDAL ESSAY, PRESTON SOCIETY.

The mention of the term myth suggests something of the vagueness that is doubtless in a great measure responsible for the vast study that has been and is being given to the subject of mythology. Whatever seems strange and unreasonable is peculiarly inviting to the reasoning inquisitiveness of the human mind. Nothing is more alluring to the mind than the search for an unknown quantity. And the statement that much of what is unknown concerning mythology can evidently never be learned is our ground for believing that it will always be a subject of interest.

Although the terms are often used interchangeably, there

is an essential distinction between a myth and a fable. The latter is usually the production of a single mind, and of a single age. The author may have for his object simply the entertainment of those who may hear or read his story, or he may aim to teach some moral truth. If he strives only to entertain, his work is fully understood and appreciated only by his own people, and in his own period. If he uses this means to teach a moral, thereby giving to the public that form of fable which is called an allegory, necessarily his production is pervaded by the author's own philosophy of life, to use a technical expression. Hence, produced for whatever purpose, a fable is largely the presentation of the personality, the experience, the opinions of a single mind; and since these are largely influenced by the period and surroundings of the author, a fable is necessarily narrow and local to a great extent.

On the other hand, the readiness with which one nationality of people grasps the legends and traditions of another, when they are thrown into contact with each other, and the eagerness with which the productions of each are compared, show that there is something in the stories that is understood and enjoyed by both peoples. Evidence is thus given that the myth does not, like the fable, lose its meaning and interest by being transmitted from one people to another, or from one age to another. A myth is not produced by a single mind, nor during a single age. To begin with, it is probably a simple fable, with either a real or a fabulous event as a foundation. It remains a fable until the environments of hundreds of years, contact with scores of different phases of humanity, and the repetitions of generations, have given to it that quality of universality which renders its meaning capable of being appreciated by all. Doubtless these refining influences were exerted for ages upon the germ-fables of the myths of antiquity, before their narrowness and their local relations were so modified as to allow them to be called myths. In a few words, the difference between fable and myth is the difference between a

life-time and time; the difference between a man's nature and human nature; the difference between a nationality of people and the human race.

The mystery connected with the origin of myths has always attracted and puzzled the most learned of mythologists. The fact that theories as to their origin were advanced hundreds of years before the Christian era is sufficient to give some idea of their antiquity. The instinct of worship, and the tendency to attribute infinite power to some supernatural being, are universal in man, and these traits of human nature bear a mysterious relation to the myths of the various races of people. It is easy to attribute the complex stories of mythology to attempts to solve the mysteries of creation and of the processes of nature—to attempts to go "through nature to God." Again, it is perfectly reasonable to believe the theory advanced by some philosophers of the seventeenth century, that "the Bible contains a pure, and the myths a distorted, form of an original revelation." But later and perhaps more tenable theories are now generally accredited. Philologists explain that the origin of all myths lies in language; that "myths are the result of a disease of language, as the pearl is the result of a disease of the oyster." They show, by means of comparative philology, that the original names of the gods in ancient myths usually denoted some elemental or physical phenomena. Another school of mythologists hold what is known as the anthropological theory. Their position is based upon the fact that myths of a similar nature are found in all parts of the world. The myths of all nations resemble each other, they maintain, "because they were formed to meet the same needs, out of the same material." According to their theory, the origin of myths is not in language, but in the "condition of thought through which all races have passed."

Whatever theory as to the origin of myths may be the correct one, or whether any be the correct one, there can be no doubt that the universal tendency of man to personify the

natural objects and processes around him has played an important part in the production and preservation of the heroes and gods of mythology. The human mind is so constituted that it prefers to think in images. Impressions of abstract thoughts are made upon it by this means, when a mere abstract presentation of the same thoughts would not be understood, and consequently would be forgotten. Parables and allegories are more readily understood and more surely remembered than the plain statement of what they are intended to convey. So it was easier for the primitive peoples to imagine that the natural objects around them were actuated by passions and impulses similar to their own, than to understand the physical laws that we know at present. Evidently the primitive man set himself to work upon the great problem, "Given self, find God;" and as he had nothing with which to proceed in his solution for the Unknown except his known quantity, it is quite natural that he should expect his results to be in terms of this.

But the origin of myths is of little value in their study as compared with the meaning. "The myths of the ancients were the most serious things of their lives." Since they were so firmly believed in, and formed so important a part in the life of the people, and since civilization has removed only this belief and this seriousness, leaving unaltered the relation that the stories bore to the life of the people who believed them, evidently it is a correct inference to derive from these facts, that myths form an excellent guide for the study of the private life of the races who formed them. Of the material history of these peoples we have some slight fragments, but we can learn little of their private life, of their religious and emotional instincts, of the qualities that entered into the formation of their "philosophy of life," from the bare records of history. In the study of a myth, when we note the workings of the human passions and emotions and instincts as exhibited in the various actions of the characters, it is reasonable to suppose that we are able to form some very correct opinions concerning the actions of the minds that created

them; just as students of Shakespeare, at the present time, by studying the relations of these elements in his productions, are able to give to the world very clear ideas of the nature of Shakespeare's mind.

When we view this subject from a religious point of view, we place ourselves, as nearly as it is possible for us to be at the present time, in the relation to it that was borne by those who created the myths. There is, indeed, a great difference between what we might call a "religious point of view" of that age and the same at present; all the differences between Christianity and heathenism come in to make the two so widely divergent that they seem to have no connection whatever. But the religious side of human nature was evidently the same then as now. Taking this view, and remembering that "'Tis the imagination that brings us nearest to God," myths become to us the indications of the workings of the spiritual part of man's nature under circumstances when he is absolutely ignorant of the real Divine Spirit. They reveal to us something of that great dissatisfaction which man finds in himself, and which is the mother of all progress of whatever kind.

Systems of civilization may rise and pass away, but not one jot nor tittle of human nature shall pass away. Those who know it well tell us that it has always been the same, and will always be the same. It may seem at first to be a rash statement, to say that there is the same tendency in man at the present time that produced the myths of antiquity. But when we remember that the myths that we have are the products of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand years, it is easy to understand the apparent barrenness of myths during the few centuries that we are accustomed to call modern times. The fact that imaginative literature is still produced and enjoyed betrays the presence of this element of human nature. It is to this part of our nature that Scott's simple romantic tales appeal. It was to please this side of the nature of his readers that Hawthorne sought the earliest and strangest traditions of New England as the basis for his

stories. As yet it is early to speak of our own relation to this tendency; but it is safe to say that the part of Southern literature which will endure is the part which has been formed of the yet young traditions of the South.

But this propensity has restraints thrown around it in modern times that it did not have to encounter in the ages that have given us the greater part of mythology. Although the imagination "rescues us from our narrow personality, and lifts us up to regions of serener scope and more ideal satisfaction," and "exhilarates us by a momentary enlargement of the boundaries of our conscious being, as if we had been brought into some nearer relationship with elemental forces," the tendency of modern literature, as a result, no doubt, of the vast discoveries of a scientific nature, and of the determined search for truth, is toward realism, to the exclusion of the romantic and the imaginative element. This, since literature is an index of the common trend of a people's mind, suggests to us one of the restraints, and probably the principal one, that are thrown upon the myth-making tendency of man at the present time.

Although we may look back in our "wise, amused pity" upon the people who believed the things that seem so strange to us, and contrast their simple intellectual processes with our own powers of a similar kind, who can say that a time will not come to the human race, in the continual approach of the human toward the divine reason, when the records of our boasted wisdom may seem as strange and amusing, in the face of the knowledge of that time, as are to us these myths of old?

THOMAS H. DANIEL.

TENNYSON: HIS POLITICS.

The comparative peace and tranquility of our great American Union was broken April 21st, 1898, when the House of Representatives, with almost a unanimous vote, in less than ten minutes, declared war against Spain. The

patriotic spirit or our land was at once aroused, and the representative papers of our whole country, were bringing out articles, concerning the cause and preparations for war. With an irrepressible impulse of patriotism quiet citizens went to the recruiting stations, enlisted in the ranks, calmly giving oath by that act, that they would die for America!

Succeeding the great patriotism and enthusiasm aroused by the presence of war, there comes a message from England, that she is with us forever! With what a rush it came into the press, and soon the most forward topic of the day was the "Anglo-American Alliance." In every daily, weekly, or monthly magazine, there were columns of no mean material, on this great subject.

It is seldom thought, that in that which lifts all men higher and "makes all the nations kin", America holds a much greater alliance with England. That is—Literature. America owes much to England for her present achievements in this elevating accomplishment.

It has been said by some German poet:

"If you wish to thoroughly understand a poet,
You must go into his own country."

This, however, need not directly apply to America and England; for speaking one language, we can appreciate the beauties of style and expression of English poets, although we never visit England. Taking our modern writers, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and the irritable Byron, we can but merely hint at the great value of English literature on an American. Let us take for a fair representative of modern English literature, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and study him from two sides: "His Politics and Relation to the Church." We, not having the same mode of government, may not be able to appreciate some of his views, still, in many places, we, as a republic, may profit by his teachings.

Stopford Brooke says in his essay on Tennyson: "He who writes on Tennyson, has so wide a country over which to travel, that he cannot do much more than visit it here and there. When he has finished his journey, he

knows how much he has left unseen, untouched; how much more of pleasure and good he will gain in many more journeys over this varied, homelike and romantic land." If this is what so eminent a man as Brooke thinks of Tennyson; one who has had experience, is well read in literature, the college student is rather at a disadvantage to attempt a journey over "this romantic land"; still he may love the poet and give his views, *although* they may not be so mature in conception.

Tennyson was born in an era, characteristic in English Histories for its turmoil and strife. With reference to his stories and encyclopædiæ we can, in a short time, know the conditions which surrounded Tennyson's early manhood: the age at which his judgment is *beginning* to turn, possibly to maturity. Tennyson impersonates, as is natural with all authors, his peculiar characteristics into the very *vim* of his works, and we can thereby better appreciate the true genius of the man. His love for patriotism and true manhood, nicely asserts itself into his every poem.

Tennyson's changing opinions may well be accounted for, in that the nation as a whole, was not firm. But when he did believe he was in the right he would never change until he was convinced that he *was* wrong. Then, he would gladly change. How much better would our government be, were this the spirit of our leading officials!

William Jennings Bryan, with his Chicago speech, won the nomination for the presidency. Why? Simply because his views coincided with those of the true democratic *men* of the convention; and not only were they true and elevating, but Bryan showed his sincerity and faith in his views, by the mere thoughts of his speech. He sympathized with the South and the laboring class of people; he knew what the gold standard would do for us, here in the South, and he fought it like a *man*. Bryan has been in politics many years: he is still a poor man, that is, he hasn't an *overabundance* of money. This, for one example, is Tennyson's ideal of patriotism; true manhood. The politician who went into

office and came out rich; the narrow, little party-man was held by Tennyson as "vacant chaff, well meant for grain," and was looked on, by the poet with utter contempt.

Tennyson himself was asked if he were a conservative. "I believe in progress, and I would conserve the hopes of man" was the answer. A fair example for us South Carolinians to follow to-day.

We can always understand a man's views better, by hearing them from the original, therefore for a short while we shall turn to his poems. In showing his contempt for oppression, he sometimes gets wrought up to a high pitch, and goes a little beyond his usual quietude. Speaking of the French Revolution he starts forth:

"France had shown a light to all men: preached a Gospel, all men's
good,

Celtic Demos rose a Demon; shrieked and slaked the light with blood.
"Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clan?"

Kill your enemy, for you hate him; still your enemy was a man."

Also in speaking of the affairs of his own country in her attitude towards Russia, we see his patriotic spirit gush forth in:—

"Russia bursts our Indian barrier, shall we fight her? shall we yield?"

Pause! before you sound the trumpet; hear the voices from the field.
Those three hundred millions, under one imperial sceptre now,

Shall we hold them? Shall we lose them? Hear the suffrage of the
plow."

Again he starts forth:—

"Truthful, trustful, looking upward to the practiced hustings liar,

So the Higher wields the Lower, while the Lower wields the
Higher."

In the first quotation given, we sincerely believe Tennyson is right; just. For the French Revolution is looked on now, as then, as a contemptible, horrible, beastly massacre; a mob led by a fiend, seeking to keep himself in power, by keeping alive the passions of sectional hate. Yet many deep-thinking, deliberate heads think Tennyson went rather too far for prudence.

"Kill your enemy, for you hate him, still your enemy is a man"

Has the spirit of the first seven words of this sentence been

shown in America? Alas, it has! When the different bakeries of the country were making biscuit for our soldiers in Cuba, what was printed into each one? "Remember the Maine!" Is this the spirit of revenge? "Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clan?" But still further, coat-pins were sent all over the country on which were written:

"To Hell with Spain!
Remember the Maine!"

Is *this* revenge? These questions may well await deliberation, to be answered.

Tennyson always wished to settle every question in some quiet, peaceful way, and not by war. Although he was patriotic, he wished to see his country cool and deliberate, for he said, "He who loves war for war's own sake, is fool, or crazed or worse." His patriotism was on a high elevating standard. He was attacked on many sides, being ridiculed and laughed at. But Tennyson's views were not "to attract the applause of the world, but to justify his conduct to God and his conscience." We can see and appreciate this statement in his poems, in which his patriotic spirit is impenetrated into the very vim of his work.

While Tennyson and Gladstone differed in many ways, and on many fine points, still they both agreed on the "Reform Bill" of 1884; why? Because the spirit of the "Bill" was the same that Tennyson had shown in "Locksley Hall," "hear the voices from the field" and "take the suffrage of the plow."

Sectionalism, Tennyson held with contempt. Arthur Waugh says: "Tennyson always refused to be influenced by party cries and sectarian malice." The broad-minded, original, deep-thinking Tennyson pours out merely, the outward expressions of deep-souled convictions. Although patriotic to the core, he would never allow mad enthusiasm to unbalance his calm, cool judgment. Can we say the same of our own state, generally, in regard to this spirit? The "Democratic Voter" of South Carolina, at the primary elec-

tion, has to swear before God, that he will support the nominee of his party at the General Election. Even though the nominee is totally unworthy of office, still if the "Democrats" vote, he is *sure* of their support. How much better would it be for everything concerned, were *every* man to vote as he thinks best. Around voting precincts we can often hear, "I would vote for that man, but he is such a grand rascal; he belongs to the——faction. Ah! there is the germ to blight your unimpassioned reason.

We of the South, however, are at rather a disadvantage, and for an example I will take our own Carolina. The mass of country-folk are ignorant. Party leaders seize the favorable moment, canvassing the whole country, soliciting votes for their own party man. Take the condition of affairs now in our sister Carolina; what is *this*, but the result of "sectarian malice." Coming nearer home for an example, we may take the occurrence, in an upper County of our state. Seven negroes killed, and a white man having to flee the country for safety. Becoming so filled with party animosity, he caused one of our cities to refuse and *strictly forbid* his holding citizenship in their midst. This very partisan spirit; these strong, passionate outbursts of irrepressible sectarian malice; that loss of self-control, so much so, that men forget their better selves, and depend on their revolvers, is the *very spirit* which Tennyson condemns, and which he so well treats.

"Ay, if dynamite and revolver, leave you courage to be wise;

When was age so crammed with menace? madness? written, spoken
lies."

"Envy wears the mask of Love, and, laughing sober fact to scorn

Cries to Weakest, as to Strongest, 'Ye are equals, equal born
Equal-born? O, yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat,
Charm us, Orator, till the Lion looks no larger than the cat."

While Tennyson was not directly in Government politics, he was in public life, and he showed himself a *man*, a *poet*, a *patriot*.

There are now some true Tennysonian politicians in our

government, and we are looking forward with hope and trust to the true "twentieth century *man*." "We, the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of Time," expect our national and state politicians to lay aside all sectional animosity, and to be like Tennyson, cautious and reserved. Profiting by the mistakes and misfortunes of other nations we strive on to our goal; and we trust our politician, realizing his great responsibility, to go into office, not for the little money he may get out of it, but for the betterment of mankind. Laying aside all his weak prejudices and narrow, little dealings "though his heart be at the root," calm, deliberate judgment, not to jump at conclusions, for

"Up hill, too slow, will need the whip,
Down hill, too fast, the chain."

Relying on the virtue, the courage and the patriotism now manifested in our country, we may expect our citizens to become more energetic, and will hasten the day when American politics will be as pure as the motives which so inspired our fathers that they gave their lives, a willing sacrifice, for the establishment of our American Union.

But we may take this as a parting caution:

"Step by step we gained a freedom, known to Europe known to all;
Step by step we rose to greatness; through the tonguesters we may fall."

Tennyson's politics, strong and pure, are very interesting to us, and indeed more so, because they are so applicable to our own government. His relation to the church is even more interesting than his politics.

The term "church" used here is not to be taken in the limited sense of "sect," but it applies to the whole field of Christianity.

So many critics have criticised this side of Tennyson's life that if we were to recount all *their* views and criticise them, it would be a useless rehearsal over many pages. Yet one accusation all bring against him is that he is a "Pantheist." So he was, but, by no means, in the vulgar sense of the word. He believed in the presence of God in *everything*, but

he believed it in the simple way in which the child believes, and is taught to believe "God is everywhere."

The spiritual condition of England in Tennyson's day, was at an even lower ebb than the political. Nobody knew just what they believed. And Tennyson, somewhat influenced by public sentiment, drifted along with the current of doubt and uncertainty. But at an early age he seems to awaken, as if from a dream, and asks himself the question: "What is man? What is his mission in the world? Why is there striving for eternal life? Surely there must be something. Is there a God?"

His religion from early manhood, to old age, was one of transition. In his early years he writes, "Man is man and master of his fate." In his later years, "Man can *half* control his doom."

Tennyson, realizing his power and genius, not egotistically, however, was guarded and careful in his views, or rather in the expression of them. But being *filled* with poetic power he was forced to pour out his very soul to the world. That he did, and very beautifully too. Sometimes he would get wrought up over his theme and he would gush out that which at first seems harsh to our ears, but he soon quiets himself, and relieves us of a doubt about his spiritual welfare. For example, in "In Memoriam," he has become so despondent over the death of his young friend, Arthur Hallam, and he, at this time being in the dark, greater than just at any other time, says gloomily:

"Hold thou thy good; define it well;
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell."

But we see following this stanza that it was merely an outburst, for contrast, with which to draw a psychical conclusion. For it is the "sins of will," "defects of doubt," and "taints of blood," which caused him to be moved this way.

Tennyson, when he was quite young, made this his creed:

“There’s a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures. That’s my faith, and that’s all my faith.” Compare this with lines some years, indeed many years, later:

“What use to brood? This life of mingled pains and joys to me,
Despite every faith and creed, remains the mystery.”

Yet while in the deepest depths of doubt and uncertainty, and seizing everything in arm’s length like the drowning man will even catch a floating leaf, he stood gazing with fixed eyes on the future, if she would bring him light and certainty. Yet, during all the period of the darkness of his spiritual life, he believes “there is a hand that guides.”

He was and is yet being condemned for his religious views, from the fact that his father was a minister. Tennyson answered all these harangues with a well defined answer:

“There is more faith in *honest* doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

Such was his belief, and such his faith. He was not apt to make impressions which were not true of him. He has been accused of Pharisaism, but there will never be brought against Tennyson a proof of playing the hypocrite. Evidently those who accuse him of hypocrisy have not widely read the man, for, as has been before mentioned, there was never one more out-spoken.

As he wished to conserve the hopes of man in politics, so was he equally anxious in religious views. He belonged, at heart, to no individual sect, but believed in keeping sacred the sacred rites of his father’s church. His faith led him on to where “God in man, was one with man in God. And ever questioning himself, he would repeatedly answer, concerning the presence of a God in all things.

Tennyson may have gone too far, but poets are human, although they seem to capture your imagination, that which brings you closer to God, and bear you away into worlds unknown.

There is a movement in the churches now, to cripple an evil spirit, which indeed does a great deal of harm to the

general machinery of the churches. That is the spirit of hypocrisy. There are many men today, claiming membership in their own individual churches, and instead of doing good they are doing evil by their connection with the church. It is a strange, and very unfortunate fact, that men who are *not* christians, always, when approached by ministers or christians generally bring up before them examples of men who are hypocrites. Of course, this is not commendable, for the non-christian, but it as a fact, and as long as such men stay in the church, merely for deceit, intentionally to deceive, they will be impediments to the great work, which the church must do. They are but barnacles fastening themselves on to the great ship of the church, slowing her progress, thereby delaying the great completion of true Christian work here on earth. What did Tennyson think of this spirit? He puts it forcibly in a few words:

"But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
As the churches have killed their Christ."

Ever-changing, Tennyson moved on, "believing where he could not prove," until his "evening of life." He seems then to have been satisfied, and although, the heavy stroke, caused by the death of his friend, made him doubt seriously, now he is satisfied, and is not afraid to say, "Strike, Lord, for we hold thee just." The humble spirit of submission; and he speaks "of comfort clasped in truth revealed."

Every year this great poet is studied, and is rapidly growing into an atmosphere with the greatest poets of England. Irrespective of the taunts and jeers of the world he moved on, ever grasping truth, looking forward hopefully and reverently to:

"That God which ever lives and loves
One God, one law, one element
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

Thus, Tennyson, with doubt, questioned himself; and the mighty spirit of God, from whom he got his inspiration would quiet him, and give an answer to his soul. Comforted, in 1892, he was not afraid to stand bravely, before

the presence of God and say, "I want to meet my Pilot face to face, when I put out to sea." In an up stairs room, quiet, unlighted, save by the pale light of the moon, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, passed into the realm of the unknown.

Though he is dead to us bodily, he is constantly in communion with those who read his works. Being so inspired himself, he brings our lives so before us that we can but glory in the ideal of the poet, and unconsciously strive to become like our great ideal.

Tennyson, the greatest of the modern age writers, will ever be studied as such. Not merely a singer, but one who has been studying the interests of mankind with open eyes, and a responsive spirit. And, being endowed with such natural powers, he talks to the world, not for any personal profit, save in the happy consciousness that, by his untiring efforts, he has helped some fallen brother, or made those who were standing seek "some higher sphere."

CHYON.

WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

Having noticed carefully *THE JOURNAL* for several years, we notice that nothing has been mentioned of him after whom one of our literary societies has its name—Colonel William C. Preston. In view of this fact, we think it not entirely out of place to mention a few facts concerning our honored friend, though it be but a short sketch of him.

Colonel Preston was born in Philadelphia, on the 27th of December, 1794. Here his parents were residing, his father being a member of congress. The members of Preston's family were from the higher walks of life, and have, since the time of Patrick Henry, his great uncle, been men of high public spirit. In his childhood, he was taught by a tutor living in the family, and was thus early prepared for college, entering Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, at the age of fourteen. However, he was not allowed to remain long, on account of ill health. His physician advised a trip

on horseback to Southern Florida, hoping that this would revive his impaired constitution. On this trip, having gone as far as Columbia, S. C., where he stopped a few days with friends, he was persuaded to give up the idea of going to Florida, and to enter the South Carolina College, although never having heard of the college until his arrival at Columbia.

There he was held in the highest esteem by both faculty and students, not only as a very fine student, but also as an unusually eloquent orator, which afterwards proved to be his most salient characteristic. Finishing college at eighteen, he delivered as his graduating speech, "The Life and Character of Jefferson," the elocution of which is said to be far above the standard.

Thus in his early years we see him preparing himself for his future career, that of a lawyer and statesman. Soon after he had finished college, he was sent by his father on a horseback tour in the West, traveling through Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. This trip was intended as a preparation for a visit to Europe, which was a part of his father's plan for his education. On the trip to Europe he was accompanied by his friend, Hugh S. Legare, and there he became acquainted with Thomas Campbell, the poet, Walter Scott, and Washington Irving, his lifelong friend. He spent his time in Europe, not only in recreation and pleasure, but in study as well, attending classes in Civil Law, and thus fitting himself for greater usefulness at home. In 1820 he was admitted to the bar in Virginia and after practicing law there for several years, he returned to South Carolina. Here in the firm of McCord & Preston, he was thrown immediately into practice, escaping the painful weariness of waiting for clients.

In 1826 he was sent to the Legislature, there remaining until 1834. Of his record, Hon. B. F. Perry says:—

"I have heard Colonel Preston before popular assemblies, at the bar, and in the Legislature, and I have never heard him on any occasion when he did not let fall from his lips

some of the most finished expressions and most heart-stirring words ever uttered by a public speaker." He was elected to the United States Senate in 1836, but soon after resigned on account of a difference of opinion between himself and his State, concerning the election of Mr. Van Buren. Here we see him not willing to sacrifice his opinions for the spoils of office, and not willing to retain his office, not concurring in the opinion of his constituents. After resigning his place in the Senate, he again took up the practice of law.

Such a man was not long allowed to remain not wanted, so in 1845 he was elected President of his alma mater. In this capacity he proved himself to be a man of "extraordinary power;" maintaining a record, not only as a very attractive rhetorician, but also in his choice of diction, his insuperable command of vocabulary, and his facility of speech, as an orator unsurpassed in the annals of his State. Compelled to resign the Presidency of the South Carolina College on account of declining health, he did not cease his labor for the promotion of knowledge. His was said to be one of the most brilliant administrations in the history of the College, and his resignation was regretted by all with whom he had been associated. Nor does he allow his literary talent to droop, but fond of directing his influence in this direction, he founded in Columbia, the Columbia Atheneum, whose object was to diffuse the love of knowledge and all kinds of literature among those too poor to aid themselves. In order to carry out this plan, he made a gift of his library, containing nearly three thousand volumes.

Col Preston's home life was one that might be an example to many. He was first married to Miss Maria Coalter, of Missouri, to whom he had become strongly attached while in college. It is to her influence we are largely indebted for Mr. Preston's return to South Carolina. The fruit of this union was an only daughter, Miss Sallie Preston, for whom he had a most tender affection. About two years after his wife's death, he married the beautiful and highly cultured

Miss Penelope Davis, of Columbia. Thus we see him a tender father, and a kind and loving husband.

After his connection with the South Carolina College was dissolved, his health would not allow him again to enter public life. Afflicted with a stroke of paralysis, and compelled always to move on crutches, he could only await the summons to appear before his Maker. Seldom do we see in one life excellence in so many directions. As a man he was above suspicion; in his political life he was pure and unselfish; in the art of conversing he has never been excelled; as an educator we see his administration in the South Carolina College one of the most brilliant in its history; his benevolence is shown in the establishment of the Columbia Atheneum; and as an orator he well bears the honor to be ranked among Turnbull, Harper, McDuffie, Hamilton, Hayne and Legare.

E. C. MAJOR.

A PLEA FOR THE BOERS.

Forth from its scabbard a blade hath leapt:
 Forth from their land a nation is swept;
 A might with the power the bravest to wilt;
 A tribe still sustained by the blood it has spilt,
 Too proud, deaths torturing pangs to feel,
 Returns the cold glare of the glittering steel,
 And in battle array now stands.

Great God, who the spirits of men doth hold,
 Oh, preserve each drop more precious than gold!
 Forbid such blood the earth to stain,
 For once 'tis stained, 'twill ever remain
 A curse on the heads of men.

Canst thou not avert so fiendish desires,
 Or heapest thou them on their trophies as pyres?
They share, when corrupted by moth and by rust,
 An *equal* space with their victors' dust,—
 In oblivion, unknown for evermore:

For freedom when murdered and crushed to the earth,
 In other forms is given a birth,

From the mould'ring clods of its murdered sires
A race will spring which never tires,
'Till vengeance is had, 'till the land has paid,
With its luckless sons by thousands slayed,
For this their awful legacy.

KENDREE W. LITTLEJOHN.

LUCK.

A few days ago I was at the Union depot talking to two friends of mine, when I saw an old man approaching. I innocently asked who the old man was. One of my friends informed me, to my surprise, that it was Mr. Jas. Matthews, worth a million; but nevertheless, nothing but a plain old farmer of very little education.

The old man drew near and my friend hailed him: "How are you Uncle Jimmy?" and they shook hands, while the old man answered, "Only tol'oble, only tol'oble." Then after introductions and some small talk I ventured to suggest that I would like to hear how he became so wealthy. The old man looked up, glanced at my friend, pulled his thin, white whiskers and said, "Well boys, did I ever tell you about it?" My friends said he hadn't. Then he told us to sit down on the truck and he would tell us. He occupied a trunk just in front.

"Wall," he said, "it weren't through any fault uv mine ez I knows on, fur I never wuz edicated much, though I wuz very good looking. (At this a smile passed round.) But it has all come of Mirandy's and Miriam's good luck. You know Mirandy's my wife and Miriam's my son." I didn't know but I nodded my head all the same and he went on. "Yes," he says, "their good luck and book larnin', there's heaps in book larnin', ain't they? Well when Miriam wuz a little chap in short dresses, we lived next door to his grandpa's. Bye the by, he was named after his grandpa. And Miriam he just stayed over to his house all the time, a playing with the old man's letters and stamps.

The old man, he set a heap on Miriam and Mirandy; he just loved 'em like cream. Wall, that old man had'nt been by us long, before it was rumored about that he wuz very rich, but miserly; and he kept his money hoarded away in the house; so they said. He had been a miner in Californy afore he come here but he said he come back to the old place to die. Wall, that's just what he did do afore he'd been there five year.

And when he died and the will wuz read he left all his household effects and the house to two grand-children in Californy. And he left Miriam his old letters and papers to play with as a token of affection fur his name sake, them's the exact words, just like they wuz rit. Next he bequeathed to Mirandy all his remaining property. But, bless lands! When that remaining property wuz sought fur, it could'nt be found, Now, this made me madder'n a hornet and I do believe I cussed a little. Wall, Mirandy cried and Miriam played with the letters which he wouldn't let nobody touch cepin hisself. I'd a tuck 'em away from him, but it seemed lak it ud break his little heart; so I let him keep 'em.

Wall that fall the property wuz sold and the furniture wuz to be sold at out-cry in a week. Mirandy says she wuz gwine to buy that Mahogany chist which her pa kept his Sunday clothes in to remember him by, if he didn't do her right. Then I said she wouldn't and we had our first and last fuss right there. Wall the day of the sale came on and Mirandy she hiked on her bonnet and skint out ter be there early. Then I begun ter feel sorter mean like, and at about ten o'clock I suddenly cluded I'd buy that chist. Wall when I got there the chist wuz a bein' sold en I heard somebody say 'One hundred dollars' en I yelled out, 'Two hundred,' wall that never toch 'im. He say 'Three,' I says 'Four.' He says; 'Four and fifty' I says 'Four seventy-five' and I swore I wouldn't go no higher fur it wuzn't wurth a hundred. Then the crier says 'Going! going! and then that man sez 'Five hundred.'

Wall you could a knocked me down fur I done swore I wouldn't bid no higher, en it wuz knocked down to that man.

Then I hurried up to see who bought it, and there stood Mirandy a countin out the money ter pay fer it. Wall you could a knocked me down with a hair er yer head.

Mirandy sez, Wuz you a biddin against me Jim. Then I sez, Mirandy I didn't know 'twuz you, I thought 'twuz a man and I wanted it fer you.' Wall she melted and she jest kissed me right there in that crowd and sez I had cousin Jim a bidden fur me. The crowd all laughed, but I didn't keer. Me and Mirandy had made up. That 'uz a nuff for me.

Wall we carried that thing home on the wagin. It was little, but law 'twuz awful heavy with its thick sides and lid. Then when I got it home I tried to take it out'n the wagin by myself and it fell on the door stoop and busted all to pieces. I wouldn't look at it, I wuz so mad, 'till Mirandy let out a yell like a wild Indian. Then I looked and there the stoop wuz all covered with gold nuggets and green backs. That blame chist had false sides and bottom. Wall we gathered it up, and when 'twuz counted and calculated, there wuz two hundred thousand dollars wuth. Wall we shore had a rejoicin that night and we blessed old Grandpa from our hearts.

Wall, we invested and it growed mighty fast. Railroad stocks you know. Then Miriam had ter go tu college and he thought so much of them stamps er his'n, he bought a book, (a album he called it, but it had no place in it for picters) and he put them stamps offen them papers in it and carried 'em with him. Wall one day at college a man cum around and asked the boys if they had any old stamps to sell. Wall Miriam let him look at his'n, he offered him ten thousand dollars for 'em but Miriam he wouldn't take it. Any how this set him to thinking and he sold them stamps fer fifteen thousand dollars. It's him I'm waitin on now, he graduated yesterday so I'm to meet and find out what's

his latest good luck. Wall here comes the train boys lets move." This was my train too so I followed the old man out. Just as I was getting on I saw him embrace a young man. Then I heard the young fellow say. "Pa, I'm engaged." And he say's, "To who?" The boy replied, "to Violet Fielder." The last words I heard the old man say were; "Just his luck, she's a picter and wuth a milyun."

THOMAS.

SQUIBS.

The Captain was a very queer man. Although the contract was for the company to board the men, still the captain thought it was still his duty to take a mental note of the number of biscuit each member of his corps ate. However, the boys soon became accustomed to the flash of his gray eyes, and the board account was not much diminished by his looks. This was one of his eccentricities, the following illustrates another.

The corps was camped not far from town, which in fact usually implied an improvement in the bill-of-fare. One night when the boys came in the dining tent to supper, a dish of steak was on the table before the Captain.

"Will you have a piece of steak, Mr. Johnson?" said the Captain to the man at the other end of the bench.

Now, Mr. Johnson had always been taught to respect his seniors, so he quietly said, "After you, Captain."

"That's not answering my question", emphatically said the gray-eyed little man, "will you have some steak?"

There was nothing else to be done, so Mr. Johnson took steak.

"MEL."

* * * *

The members of the "Discuss Everybody" Club, at their last regular meeting, had come to the unanimous conclusion that Julia Hart and John Kerr "ought to quit dis here spark-

ing around and git married." By the way, John had long ago reached the same conclusion.

The following Saturday, an ideal April day, he harnessed his mule and carried Julia to ride. To make a long story short, John had soon asked Julia to be his "own," and strange to relate, she had refused him.

Nature, however was destined to come to his rescue, for at this junction the proverbial April shower came up. John from the depths of a bleeding heart said: "Jule, even nature weeps for me." He could say no more and wept.

Julia, with a heart full of sympathy, blended her tears with his.

The wedding occurred the following Sunday.

H. L.



WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Established {
1888.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

} Vol. XI.
} No. 2.

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Editorial Department.

H. T. SHOCKLEY, EDITOR.

Thanksgiving. President McKinley's thanksgiving proclamation makes us think of two things. One thought is of a holiday accompanied by a dinner of greatest sumptuousness. The other is of the origin of such a custom. The latter is what I wish more especially to treat.

The Pilgrims came to America in 1620, a small band of noble persons intent upon establishing for themselves homes in a new world. For a year they worked with unceasing toil and took no time for recreation. But after the first harvest, Governor Bradford made provision for a holiday to be given up to rejoicing, recreation and thanksgiving.

He sent out four hunters, who killed game enough to last the colonists for a week. He, then, invited in Massasoit, a neighboring Indian chief, who with ninety of his people accepted.

The Indians brought with them five deer and stayed with the colonists three days feasting and making merry. This was the first Thanksgiving in America.

In 1623, the colonists were assembled together fasting

and praying for rain, for they were suffering from a great drouth. But a sudden shower of rain changed their melancholy meeting into one of praise and thanksgiving.

After this the custom gradually obtained of appointing a day for thanksgiving after harvest.

During the Revolution, congress advised the keeping of a national day of thanksgiving every year. After the adoption of the constitution, Washington yearly recommended such a day. His example was occasionally followed by other presidents after him.

During the Civil War Lincoln frequently recommended such a day after victories; and in 1863 he made a proclamation for the national observance of a thanksgiving day.

Since this year a proclamation has been issued annually, custom fixing the time on the last Thursday in November.



What's Going on. The war between England and the Transvaal is waxing warm; and it is rumored that Russia may take up the issue against England. The war so far hasn't been exactly a "walk over" for England; every victory has been dearly fought.

After eight dismal failures to make a race, on account of the wind, the American Cup Defender, Columbia, has won the yacht race over Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht. It is rumored, however, that Sir Thomas will again make an effort to gain the cup in 1901. He will not use the Shamrock again but another yacht which he will have built in the meantime.

Canada has offered a final proposition for the settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute.

Lieutenant Brumby, of the battle-ship Olympia, has been presented a sword valued at \$1500, by his native State, Georgia, in token of their appreciation of his services at Manila.

Rumor says that there is yellow fever and small-pox in the lower part of this State; but it has not yet been confirmed by any official report.

President McKinley has issued his Thanksgiving proclamation, setting the last day of November for the celebration.

Admiral Dewey has been presented with a very valuable home, in token of the appreciation of his services in the Spanish-American war.



The College Library. At the right of the entrance to the College Library, you will find some tiers of books constituting the David Duncan Library. If you will look over the top, you will find written in Greek the inscription of which the following is a translation: "Behold, lovers of learning, here you have the nourishment of the mind."

This statement gives to us in a few words the expression of a great truth. The mind must be nourished. Our bodies need nourishment, why not our minds? Then how shall our minds obtain this nourishment, this food? Why, through books is the way our mind should get its nourishment to a great extent. And as there are certain kinds of food that are more suitable to our bodies than others just so there are certain kinds of books that are more suited to our mind than others.

Next we must consider how often our minds must be fed. We eat three meals a day; then why not take a certain amount of mental food each day? And besides the three meals, we often take lunches of divers kinds. Why not take mental lunches? We often have fifteen minutes, a half hour or an hour to throw away; why not go to the library and take a mental lunch? It would be both pleasant and profitable.

Some student most likely will laugh when he reads this. Yes, he will laugh at the idea of needing more mental food than is contained in his text books. Well, the text books are all right in their places, but they will not and cannot

take the place of good reading in the library. The text books, so to speak are the bread and meat, while what you get from the library is dessert. Now are you content to live on bread and meat? Or will you share the delicacies?

Then let's not forget the library, let's make good use of it and get some of the delicacies of learning. The work done in the library will be not only instructive and profitable, but also very pleasant.

Exchange Department.

E. P. MILLER, EDITOR.

Many of the October magazines have not yet reached our hands. There seems to be a general delay in getting out the first issues. The trouble doubtless arises from the scarcity of material, just at this time, and from the fact that some time is necessary for collecting and choosing suitable material. We hope, however, that after the first month this fault will be obviated and that the magazines will come in regularly on time. Perhaps the chief fault in these first issues is a general lack of poetry. Aside from this fault, the majority of the magazines are filled with contributions of a wholesome nature.

One of the first exchanges to reach us was *The College Rambler*. The literary department is wholly taken up by an excellent essay on the "Prose Works of James Russell Lowell." *The Rambler* is entirely devoid of both fiction and poetry. We are of the opinion that these elements of college journalism are necessary to the best interests of the journal, because they attract attention much more readily than the usually heavy, critical essay and also serve to give us a variety.

The Baylor Literary contains several well written articles on a variety of subjects. A biographical essay entitled "Dante" is worthy of special notice. Of the "Divine Comedy" the author says: "Superstition and ignorance are pictured in all their hideous deformity. Dante's poem is a true portrayal of the great throbbing heart of humanity. It is a treasure house into which is gathered all the literary riches of the dark ages. Into this poem Dante has woven the story of his own gloomy life. His own lofty ideals are

mingled with the degraded superstitions of a dark and cruel age. This Divine Comedy is the voice of ten silent centuries." "The Turn of a Joke" is an interesting piece of fiction. *The Literary* is neat in appearance and is well edited in all of its departments.

The William Jewell Student contains an excellent article on "The Conceit of Sir John Falstaff." Also its usual amount of good poetry. This exchange comes to us from time to time with nearly always several full page illustrations, which add greatly to its attractiveness.

The *Mount Holyoke* is hardly up to its usual high standard. The poem, "The Way of the Wind," which is too long to quote here, is worthy of merit.

"A Bit of History" in the *Wake Forest Student* is interesting and instructive.

The October number of the *Davidson College Monthly* is filled with historical essays and narratives.

The *Red and Blue* contains two well written essays and several pieces of good fiction. The *Red and Blue* is one of our most valued exchanges.

It is with pleasure that we note the improvement made by the present board of editors of the *Emory Phœnix* on their magazine. It is filled with first-class reading matter and is well up in all of its departments. The mechanical make-up of the magazine reflects credit upon those intrusted with this important part of *The Phœnix*. With the present board of editors and a senior class numbering fifty men "to back

it," we see no reason why *The Phœnix* should not continue to measure up to the high standard it has set for itself.

We welcome to our table the first issue of *The Limestone Star*. This infant in the field of college journalism has made a very creditable beginning. We trust it will not be long before the little double sheet will have grown into a strong, healthy magazine.

The *Hendrix College Mirror* contains several pieces of good reading. "Force of Ideas" is worthy of mention.

"A Son of Confucius" in *The Carolinian* is a vivid description of an amusing incident.

The literary department of the *Trinity Archive* is filled with excellent reading matter.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* presents a neat outward appearance and contains several choice articles.

"True Democratism" in *The Southwestern Presbyterian University Journal* is an able argument against corporations, monopolies and trusts. "Class Poem" is also worthy of merit.

On looking over the October number of the *Furman Echo*, we are surprised to find that a short article entitled "Opportunity of the Literary Society" has passed under the critical eyes of both the Literary Editor and the Editor-in-Chief and found its way into the columns of the *Echo*. The article is entirely without merit; for example, among the author's at-

tempts to give some reasons why every student should connect himself with a literary society, we find the following: "The politician finds opportunity for great development as to the manner of getting popular sentiment. He there learns whose vote can be obtained by a wink of the eye or a grasp of the hand or a mere pat on the back" etc. The author seems to have an extremely degraded idea of what a literary society should be. Are the few empty honors which the society has to bestow upon its members the chief things to be sought after? Are there no other ways in which the man who intends to enter politics after his college days are over, may acquire the training necessary for success in his life work? Is the man who obtains votes by "a wink of the eye or a grasp of the hand or a mere pat on the back," regardless of any personal merit, an ideal politician; one who should be imitated by young men?

Certainly, good, clear English should be the first requisite of any article which appears in a college Magazine. We do not undertake to say who is at fault, but evidently the blame must rest on some one.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Amberst Literary Monthly, The Erskinian, Pine and Thistle, The Black and Red, The Phoenix, The Georgetonian, The Hedding Graphic, The Lafayette, The Central Collegian, Charleston College Magazine and The Dial.*

CLIPPINGS.

THE TWO BEAMS.

On a cool October morning,
 While as yet 'twas early day,
 Two sweet children, lad and lassie,
 Near the window were at play.
 On the pane as pure as crystal,
 In the darkness which was past,
 Old Jack Frost, the cunning artist,
 Had his pictures there stuck fast.

By and by, when play had ended,
And all thought of romp was lost;
This sweet maid with tiny finger,
Traced her own name in the frost.

But the lad would not be beaten
By his pretty playmate fair,
So his name was quickly written,
Just as she had written there.

Soon, a fiery little sunbeam
From behind the tree top tall,
Fell upon the frosted window,
Quickly melting frost and all;
And the names so plainly written
By the playmates in their fun,
Yielded gently to the sunbeam
And united into one.

But the fleeting years flew quickly
As the playmates older grew;
And sweet childhood, pure and tender,
Passing onward, bade adieu.

But the lives so early mated.
And the hearts so truly won,
Yielded gently to the love beam,
And united into one.

—*J. M. Motley in W. J. Student.*

Sing a song of touch downs,
A pigskin full of air;
Two and twenty sluggers,
With long and matted hair;
When the game was open,
Sluggers 'gan to fight;
Wasn't that for tender maids
An edifying sight?—*Ex.*

TO A GOOD WOMAN.

Thy voice in the night-time of grief,
Comes sweetly, like music, at prayer,
Thy pity, the bright star that shines
Through the darkness of human despair.

And at the bed of death thou art
 An angel in disguise,
 Thy prayers on wings of mercy lift
 The sinner to the skies.

Of thee, ambition, hope is born,
 By thee, fame's seeds are sown;
 Thou art the purest, greatest joy
 Mankind has ever known.—*Ex.*

THE SWEETEST SONG.

I stood last night on a bridge of love
 With arch as wide as the heavens above,
 And to my ear there came a song
 Ne'er heard before my whole life long.
 The notes of that song were sweeter far
 Than heaven's richest carols are—
 It touched my very soul.

I heard not the sounds of the waves below
 Nor the evening winds as they whispered low,
 For my heart responded clear and strong,
 And joined in the notes of that old, sweet song.
 And never before in years gone by,
 While gazing on mountain, sea, or sky,
 Was I so deeply stirred.

I fain would have gone whence that music came,
 And there inquired for the singer's name;
 But it 'rose and fell in tones so bold
 That I heard its echo in my soul.
 And then, ah, then, I knew the song—
 'Tis sung but once in whole life long—
 It sang of thee.

—*H. Wert Halloway, in R. M. Monthly.*

HIS OBJECT.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
 She said in tones polite,
 "I am indeed for getting you,
 That's why I came to-night."—*Ex.*

Alumni Department.

E. C. MAJOR, EDITOR.

D. C. DuPré, class of '79, mayor of Greenwood, is one of the most successful druggists in the State. Wofford men are found in the front in all occupations.

Rev. W. L. Wait, A. M., '74, is pastor of the Ninety-Six Circuit. Mr. Wait is very popular among his people.

W. R. McLeod is a successful dentist at Timmons ville, S. C.

W. H. Wannamaker, class of '95, is principal of the Spartanburg Graded Schools. Much of their success of the last few years is due to his untiring efforts.

C. P. Still, of Senatobia, Miss., who finished the Sophomore year with the class of '01, is with the Goodbar Shoe Company, Memphis; Tenn.

J. C. Daniel, class of '95, is principal of the graded school at Allendale.

B. W. Chrouch is Probate Judge for Saluda county.

J. W. Nash, '90; was recently married to Miss Boyd, of Spartanburg. We predict for them much happiness, and THE JOURNAL extends their hearty congratulations.

T. B. Stackhouse, class of '80, is farming on a large scale at Little Rock, Marion county.

Thornwell Haynes, '93, is principal of the graded school at Central, S. C. This is one of the most flourishing schools in the upper part of the State and much of its success is due to his skill and ability.

A. B. Calvert, '80, has recently been re-elected mayor of Spartanburg.

D. W. Daniel, '92, is assistant professor of English at Clemson College.

E. L. Culler, '97, is principal of Limestone High School, Orangeburg county, and is also making a success at farming.

Rev. G. W. Walker, class of '69, is president of Paine Institute. This is a noble undertaking and we wish him much success.

R. B. R. C. Wallace, '76, is practicing medicine at Lydia, S. C.

A. W. Lynch, A. M., '82, is a successful business man at La Grange, Ga.,

E. K. Hardin, class of '73, one of the most prominent physicians of the State, has an extensive practice at Batesburg. Wofford is successful in turning out men who reach the height of their profession.

H. J. Kinard, '73, for several years a member of the House of Representatives from Abbeville, is merchandising at Ninety Six, S. C.,

N. M. Salley, '97, is teaching in the Carlisle Fitting School, Bamberg, S. C.,

P. H. Edwards, '94, is in the Insurance business at Florence.

L. P. McGhee, '96, won an enviable reputation while in college, is in charge of the Reidville Academy,

F. C. Cummings, '96, did much to improve the school at Ninety Six where he is again teaching.

J. D. Craighead, class of '93, is a successful business man at McColl, Marlboro, Co.,

T. F. Wright, '92, is principal of the Phoenix High School.

A. S. Pegues, '92, holds a professorship in the South Western University, Texas.

W. P. Few, class of '89, is professor of English at Trinity College, N. C., He is one of the many Wofford men holding professorships in different colleges.

L. J. Breeden, class '78, is farming on a large scale and is doing a very successful business at Bennettsville, S. C.,

Dr. J. L. Jefferies, '87 is practising medicine at Pacolet, S. C.,

P. H. Fike, '97, has for some time filled the position of City editor of the Spartanburg Daily Herald. Mr. Fike is a good writer and has filled this position with skill and ability. We wish him much success.

H. J. Shoemaker, '95, is farming at Campobello Spartanburg County.

Mr. S. M. Dawkins, a member of the class of '57, the first to receive regular diplomas from the college, died at his home in Spartanburg, Saturday, October the twenty-eighth. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his death. Mr. Dawkins, the son of a widowed mother, came to college with the sole purpose of getting out of his course all that was good and noble, and his life since graduation has been as spotless as when in college. His whole career has been one of a pure and upright Christian man. In his death, the State and city lose a valuable citizen, the church loses a zealous and devoted member, and the college a true and faithful friend.

‘His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that
Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, ‘There was a man.’ ”

Alumni and former students! This is your department of the Journal and we ask each and every one of you to send us all the information you may have concerning Wofford men. In order to make this department a success, we must have the earnest support and co-operation of every alumnus. It is your duty to do all in your power to maintain and keep alive this department, and we hope in the future to see you more interested. We will gladly receive any item of interest as well as any longer selection you may send.

Local Department.

W. C. MARTIN, EDITOR.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

I feel it a duty to commend the Calhoun and Preston literary societies, for the good work, they have done during this, the first month of our college year.

The societies have begun on a high level, and I may say without fear of contradiction, that I believe, that both societies have begun with that exalted intention to make this the best year in their histories. The new men are about equally divided between the two societies, the Calhoun leading with a narrow margin.

The Freshmen seem well to understand the importance of cultivating this side of their college education. They have begun well, and we feel safe in saying, that they will do others good, as well as themselves.

That spirit of shirking duty, by giving petty excuses or staying away from the society meetings, which so often endangers the life of a society, is *almost* altogether absent in our societies. The decorum of the societies is now all that we could wish them to be, but let us urge the older men, of the two higher classes especially, to conduct themselves always in the society halls with that dignity, which here-tofore has (generally) been characteristic of Wofford Seniors and Juniors. If the older members are dignified, the society will be dignified accordingly.

Let them encourage the new men and not discourage them, and when they leave Wofford, they will feel that their old societies are left in the hands of good and earnest society workers.

We do not fear, that our higher classmen will do otherwise, than that they believe to be the best for their societies but a word of warning is never out of place.

Let us all, both Prestons and Calhouns, strive to make this the best year in the histories of our respective societies, and we shall be able in the future to look back on the work of this year with pride and satisfaction. We have begun well and we close by saying: "Keep the good work up."

ATHLETICS.

The Athletic spirit at Wofford is now on a "boom." Foot-ball and tennis, together with the gymnasium work will furnish sport for the boys until Christmas. We must confess that the interest, displayed in foot-ball is far dominant.

The big men are discussing what positions they shall play for in the line, while the faster and lighter weights are dreaming over the brilliant plays they are to make behind the line. For the present, two teams will be organized, one from the Senior class, the other from the college at large. The class of 1900 has always, since they entered college, been proud of the stand they have taken in Athletics. Last spring their base-ball team defeated the team from the combined forces of the college and their chances are equally good in foot-ball. It will be a source of much pride to them if they succeed in winning the series from the college.

The college team will, probably, be heavier than the Senior team, but the older team will have advantage in experience.

Among the men spoken of for the college team are, the heavy Willard Bros., Littlejohn, Watkins, Gary, Bates, Gibson, Koger, Hudgens, DuPre, Bryant, Brabham and Sloan with many others; while the Senior team will probably be chosen from the following: Boyd, Edwards, Burnett, Lee, Fairy, Garris, Hall, Miller, Shockley, Hardin, Major, Rogers, Alexander and Martin. Either team will weigh more than 150 pounds.

The teams will be very evenly matched and red-hot games

may be expected. Everybody should come out in the afternoons and see the teams at work. This will encourage their favorites, as well as it will furnish amusement.

The first game will be played on the Athletic field Saturday afternoon, the 18th inst. The public is cordially invited to attend.

THE NEXT ATTRACTIONS.

Before our next issue of The Journal goes to press, Wofford's representative to the State Inter-Collegiate Contest to be held in Greenwood next spring, will have been chosen, and the first formal gymnasium exhibition for this year will be over.

The contest between the orators will be held in the college chapel on the evening of November, 27. Much interest should be displayed in this movement. A large crowd should be present to greet the speakers, but the crowd will be wanting if the students, themselves, fail to perform their duties. Your reporter knows from experience how discouraging it is to speak to empty benches, and we feel it our duty to plead for a large audience to be present at the exercises.

Some changes have been made in the speaker's list. The speaker's from the Preston Society will be Messrs C. D. Lee, T. Daniels and A. E. Driggers.

The gymnasium exhibition is billed for December, 4. Many boys are working in the gymnasium, daily, trying to make the team. The prospects are most encouraging and the team this year under the efficient training of Professor Leitner will be one of the most active teams Wofford has ever had. I would advise everyone, who intends joining the Gymnasium Association, to connect himself with the organization immediately, as the number of members are limited and our motto is: "First come, first served."

Only members of the Association are allowed to send out

invitations to the exhibitions, so if you wish to invite your "best girl," you must become a member, and that right early.

Mr. Major, as secretary and treasurer of the Association, is always ready to receive the names and fees of all new men who wish to join.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Holiday!

Football?

Thanksgiving!

Are you going to the "Fair?"

Come to the game on Thanksgiving.

Freshmen W. and Y., the famous fresh mascots, recently persisted on giving the co-eds a free exhibition in the gymnasium.

Mr. S. H. McGee, '95, now of Greenwood, has been on the campus for the last few days visiting friends.

Prof. W. P. Few, Ph.D., of the class of '89, who now holds the chair of English, in Trinity College, Durham, passed through the city recently, enroute to Columbia, where he goes to attend the Southern College Convention.

Professors Snyder, Rembert and A. M. DuPré attended the Southern College Convention, held in Columbia last week.

How dramatic to see a professor rambling about on the campus; at midnight in search of a cow! Would that I were a painter, I would paint the profess. but not the cow.

Two new tennis clubs have been organized, recently, on the campus. No. 3—The "Octo-Tennis Club with court in

the rear of the S. A. E. cottage. The officers are: Brabham, president; Prince, vice-president; C. Varner, secretary and treasurer.

No. 4—The ‘Pi Kappa Alpha Club’ with court below club cottage. Officers are: E. C. Major, president; Edwards, vice-president; B. H. Brown, secretary and treasurer.

A certain Junior, of the society world, persists in using the word “snigging.” The fact is, he thinks he is playing “base ball,” when he is not. All errors look alike to him.

Junior D——— seems puzzled over the fact that the Seniors are studying “Shakespeare and his Predecessors.” Our *Junior* has Adam and Shakespeare mixed up.

In Bible Class—Dr. C.——— “How many chairs are there in the Preston hall?”

Senior H———n——— “Three or four.” “What a———.”

Moral—Young man, think well, before you speak.

Among the distinguished visitors on the campus last week was Chancellor Wiggins, of the University of the South.

Mr. W. C. Wharton, of Furman University, has been on the campus recently in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Wharton was formally a student at Wofford, and was a member of the class of 1900. He has many friends at Wofford, who will always be glad to welcome him on the campus.

Lost, strayed, stolen or abducted on Oct. 31, one senior, answers to the name of A. D. G. Any information concerning the whereabouts of said person, will be gladly received by the Local editor and a suitable reward will be given.

It is reported, that fresh. Y. intends petitioning the faculty to give us leap year in 1900.

Mr. McAdams, a photographer, who, for the past several years, has visited Wofford in the interest of his work, has recently been on the campus taking photographs of the different classes.

Terrible reports have recently come to us, from the direction of Darlington, about a certain member of the 1900 class, who did not return to college this year, and who was known in college as "little Barny." The fact is, we hear, the dashing professor of Linwood is to marry a Darling "lassie," resembling very much his little Sp—— girl.

Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., attended the chapel exercises, one day last week, and, by request, delighted the students with a few remarks. Dr. Kirkland's talk was short and appropriate, as well as beautiful, and abounded in sound advice. The Chancellor was enroute to Columbia, where he goes to attend the college convention, and in the programme of which he takes a most prominent part, Wofford and Vanderbilt may both be proud of so great a *man*.

The students have recently enjoyed a rare treat in the lecture of Mr. Robt. J. Burdette, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Burdette lectured in the court-house under the auspices of the "Wofford College Lyceum." The students, as well as the members of Association, are mainly indebted to the untiring efforts of Prof. J. A. Gamewell, for the enjoyment of listening to these lectures. Mr. Burdette is truly a humorist, and well sustained his distinguished reputation while in Spartanburg.

Miss Klein, of S. C., a lady, trained in the art of elocution was in the city last week. Miss Klein was asked to give the students an entertainment on Thursday afternoon. She consented, and the students were far more than pleased with her performance. She is a lady of rare culture and proved herself well versed in the art of elocution.

The average of the weights and ages of the different classes are here given: Seniors,—20 yrs, 5 mos., weight, 143 pounds; Juniors,—20 yrs, 5 mos., weight 137 pounds, Sophs.,—18 yrs, 2 mos; will not balance, Fresh—18 yrs—, weight 131 pounds.

How is this for the team of 1900?

Major and Williamson.

B. H. Boyd and Jeffcoat.

Hardin and Fridy.

Miller and Carnes.

Edwards and Dantzler.

Hall and (Soph.) Boyd.

Lee and "Uncle Paul."

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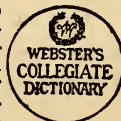
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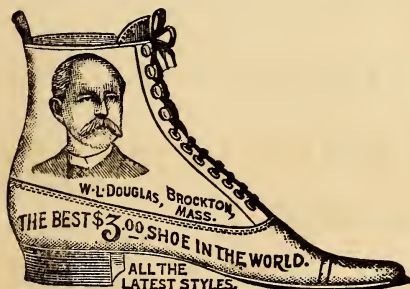
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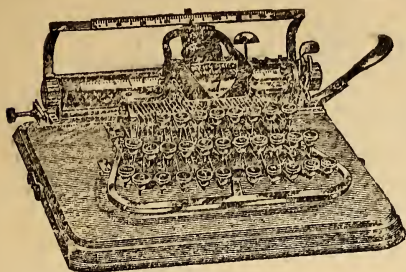
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O SWEET, FAIR WORLD OF GOD.

His fancy bodied forth the tiniest flower
That smiles into thy face; and every bird
That chirps its glad good-morrow to the sun.
The sunset is His painting, and the clouds
Float on His breath. All whisperings of winds
Are messages whose language we may learn;
Sounds from the far and near, loose, drifting notes
Of full-voiced music fallen on the breeze
And wafted hitherward from Him. Each tint
And tone of color in the plume of bird,
The wing of butterfly, the coat of beast
Are thoughts—are to be guessed at in the terms
Of God's affection for His little things,
His birds and butterflies, and His great beast
Which he hath made. O sweet, fair world of God!
—OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

HENRY TIMROD.

All down through her history, South Carolina has produced many illustrious men. In military life the great chieftains who have fought her battles and have laid down their lives in her defence, are heroes indeed; the great orators, who on the floors of legislative halls have maintained her rights with fiery eloquence, are men of which any state or country might well feel proud.

But it is not alone of statesmen and of military heroes that South Carolina can boast. She has had poets who could sing her songs with that peculiar tone and fervor of the true Southerner. Among these is Henry Timrod, around whose

memory are clustered many hallowed associations, and the story of whose sad life is read by every South Carolinian, alike with a feeling of pride and sympathy, pride in what he actually did, sympathy for him on account of the adverse circumstances under which he labored.

The interest has not been taken in Timrod that there should have been, and his poems are not as widely read as they should be. The first collection of his poems after the war, that was anything like complete, was a volume published in 1873, edited by Paul Hamilton Hayne, his life-long friend. This book contains quite an interesting memoir of his life by Hayne, to which we are indebted for much of the information of this piece. Quite recently however, the "Timrod Memorial Association" has published, in a very attractive form, a full collection of his poems. It is much to be hoped that since the publication of this volume, his poems will be more widely read, and to read them is to love them.

Henry Timrod first saw the light of day on the 8th of December 1829, in the "City by the Sea." His father, William Henry Timrod, was a very gifted man, a man of high intellectual abilities, and the author of poetry that is almost worthy to be placed by the side of that of his illustrious son. He was the centre of a talented circle of people in his native city, and there was generally a crowd around his place of business. While Timrod inherited much of his ability from his father, much also came from his mother, who was a very brilliant woman, and it is from her that he inherited that passionate love of nature which was shown in all his poems. This love of nature stayed with him all his life, and in consequence he worshipped devotedly at the shrine of Wordsworth. His mother followed his career with all her fond mother's love, rejoicing in every slight recognition of his brilliancy, and grieving even more than he over his failures.

Timrod saw his first schooling in one of Charleston's best schools. While there he formed a friendship with Paul Hamilton Hayne, which was only severed by death. Hayne

has given us some interesting accounts of their life together. Even as a schoolboy he seems to have impressed every one as a boy of unusual promise, and one of his teachers describes him as having "melody even in his heart and on his lips." Although, as a lover of nature, he dearly enjoyed getting out in the freedom of the country, he applied himself diligently to his studies, and by the time he was sixteen he was ready for college. At the University of Georgia, where he matriculated, he soon made everyone feel that there was something in the young Carolinian. Here too he first began to write poetry. He was not an exception to the rule of college students, and with every fair maiden he saw he was very much infatuated. The result of these love affairs is a succession of sentimental poems, all of which however have the true melody of poetry in them.

His college career was interrupted before he received his diploma. From this point dates the great struggle of his life, one that lasted as long as breath remained in him, a struggle with abject, gnawing poverty, many times with the wolf at the door. The story of his life from this time on is almost one continuous dark picture. Sometimes the clouds would break for a few fleeting months only to close again darker and more lowering than ever.

He first turned to the study of law, but soon became convinced, and that very rightly, that law was not the profession for him. He then tried to perfect his literary education in order to be a teacher, and for the next ten years teaching was almost his only means of support, since he realized scarcely anything from his literary work. It was during these years however that some of his choicest pieces were written.

About this time there was started in Charleston "Russell's Magazine," with Hayne as editor. It was in this magazine that some of his best poems were published. The spirit of the poet was in him and would manifest itself, no matter how adverse the circumstances, and he pours forth his soul in these lines. The magazine was eventually a fail-

ure, but it gave to Timrod the opportunity of publishing poems that otherwise might not have been.

A small volume of his best poems was published in Boston in 1860. This book received some recognition by the outside world, which gave the greatest pleasure to the author. He yearned for the general recognition which he never got. In this collection is his longest poem, "A Vision of Poesy," which may be taken as representative of what Timrod could do, and as we read it we feel that every word comes from the heart of the poet.

The clouds of war that had been growing more and more threatening had at last burst, and the country was plunged in civil strife. Timrod did not enter the army at first, but remained at Charleston. His pen however was constantly busy, and he dashed off stirring, patriotic poems, which were enough to inspire the heart of any son of Carolina. While the soldier responded to the roll of the drum, and fought the battles of his beloved South, the pen of the poet responded to the music that was in his heart, and he sang the songs of the same South land, songs too that will live as long as time lasts. The poet pours forth the sentiment of his heart in such poems as "A Cry to Arms" and "Carolina".

"Ho ! woodsmen of the mountain side !
 Ho ! dwellers in the vales !
 Ho ! ye who by the roaring tide
 Have roughened in the gales !
 Come ! flocking gayly to the fight,
 From forest hill and lake;
 We battle for the Country's right,
 And for the Lily's sake."

His feeling for Carolina is most aptly expressed in these lines :

"Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
 Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
 Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
 CAROLINA !

"Throw thy bold banner to the breeze !
 Front with thy ranks the threatening seas

Like thine own proud armorial trees,
CAROLINA !

“Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
CAROLINA !”

Aroused by these stirring lines from his pen, an effort was made to have a complete volume of his poems published in London. Timrod had watched this with the greatest eagerness, and he longed to see the work accomplished, but the disasters of war interrupted, one by one he saw its strongest supporters, moved by matters of graver importance, drop out of the venture, until he was forced to stand face to face once again with utter failure. He felt very keenly the disappointment of it.

Some time after this, he went into the army as correspondent of a Charleston paper, but could not stand the rough life of the camp.

About this time came the brightest spot in his whole life. He was offered the associate editorship of the “South Carolinian,” a paper published in Columbia, and he moved there. This seemed to promise him a sufficient and permanent income, and about a month later he married the woman whom he had long loved, and whom he has immortalized in his poem, “Katie”. Now followed the happiest period of his life. The old time troubles seem to a certain extent to have been forgotten, and he drank deeply at the fountain of love. His marriage was blessed with one son. All his bright hopes were soon shattered however. Reverse after reverse met the Southern arms, the enemy penetrated into the heart of the country, and one year and one day from the date of Timrod’s marriage, Columbia lay at the feet of Sherman, a pile of smouldering ashes. On account of editorials he had written in his paper, he was obliged to hide himself, and when he returned to the city, it was to a city of ruins.

For the remainder of that year he obtained a bare existence, and he and his sister, with whom he was living, were

obliged to sell some of their furniture and silverware to obtain enough food to eat. Added to this was grief over the loss of his boy, who died in October. All the fond father's affection was entwined around him, and as Hayne said, "he was never quite his old self again." On Christmas day, moved by recollection of him, the father expressed the agony of his heart in "Our Willie."

"When, in that lonely burial ground,
With every Christmas sight and sound
Removed or shunned, we kept
A mournful Christmas by the mound
Where little Willie slept!"

Weakened by the disease that finally caused his death, he lived for two years longer, each day being a harder struggle than the preceding one. Early in September 1867, he had a hemorrhage of the lungs, which was soon followed by another. When told that his end was near he murmured, "So soon, so soon?" He passed away quietly on the 7th of October 1867, and was buried in Trinity graveyard, Columbia. For some years his grave lay unmarked, but loving hands have placed a stone to mark the last resting place of South Carolina's greatest poet.

He is not a true South Carolinian who does not love Timrod, and whose heart does not even now feel sad as he thinks of his sad life, he, whom fate seemed to be against, and who saw so much of the dark side of life. With health and means enough to be at leisure, and not slave his life away, he might have taken his place among America's greatest poets. Nevertheless South Carolina will always love and revere him for what he really was and did.

MARVIN AULD.

UNCLE DENNIS—HIS NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

It was an ideal day for hunting, the wind was calm and the sun shone with enough warmth to prevent the cold atmosphere from feeling unpleasant. In company

with a friend I was on an "all day" hunt in the marshes and low grounds near the river. Our dogs had been very successful in finding the game and it was long past noon before we realized that the lunch we had brought along with us in the morning had not been touched. As there was no desirable place near for opening it, we started for a large grove across the plantation.

On crossing a public road we entered a large avenue leading to an old ante-bellum mansion. This avenue, with its half a mile or more of sycamores on each side showed signs of a once magnificent driveway; but through long years of neglect was fast falling into decay. Branches were broken from some of the trees, while others had been uprooted by the winter winds. Farther up we passed a little grave yard, but this bore a very different appearance from the other surroundings. The grass and shrubbery were neatly trimmed and fresh flowers were strewn on the graves.

On nearing the historic looking old building I remarked to my friend that I had an old acquaintance up there—one whom I had seen on a former visit. We passed on to the rear yard, where I had before found the only surviving inhabitant of this once palatial old Southern homestead.

Uncle Dennis was sitting before the door of his cabin basking in the sunshine, but as we approached, he recognized me, and with that dignity and politeness which is characteristic of the old Southern negro, arose and offered us his favorite seat. On starting him to the well after a pail of fresh water, we told him to be prepared to give us a story during our meal; and when he returned he seemed to be in the best of humor, and said he would "tell us ob a 'sperience he hed sune arfter de wah."

Taking a seat near us he began: "Well, it wuz sune arfter Gen'l Shumman's arhmy pass'd 'long heah dat dis leetle 'currence happn'd dat I 'lows to tell ye 'bout. Ev'ything heah on de plantashion wuz in a mity disord'd state, kase we hadn' long got de things back dat we hed carr'd to de swamps to keep de Yankees frum gittin'; an'

den it wuz 'long 'bout dat time dat news com'd ob de s'rrend'r ob Gen'l. Lee. It wuz mity 'citin' 'long dem times I tell ye! an' no def'nite news culd be got consarnin' w'at wuz hap'nin', so late one ebenin' Ole Marster sont me to de cross-roads pos' of'ice to git de paper.

I wuz mity late 'bout gittin' off, but ez I wuz ri'din' Seabold, (dat wuz young Marster's hoss,) I hed no feahs 'bout gittin' back befo' dark. Dat hoss seem'd mity neah to our h'arts since Marse Lock died, but I 'spose it wuz kase he wuz ri'din him w'en he wuz kilt in de battle. He wuz feelin' onusually good on dat pertic'lar ebenin' an' it wuzn' long befo' we reach'd de of'ice an' got de paper.

'Befo' I start'd back I seed dat dere wuz a mity bad lookin' cloud comin' up, but I 'low'd I culd git home befo' it obertuk me. I wuz mistak'n in my kalkulashions ob it, kase it kotch me w'en I wuz 'long dere 'bout de ole skule house, so I rode up to it, kase I know'd Ole Marster wuld be mity put out if de paper got ruint. I hitch'd Seabold to one ob de postes ob de piazah, an' takin' de saddle off I carr'd it wid me into de house. Dat wuz a mity lonesume place to stop at, 'spech'ly w'en on's by he lone self, kase it wuz onct used ez a chech an' pe'ples hed ben berri'd all 'round de place. Den sume folks said it wuz haint'd! I know'd it wuz too late den to 'gret stop'in', so I sot down on a seat in de back of de buildin' an' wait'd fur de storm to pass ober. De rain fallin' on de ruff made me drowsey, an' it wuzn' long befo' I wuz noddin'. Ye all know 'dout me tellin' ye, dat a nigger can't help noddin' w'en he heahs rain fallin' on de ruff!"

If we were acquainted with that characteristic of their nature we did not interrupt him to say so, and continuing he said:

"I don' know how long I hed ben 'sleep, but I hed an orful dream, an' it makes me juberous now to 'member it. I thought a 'oman com'd out ob de lightuin' in de frunt ob de buildin', an' start to'ads me wid her hands 'bove her head. I wuz 'bout haf 'wake den an' I made a move ez to

git up, but 'bout dat time dere com'd a sound frum to'ads dat ghost dat made my har neahly git strate, an' I wuz wide 'wake den I tell ye.

"It hed quit rainin', but de lightnin' wuz flashin' so fast dat de whole house wuz most like it wuz day-time. My farst thoughts wuz 'bout de dream an' de orful sound, an' natchelly I look'd dat 'way de farst thing. W'at I seed neahly tuk my bref 'way—fur dere wuz a sho' 'nuff 'oman an' she wuz comin' to'ards me same ez it 'pear'd in de dream. Ev'ytime it wuld lightnin' I culd see her move an' ez I didn' see no mo' use ob stayin' dere any longer I made fur de doo' ez fast ez I culd leabin' de saddle in de house. Befo' I culd git Seabold 'loose frum de post an' git on his back an' git 'way frum de place, dat ghost wuz out dere too, an' bless gracious ef it didn' climb up on dat hoss' back behinst me."

At this point the old fellow had become so excited that he had arisen from his seat and was standing before us.

Beginning again he said: "Well, befo' I lef' home dat ebenin' I put on a par ob ole arhmy spurrurs dat wuz hangin' up heah in de hall ob dee house, (an' I neber culd d'cide in my mind how cum de Yankees to oberluk dem, fur dey tuk ev'ything else dey laid dey hands on.) I didn't 'spech'ly need dem, but I put dem on fur de looks, ye know, an' w'en we start'd frum de skule-house I didn' 'zackly habe my right senses 'bout me—fur I didn' know right den whe'r we wuz 'goin' to'ads home ur back to'ads de cross-roads store. Dat ghost wuz 'holdin' 'round me so tight dat I culdn' scac'ly git my bref.

W'en I com'd to my right self Ole Seabold wuz neahly flyin' down de road. I don' know whe'r it wuz my heels in his sides, (kase I had furgot'n 'bout habin' on dem spurrurs) ur whe'r de ghost skur'd him too. Oh, de way dat hoss runn'd dat night wuz 'stonishin,' an' I didn' habe no purchus to hold him nurr, kase my hands wuz all tangl'd up in his mane.

"I wuz in a mity ticklish persishion, I tell ye, fur I had hurd Ole Marster an' Missis tell how ghostes wuld ride b'hinst people on a dark night, but dat wuz my farst 'sperience wid 'em. I culd feel its cold bony arhms 'round me, an' its sharp fing'r nails wuz cut'in in my flesh mity deep. Dey felt cold like a corpses! I know'd if somethin' didn' hap'n mity sune, I wuld fall off sho,' kase dat hoss wuz runnin' so fast an' dat ghost holdin' 'round me so tight dat I didn' habe much feelin' lef in my body. I wuz dat weak!

"Well, w'en I thought dat I culdn' hold on narry min'et long'r, but wuld habe to tu'n loose an' fall off down dar in de road, de wuz two things dat hap'n'd 'bout de same time dat caus'd me to hold on ef I pos'bly culd. Farst, was dat I didn't like de idea of fallin' off in de road wid dat ghost, an' den 'bout dat time I seed de light up heah at de big-house. W'en I seed dat light up heah, I know'd den wherr I wuz at, an' it made me feel mity good; but den w'en I 'member'd how fast Seabold wuz runnin' I know'd he culdn' pos'bly tu'n in down dar at de abenue, an' den I wuz sick at h'art agin.

"W'en we turn'd dat co'ner dat hoss wuz feahly flyin,' an' sho' nuff de 'spected hap'n'd, fur de tu'n wuz so sho't an' de ground so slip'ry his feet flew'd out frum un' 'neath him an' we all com'd down in a pile. We had'n' no mo'n tech'd de gronnd befo' dat same arful sound dat I hurd back at de skule house com'd frum de lips ob de ghost, an' I didn' know no mo'. W'en I know'd mysef agin I wuz lyin' in de hall heah at de house wid Ole Marster an' Missis standin' neah me lookin' sorter sor'ful like, but w'en dey seed me open my eyes dey bofe broke out into a big lauf."

"What became of your ghost?" one of us eagerly asked. "Oh!" chuckled the old fellow, "Dat wuz Ole Juner who lib'd neah de skule-house, an' she wuz tryin' to git out'n' de rain too—fur she wuz crazy, ye know."

SOUTH CAROLINA:—THE OLD SOUTH.

MONTHLY ORATION, FOR CALHOUN SOCIETY.

We have heard a great deal of the Old South and the New South, let us bring our thoughts nearer home, to the Old South Carolina and the New South Carolina. Still it would be well to point out South Carolina's relation to the Old South, and her present relation to the New South. The Old South, which is championed by Thomas Nelson Page, was slow, solid and stately, yet at times fervid and fiery in its temper. The New South, which defends itself by its own strength, is sure, steady and progressive, while sometimes publicspirited and patriotic. The Old South was hospitable, while narrow in its prejudices, the New South is more business-like and broader in its views. This difference is intensified in the case of South Carolina. The Old South Carolina seems to have had the characteristics of the other Southern states, but in a more marked degree, so that in reaching her present position, in the front rank of the states of the New South, she experienced the most trying revolution of them all.

The Old South Carolina may be fitly termed the most Southern of the Southern States. It differed from the others, not so much in the democratic principles which it avowed, but in traits that lay deep beneath the surface. There was a great amount of latent state pride among the slave-holders of South Carolina that would easily burst into flame where anything of an opposite nature rubbed against it so as to cause friction. This state pride gave a sense of power and of the justice of their position to the people of this State, and found its most magnificent utterances in the speeches of Robert Y. Hayne and John C. Calhoun. So before the Civil War, South Carolina, possibly next to Virginia, took the lead in Southern sentiment. Even then she did not reach the height she might have attained, but any-

thing higher was hardly probable, under the unfortunate condition of all classes before the great struggle.

The time came for the change. The old must now become the new. Everything was ripe for a revolution when, forty years ago, the machinery of change and destruction was set in motion. The change came as it did, with tremendous force and fury, because the State was so convulsed with the passion of States' rights and slavery that the foundations of the Old South were weakened, and it had to make a struggle for life or death. Nothing less could have caused this State to run the risk of having her resources swept away, her prosperity blotted out and her brave sons slaughtered. In proportion to her size, South Carolina was the wealthiest and most influential of the Southern States, before the war; but after the war she was left sunken in the deepest slough of degradation and ruin.

Yes, the State, our State, which began the Secession, was left by the war in as deep a pit as any other. Since the beginning of the great military struggle, the political tide, both North and South, had been steadily and almost noiselessly flowing out. Soon after the war, especially in the South, a tumultuous political re-action occurred. Slowly the tide returned, however, and during the Provisional Government 1865-68, it rose almost imperceptibly. After 1868 there was a great political tidalwave. The cold inflowing waters of Republicanism came into contact with the charred remains of Secessionism, not yet cooled from the flowing patriotism of ante-bellum times. As may be expected there was a great disturbance and convulsion. There was. The black tide of republicanism reached South Carolina nearly last of all the Southern States. It rather gained than lost force and volume, so when it reached the State that contained the greatest number of red-hot Southerners, a revolution took place which surpassed any that has occurred in any State. All of us are familiar with the events that followed thick and fast, the Republicans secured the upper hand, and dragged the negroes up; they spent the state's money, and

disgraced her people and her institutions. All this time, however, fuel was being added to the flame, until finally in 1876 the climax came, South Carolina's sea of woe boiled over, as it were, and we had democracy again.

What was all this for? It resulted simply in the New South Carolina. Yet it was now only a germ, but its beginning was favorable, and ere long the few injuries it had received began to heal. The worst element in our state life was gone. Soon the New South Carolina put on a healthy growth. The sun did not shine brightly upon it at all times, 'tis true, but there was not now any great hindrance to upward movement. For fifteen years the true people of South Carolina labored to retrieve her lost fortunes and to restore her former honor and importance. Enough outside influence had been left by Northerners to cause the men of this state to get out of the beaten track and enter new fields of business and enterprise. Our natural resources were developed outside of agriculture, and our hidden or acquired resources were widened and deepened. Then there was expansion, even in farming, and diversification of crops and industries was its result. We all know that this State now leads the South in cotton manufacturing. In addition to this, she has schools and colleges, some of whom are honored by age; while others, not so old, are of a type that could hardly have been established in this State before the Civil War. Thus, with manufacturing and education, we have two great aids to prosperity and freedom.

Still the New South Carolina is not perfected, and we have our problems and difficulties to face. It is a happy fact, notwithstanding, that now, in our State, no one need be unemployed against his wish; and energy that once worked harm can now be turned into peaceful and useful channels. Yet the call for great and strong men is as loud and long as it ever was. Wise heads and pure will be needed to guide the course of the New South Carolina in the twentieth century. Our state has produced such men, and with such men at the head of affairs, the New South

Carolina must prosper. Honor to the New South Carolina and to the men, who, true to their state, have made her what she is!

W. Z. DANTZLER, '02.

THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

Why should he feel lonely now?
Wealth was his and everything
He could call for could be his;
Truly now he was a king.

Though his hair which once was black
Now was white and soft as snow,
Yet glance in front, look to the back—
In luxuries he was not low.

Christmas now had come again,
And outside snow was on the ground,
Snow was lying everywhere,
Cov'ring every thing around.
Many there were poor and cold,
Suffering God knows how bad
—For him the fire burned so bright,
And everything he wished, he had.

But why this feeling strange and sad?
A feeling now of loneliness,
Such a feeling strange to him
He dared not to himself confess.

While the light now lowly flicker'd,
Far off in the distance he could hear
Some sweet lulling music there,
Some sweet Christmas music clear;
Shadows flicker'd round fantastic—
Gather'd round him,
Closed around him, closing found him
With his head upon his hands.

Thought now took him in her bands,
And he was carried back to youth
—His life now passed before him quickly,
Where he saw his fight for truth.

Musing, fusing thought with thought,
Images were for him wrought;
And one among these images
His entire fancy caught—
He thought of years before and how
Dear she was to him and now—
Forever gone, from him flown,
Now to him unknown.

BLVARK.

SQUIBS.

It was with some hesitancy that the challenge from the "Boozy Corners" team, an organization in the lower part of the county, was accepted. We had been victorious over almost all the teams of the neighboring towns, and thought *this one* would add nothing to our laurels.

When we arrived on the field of contest we found that instead of our opponents being boys of our age, as we had expected, they were grown men whose ages ranged from twenty-five to fifty.

I was to do the twirling for our boys, and when the first batter stepped up I was somewhat "rattled". He was one of those country giants over six feet, with boots on, whiskers extending to his breast and held a bat that was almost as long as himself. Changing sides with his mammoth quid of tobacco for the third time, I sent him my only curve, and that was one of those "sweeping" outs. It appeared new to him and after blindly striking at it he fell full length on the ground.

Getting up he started toward me with a look that was not at all pleasing and said, "Look hyar, kid, if you throws another one them krukod balls at me I will fling this bat at yer head". No more "crooked balls" were thrown during the game, and when it ended the score stood 43 to 2 in favor of the "Boozy Corners" team.

"GIP".

Uncle Dillyfoot Pace had grown up with the "settlement." He knew everyone in the county and all the sayings and happenings that had occurred therein. The festive cognomen of Dillyfoot was derived, by the Polk county system of etymology, from De La Fayette.

Sauntering to the rear of "Finch Pace's General Merchandise," I found Uncle Dilly surrounded by a half dozen swains seated on barrels and cracker-boxes. He was regaling them with the following remarks:

"Yes, it is true that ef yer slaughter a shoat when he is mad the meat will taste kinder *quare* like—and that ain't all. If yer will jes rub one betwixt the ears with a corn cob till, he grunts like he's powerful tickled and then kill him right suddint from behind, the meat of that varmint, be he shoat or grown hog, will be the best you ever seed. And if yer will jest git that hog real sprised 'fore yer slaughter him—*go way!* Did any of yer ever taste any sprised hog meat?"

Judging from appearances no one had. No one stirred. Even the barrels and the cracker-boxes stood still.

Then silence, soft and squishy, smeared itself over the surface of everything.

ALEXANDER.



WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Established {
1888.

DECEMBER, 1899.

} Vol. XI.
No. 3.

STAFF:

H. T. Shockley, '00, Editor-in-Chief.

CALHOUN SOCIETY:

PRESTON SOCIETY:

E. P. MILLER, Exchange,

L. L. HARDIN, Literary,

W. C. MARTIN, Local,

E. C. MAJOR, Alumni,

W. C. KOGER, Ass't Bus. M'g'r.

T. H. DANIEL, Ass't Literary.

Clarence D. Lee, '00, Business Manager.

Editorial Department.

H. T. SHOCKLEY, EDITOR.

Christmas. Ere many days have passed many of us will be speeding home, thankful that examinations are over and filled with visions of the homefolk.

To these and to all we wish a very merry Christmas. And we hope that it may be a season of rest which will fit you for energetic work in 1900.



The Societies. The editor of this department feels that he can no longer keep silent on the subject of the two literary societies. He feels that in justice both to them and to the students he should point out some of the benefits that accrue therefrom.

We saw the other night at our oratorical contest one of the benefits. We saw that we could get up a contest on other than athletic grounds, and one just as interesting. Now, we have begun this work and we mean to have at least one such contest annually. Besides this too we have a debate at commencement. Here we must thank the socie-

ties for the training which enables us to have these entertainments.

But as the boys say, "Let me put a bug in your ear". You cannot participate in or even encourage such occasions as these unless you do your full quota of society work. The societies are joint stock companies in which a man reaps interest only on what he puts into them in good hard work.

Then, when we graduate and take our places in this great world of ours, our fellow men will expect us to know parliamentary law and be able to express ourselves in public even though we may not become great orators.

And another benefit which is sometimes overlooked. If the query committee do their duty we will almost always receive some valuable information on live subjects, and have our minds started in new channels. We will be able to see questions greater than those which touch upon ourselves alone.

The above are only a few of the benefits to be derived from the societies, but I think they are enough to start a thoughtful man to thinking. And in themselves they are enough to bespeak a regular attendance on the meetings and an effort on your part to build up the society and in so doing to build up yourself also. Then let us be up and doing, glorying in and getting inspiration from the names Calhoun and Preston.



Dewey. Only a few weeks ago the whole people of the United States were bowing at the feet of the "Hero of Manila." His welcome home was an ovation never surpassed in this country. The great cities vied with each other for his presence at some great public fete gotten up especially for him. Theatres showed pictures of him to applauding audiences, and the newspapers of the land lauded him to the skies.

But, oh, the fickleness of fame! The same people and the same papers, which so short a time ago almost deified him, now cry out against him. And why? The answer is because Admiral Dewey saw fit to share with his newly wed

wife the home which the people gave him as a token of their love for his heroism. And because she, when she saw the desire of the people, in her turn gave it back to his son.

We think this "humming and hawing" is nonsense and are glad that the public are once more turning toward the stanch old Admiral. We believe that when even the public gives a present to some worthy, that it has no right to have any future say so in the matter.

Upon the state of affairs just now, we have this comment: the people made the mistake of making a demigod out of Admiral Dewey and they are dissappointed to find out that he is only a man.



A field Day. We are glad to note that a joint committee of the faculty and students has taken up the question of a field day and has appointed another sub-committee to look into the matter. For we think that Wofford can get up a field day worthy of herself and we believe she ought to do it.

We have many students of athletic tendencies who could be induced to take part if a field day could be arranged so that they could contend for championships in the different field sports. Thus through their training they would certainly be benefitted. And the college would also be benefitted in the good health of the students and in the spirit it would create.



There are many plans on which a field day may prosper. But we think that one of the most practical would be to have one day during the fall and at this pick out our best men. And then if we can get other colleges interested, to have a great inter-collegiate contest in the spring. In this way you see each college could choose its contestants in time to give them ample training. Or if the inter-collegiate scheme should not be put into operation at once, we would

not be hurt by one or two days during the year. For the time of inter-collegiate contests will come and we will have already prepared ourselves for the fight.

Then let us push this matter along with all the force we can put behind it. Every student must find some feature in field day that would interest him.



Exchange Department.

E. P. MILLER, EDITOR.

During the past month many new exchanges have been added to our list and did time and space permit, it would afford us much pleasure to review carefully each magazine on our table, but being limited, as we are, both as to time and space, we shall have to content ourselves with a mere mention of what we consider to be the best product of the month.

Generally speaking, there is a marked improvement over the October numbers both in the range of subjects and in the manner of treatment.

One of the first magazines to reach us was *The Vanderbilt Observer*. The first article, "A Night in Reconstruction," is a well written account of how what promised to be a dire calamity was averted by the coolheadedness of an old Confederate colonel. There were many such instances in this dark period of the South's history. The author's style is simple and pleasing. This number of *The Observer* contains several other interesting and instructive articles as well as several pieces of good poetry. The leading contribution is, perhaps, a critical essay on "The Dramatic Element in the Plays of Browning and Tennyson as Shown in *Strafford* and *Becket*." This essay will be concluded in the next number.

The Clemson College Chronicle presents a neat outward appearance but on examining the contents, we are somewhat dissatisfied. It seems to us that *The Chronicle* ought to give more of its space to the literary department. In the present number less than ten pages are given to this department. It contains only two contributed articles, one of which, "The True Citizen and his Relation to the Govern-

ment," possesses real merit and shows that the author has carefully studied his subject.

"A Corporal" in the *College of Charleston Magazine* is a good piece of fiction. The same Magazine contains a "Sonnet" worthy of mention. "Incidents of General Robert E. Lee" is interesting.

The Criterion presents an attractive appearance. The dialect story, "Marse James," is good. The writer some times misses the dialect but, taken as a whole, it is a good story told in a pleasing manner. "Two Women's Lives" is also worthy of mention. It gives us pleasure to note the progress which *The Criterion* is making in the field of journalism.

It seems to us that *The Erskinian* would do well to introduce something of a variety into its literary department. Instead of so much moralizing, why not insert a piece of lively fiction, a poem or a good biographical essay? These would serve to break the monotony and would undoubtedly make the magazine more attractive. Such contributions as "Foot-prints on the Sand" and "Good Will Triumph Over Wrong" have their place in journalism and are really very good articles, but to divide the space allotted to the literary department between articles of this kind and those of purely local interest is to detract seriously from the real worth of the magazine.

Among other well written articles in the *Davidson College Magazine*, we find one headed "The Palmetto Regiment," in which the writer tells in a clear, smooth style of the noble and patriotic way in which this famous regiment behaved itself in The Mexican War. The literary department of this magazine is large and well edited.

We are pleased to welcome to our table the November issue of the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*. This number contains several articles of more than passing interest. We have no hesitancy in pronouncing "Gwen" the best story we have seen in a college magazine. The author's style is clear and smooth; the plot simple and working up to a climax; the characters well drawn and natural; the movement sufficiently rapid to hold the reader's attention to the end. "The Short-Story in Modern Fiction" is a critical discussion of the place of this essentially American contribution in literature. Besides the above mentioned, the *Monthly* contains other contributions of merit viz: "The Child of The Glen," "In The Second Generation" and two original poems, "November" and "The Last Butterfly."

The Converse Concept contains a well written article entitled "Work Begins in Ambition and Ends in Service." "Sir Cupid" is hardly up to the usual standard of college journal stories. The story is a good one but much is lost in the telling. The several departments of the *Concept* are all well edited.

The two leading articles in the *University of Virginia Magazine* are "A Critical Study of the Seven Seas" and "Is The Raven the Most Original Production in American Literature?" Both of these are well worth the reading.

The Carolinian for this month contains several very interesting productions. Among them are "Suggestions for the improvement of the Educational System of South Carolina," which shows much thought, "The Professor's Story" and "The Tragedy of Macbeth". The latter shows that the author has caught the true key-note of the tragedy which "Sounding throughout the play, now as a low monotonous rumble, again swelling into an overwhelming crash, bury-

ing all else beneath it, is the wierd horror of a spectre-haunted soul, hurried to its doom by relentless fate." *The Carolinian* has made much improvement over its first issue. The Editorial department is especially good.

"The English Drama, 1889-1899" and "The Moral Aspect of College Sports" are the leading articles in *The Harvard Monthly*.

"Some Impressions Concerning the Southern Negro" in *The William Jewell Student* shows that the writer has not allowed himself to be influenced by the sensational and startling newspaper reports of race wars, risings of negroes etc., but that his Impressions are had from a visit to the South, the home of the negro.

We gratefully acknowledge, with all becoming modesty, the many flattering criticisms which we have received from other college magazines.

CLIPPINGS.

BEHIND THE CURL.

Across her cheek there plays a curl
 Of hair,
 And there
 It tosses, but stops to unfurl
 To me,
 (And me
 Alone) the heart and soul and—girl,
 Who's more to me than I can tell,
 Right well.

And I have seen another curl,
 Somewhere,
 (No care)
 It tosses and stops to unfurl

To me
 Or thee,
 No heart, no soul—forsooth, a girl
 With curls, no more—the difference to me
 You see.

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

REMORSE.

When time had flown, and day had grown
 To night, and dark, and gloom;
 When life was death, and Hope's last breath
 Was smothered in the tomb;

A man's heart burned, a man's soul yearned—
 For ages it must last!—
 Too sick to die, he could but sigh;
 "O, give me back the past."

—*Tennessee University Magazine.*

WHAT IS LIFE?

A dainty kiss, a little hug—
 To the parson then skeedaddle.
 For food and raiment then to tug,
 Then o'er the Styx to paddle.—*Ex.*

I once thought my love was a poem,
 So one day I told her quite terse
 How I thought on the subject. She answered:
 No, Charlie, to you I'm "a-verse."—*Ex.*

Literary aspirant—"I can write anything."
 Editor—"Then right about face."—*Ex.*

Teacher.—"Willie what is a rabbit?"
 Willie—"An animal with four legs and an anecdote."
 Teacher—"What do you mean by an anecdote?"
 Willie—"A short, funny tale."—*Ex.*

Alumni Department.

E. C. MAJOR, EDITOR.

THE CLASS OF 1898.

J. C. Allen, of Waterloo, is principal of the Lowndesville High School. His influence was recognized in college both in the class room and on the athletic field. We expect much from him in the future.

M. V. Bennett, of Spartanburg, is pursuing his studies at Vanderbilt University.

I. C. Blackwood is studying law and will complete his course at the University of Virginia.

Gabe Cannon, of Spartanburg, is in the banking business in the city.

I. W. W. Daniel, of Laurens, is teaching in the Auderson Graded School. The trustees were wise in electing so worthy a man.

L. L. Dantzler is principal of the Lykesland High School.

C. E. Dobson, who won for himself an enviable reputation while in college, is taking a business course in Charlotte, N. C.

R. R. Goodwin, of Macon, Ga., is in business with J. B. White, Augusta.

J. W. Gray is in business with his father at Woodruff, S. C.

R. A. Hannon is teaching near his home in Spartanburg County.

D. T. Kinard is teaching near his home in Ninety-Six, S. C.

R. A. Law is in the Spartanburg Graded School, Should

he do as well in life as he he did in college, he will make a brilliant success.

C. H. Leitner is the Gymnasium Instructor at Wofford and also instructor of English and Mathematics in the Wofford College Fitting School. We find him just as ardent a supporter of foot-ball as while in college.

O. W. Leonard is pursuing a medical course at the University of Maryland.

J. R. T. Major, of Greenwood, is principal of the Bennettsville Graded School. This is one of the best schools in the State and we feel sure it will improve under his skillful management.

J. P. McCreary, of Orangeburg, is practicing dentistry at Williston, S. C.

J. C. Moore is taking a course in medicine at Charleston.

J. K. Owens, the most polished orator Wofford has turned out for several years, is teaching in the graded school at Yorkville. We hope he will instill the love oratory into his pupils.

W. M. Owings, of Laurens, is teaching at Grey Court, S. C.

J. C. Rogers, is with the Green Wagon Company, Spartanburg.

Jno. R. Walker, the first of his class to forego the state of "bachelorhood" is teaching in the Epworth Orphanage, Columbia, S. C.

J. B. Wiggins is teaching, but intends pursuing his studies at the University of Wisconsin.

ALUMNI NOTES.

W. T. McLeod, of Lynchburg, is traveling for a firm in Charleston.

H. L. Bomar, '94, is a prominent member of the Spartanburg bar. He has ability and we expect him to rise in his profession.

C. M. McWhirter, of the class of '01, is in business with his father at Jonesville, S. C.

W. G. Duncan, '95, is bookkeeper in the Dime Saving Bank, Columbia.

Dr. H. Baer, class of '58, a member of the Board of Trustees, is the head of a large drug firm in Charleston. He has always shown himself to be a friend of the College.

W. H. Wallace, '73, the father of our honored professor Dr. D. D. Wallace, is very successful in the educational field. He is now superintendent of the Newberry Schools.

E. O. Woods, class of '83, is practising law at Darlington.

GÖTTINGEN, GERMANY, Nov. 20, 1899.

Dear Wofford Boys:—Some evenings ago, as I sat in my room in the early falling twilight the door opened, and there was ushered in an old friend from a far country—the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. It wore such a new gray dress that I scarcely knew it, but it was right welcome for the news it brought of Wofford and her students. I assure you that distance does not dull the edge of interest in all that touches her and your welfare.

There was also a kind suggestion that a few words from one might find space in your next issue.

Since I have been in this famous seat of learning to which young men come up from the four corners of the earth to hear the great teachers, my thoughts have often turned back to another seat of learning, not so famed indeed, but where the same sacred work of making men goes quietly on. Göttingen is a small school when compared with other Universities of Europe, only some 1500 students, but there is about it something that neither money nor members can

bring—a sentiment, a history, an inspiration such that our teachers are called in vain to the more pretentious places.

The student body in cosmopolitan; I have often sat at table where Germany, France, England, Italy, Sweden, Finland, Holland and America were represented. The Orient also sends up her quota to this quiet little town hid away among the hills of Hannover. Co-education has at last gained admission to the German Universities, and there are now here several American ladies. Indeed, our land has for more than a century played no small part in the history of Göttingen, and many of Columbia's sons has the University been proud to claim for her own, and with succeeding generations the line increases, till today it should be a deep inspiration to every American student to walk the ways which so many of our past illustrious have trod.

It is the custom here to erect tablets to famous men, over the doors where as students they resided. Over a door in a narrow little street the passer-by reads—"Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—1829," and over the next door "Fürst Bismarck—1832-3". The very brevity is eloquent. The world reads, and knows the rest. So is it everywhere, the man honors the place, not the place the man. Longfellow was here only one winter. By the way, it is remarkable how well known he is here in Europe. I have met Germans and Norwegians who could quote at length from his writings. The school children are taught selections from him.

While Bismarck was here he made his mark in one respect, at least. In the University "Karzer," where students are imprisoned on provocation even to this day, Bismarck traced his name in candle smoke. No doubt he was then reprimanded for abuse of property, but today the door whereon the name was traced is jealously preserved in the museum, while on a hill commanding the town stands an imposing gray stone tower built in his memory.

Kings of the blood innumerable, as well as Princes of learning, have tarried here to drink of the Pierian spring.

The Grim brothers, Humboldt and Heine, have added lustre to the name of Göttingen. Every day I pass beneath the name of Schopenhauer. But it is of our countrymen here that I should like to speak.

Side by side stand the names of George Bancroft and Edward Everett, (the Freshmen may consult the cyclopaedia). The former received the Ph. D. in History here. For the sake of those irregular students who think the course at Wofford too broad, I quote, "G. Bancroft, 1817-19-20, studied Literature, French, Italian, Arabic, Hebrew Scripture, History, Natural History, Antiquities and Literature of Greece, Greek Philosophy."

J. Lathrop Motley also studied here in 1832. In a letter to his father he says: "I found here much to my satisfaction two Americans, one Englishman and one Scotchman. The Americans are both from Charleston, one is Mitchell King and the other Amory Coffin. We all dine at the Crown, the best hotel here". "On the fourth of July, 1832, Lathrop Motley and Count Bismarck were guests of Dr. Mitchell King of Charleston, and Mr. Amory Coffin of Aiken." Motley and Bismarck were great friends; indeed they must have been congenial spirits in more than one respect, for we read that Motley (together with two friends) was imprisoned for 4 weeks for *Beleidigung des Landdragoner*—insulting the police. He went from here to Berlin.

Benjamin Franklin was here for some days in the autumn of 1766, examining the university with a view to the establishment of an American university in Philadelphia. At the same time, Lessing, the great German dramatist was staying here. The name "Emerson" appears on the record of 1824 as student of Theology, but I do not think Waldo Emerson studied in Europe at that time. I shall be glad if some student will give me information on that point.

The names of many living men of note appear on the records: Among them Professors Gildersleeve, Remsen and Hauff, all of Johns Hopkins University. The last named, known for his polychrome edition of the Bible, was in 1883

professor of Assyriology in Göttingen; the second was for a while assistant in Chemistry in University of Tübingen. For information about the first apply to Professor Rembert.

In ante-bellum days the South was ever well represented in the American Colony in Göttingen. Charleston and Columbia often appear on the Colony records. It is sad to note the ebb of members from '60 to '70 answering like the ocean's far inlet, the throes of the motherland. Such notes as the following often occur: "The 4th of July, 1862, was celebrated in a very quiet way, neither the funds nor the mental disposition of the Colonists permitting them to become more than notionally patriotic"; "Putnam left for home, and is, at the time of writing, in the ranks of the army"; "On October 4th came two new members, swelling the ranks to the large number of six"; "the Colony is now much reduced in numbers, 1863". However, the Colony is very prosperous now, there being no less than sixty-four of our countrymen here. As one looks at them in their occasional meetings, one can not but wonder which, if any, of them fame will set seal upon, and exalt him from among his fellows to sit among her favored children. This much we know, the essentials are not to be found in schools, they must be brought from afar, a mint is a place where gold is refined, not made. So the crude material from all over the land is sent up to the crucible. Some come forth to make vessels of gold or of silver for the king's service, some vessels of wood or of clay for lowly places. But it matters little so long as the common aim is kept in view, the service of those who stand in need. When we stand before these monuments the words of our poet comes to us—"Lives of great men oft reminds us, we can make our lives sublime."

I trust that the coming years will find the names of many Wofford boys inscribed in the records of the "Georgia-Augusta". It is a liberal education to cross the water and cast your lot for a season with a strange people whose language and life are so different from ours. I should like much to say something of their customs, but enough for this time. Vivat, crescat, floreat Wofford. ARTHUR B. COOKE.

Local Department.

W. C. MARTIN, EDITOR.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On the night of November the 27th, a large audience assembled in the college chapel to greet the six contestants, who were to compete for the honor of representing Wofford at the inter-collegiate contest, to be held in Greenwood, early next Spring. Music was furnished for the occasion by the Spartanburg band.

The meeting was presided over by Mr. Elliot H. Hall, of the Preston society and Mr. Hugh T. Shockley of the Calhoun.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Dr. J. S. Watkins, pastor of the first Presbyterian church in the city, after which Mr. Shockley introduced Mr. W. C. Martin, of Williamsburg, as first speaker. Subject: "The Present Crisis."

Mr. C. D. Lee, of Darlington, was introduced next. Mr. Lee's Subject, "A Southern Problem," treated in reference to the negro problem is a live question, and is today agitating and puzzling the minds of America's greatest statesmen. This, however, did not discourage the young Carolinian and in a well written speech, he advanced the argument, that the negro must not emigrate from America; that "the South is the home of the Afro-American, and he must here forever stay." He appealed to the white man, not to underrate the quality of the black men, but to face it squarely, and to wrestle with this great problem, as has always been characteristic of the American, when vital questions have demanded impartial consideration. Mr. Lee spoke well, and his speech was warmly received by his hearers.

Mr. Morrison, of Fulton county, Ga., was next introduced. Subject: "One Hundred Years." He presented, in as concise form as possible, the advances and rapid strides that have been made throughout the civilized world, within the last century.

His speech was marked by a true sentiment of patriotism in taking up a brief history of our late war. Mr. Morrison spoke with force and did credit to himself and to his society.

Mr. Morrison was followed by Mr. A. E. Driggers of Florence county. Subject: "Robert G. Ingersoll." Mr. Driggers held Ingersoll up, as a dutiful father and husband, a man who possessed a great heart, an ideal scholar and orator and in all a great man. As to Ingersoll's agnostic ideas, and as to the fact, that he was the leader of infidels, Mr. Driggers had little to say. He gave him credit where credit was due; but Ingersoll had faults that no man living can defend. Mr. Driggers delivered his speech in his characteristic forcible manner, and was warmly applauded when he took his seat. At this juncture the band played "Hot Time," after which Mr. W. C. Koger, of Sumter County spoke on "Carolina's Lamp of Learning." Mr. Koger in a pleasing manner pointed out the rapid rise of literature in Carolina, within the last century. He contrasted this age of thrift and advance, with the wilderness of the past. Then where stood the wild forest, today stands institutions of learning. Mr. Koger delivered his speech well and was declared winner of the evening.

Mr. Daniels, of Laurens, spoke last on "The Uniqueness of Southern Literature." This speech has been highly complimented, as one of the best ever heard on the college rostrum. We do not hesitate in saying, that if Mr. Daniel could have delivered it with as much success as he had written it, he would find no match in Wofford College as a speaker.

Soon after the judges reported Mr. Koger as winner, and Mr. Morrison as alternate. Mr. Wilson, as chairman of the judges, endeavored to impress upon Mr. Koger, the great

responsibility resting upon him, and bespoke for him success at Greenwood next April.

After the speaking, a delightful reception was tendered in the two society halls, and this was declared by many to be the best part of the evening.

SENIORS, 12—COLLEGE, 0.

The Senior and College teams met on the gridiron a few days past, and the result of the game is told in the score. Much enthusiasm was exhibited, and at times the game was quite exciting. The game was well played from the start, but much time was lost between each play, owing to the men being ignorant of their signals. The general opinion was, at first, that the College team would win, owing to the fact that the team was the heavier, that all the sympathy of the rooters were with them and that they had been thoroughly trained by Prof. Leitner. The Seniors won because they knew the game better, and because they played with more vim and much faster ball. The College line was punched for terrible openings, through which Hall, Boyd and Burnett plunged for long gains, while the backs found the ends easy and frequently made good gains. For the Seniors all played well, but the work of Boyd at tackle and Hall at full deserve special mention. Boyd at one time went through the line for twenty yards, while Hall made the longest run of the game.

For the College, the work of Brabham, Montgomery and DuPré on the defense was fine. Montgomery would frequently tear open the interference, while Brabham and DuPré's tackling deserves praise. In all the game was good, clean and void of disgraceful slugging. Everyone went away thoroughly convinced that the Seniors had the better team, and with more practice could run the score up much higher than they did. When we see foot ball played as it has been played at Wofford this season, we wonder why Wofford is not allowed to play with our sister colleges.

FOOT-BALL! FOOT-BALL!! FOOT-BALL!!!

The following telegram was read in the chapel last Friday:
 Mgr. of Athletic Ass'n :

Resolutions against foot-ball have been canceled.

J. A. GAMEWELL.

The fact is, those resolutions passed against foot-ball by the South Carolina Conference three years ago at Abbeville, thus prohibiting foot-ball at Wofford, have been repealed and this means that Wofford will play inter-collegiate foot-ball next season.

What could have brought more joy to the hearts of Wofford students? What could have aroused more enthusiasm? Nothing? Never before has there been heard in the chapel such applause; never before has there been seen more appreciative students.

Thanks to the conference; thanks to all concerned in its revival.

ELECTIONS.

The following officers have been elected in the Calhoun society for the second quarter; H. T. Shockley, Pres.; J. Ed. Edwards, V. Pres.; C. Rogers, 1st Critic; W. H. Phillips, 2nd Critic; B. Crews, 3rd Critic; V. W. Brabham, Rec. Sec.; H. M. Brown, Treas.; K. W. Littlejohn, Cor. Sec.; F. S. DuPre, Censor Morum.

The last election in the Preston Society resulted as follows: E. H. Hall, Pres.; B. H. Boyd, V. Pres.; L. L. Hardin, 1st Critic; M. Auld, 2nd Critic; L. T. H. Daniel, Rec. Sec.; M. S. Asbell, Treas.; J. W. Dickson, Cor. Sec.; N. L. Prince, 1st Censor; B. A. Bennett, 2nd Censor.

Mr. F. M. Bryant, of Marion has been elected monthly orator for January in the Calhoun society.

In the Preston Society, Mr. J. W. Dickson has been elected monthly orator for January.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Christmas!

Examinations!

Home and Vacation!

Hurrah for the Senior team!

The Junior and Sophomore classes have treated themselves to new class caps. The caps are very pretty, made up tastily and are well up-to-date. The Junior cap is a solid red with black monogram W. C. and class design '01. The Soph. cap is a solid black with simply old gold figures '02.

Mr. L. L. Hardin has just returned from New York, where he attended the Annual Convention of the Chi Phi Fraternity. Mr. Hardin seems to have enjoyed his trip, and really thinks New York is an improvement on Spartanburg.

Examinations are nearly here, and it is no uncommon thing now to see the mid-night oil burning far after the hours of twelve and one.

Mr. C. M. McWhirter, of Jonesville, who was in college last year, was on the campus last week visiting friends. We are always glad to see Mack, and hope he will soon visit us again.

New arc lights have been put up on the campus, and we are no longer in the dark. The lights are the most brilliant we have ever seen. Some one has said: Yea, as bright as Fresh. Y——.

Many of the boys spent Thanksgiving in Greenville. The main attraction was the foot-ball game between Clemson and the Georgia Techs. The game was enjoyed simply because it was foot-ball, but it was too one-sided to be interesting.

The students have displayed much interest in foot-ball this season; not altogether in Wofford, but in the games

played by each of her sister colleges. The criticism generally made is, that Carolina needs weight and spirit, while Clemson uses poor judgment in the arrangement of her games. If next fall she begins the season with Carolina, Davidson and the Georgia Techs. and closes with Auburn and the University of Georgia, they will probably meet with better success. Clemson College, with more than four hundred sturdy boys, should get out a team next season, second to none in the South.

A large delegation from Wofford attended the State Fair in Columbia. They all reported a great time while in Columbia.

The Oratorical contest is over, the foot-ball season is gone Christmas and examinations will soon be things of the past, and then all interest will be centered on the Field Day meet. There is no "ifs" about it. Wofford can have a successful Field Day meet, and she is going to have it. The Faculty are unanimous in its favor, and when the Faculty is with us, we can never fail. Let every man begin work now for our local meet, early next spring, and when the day comes for the inter-collegiate meet, Wofford will be found, not second.

Among the distinguished visitors on the campus recently, were Bishops Duncan and Key. Bishop Duncan is no stranger, yet we see him seldom. We would appreciate it more, if he would visit us more frequently. Bishop Key is a stranger in-as-much as we have never seen him before, but by reputation as a good man, a popular Bishop and a great preacher, he is by no means a stranger to Wofford, nor South Carolina Methodists. Bishop Key passed through the city en route to Orangeburg where he was to preside over the annual South Carolina conference.

Mr. C. E. Dobson, of the class of '98, known while in college as the bright, witty and popular "Weary," passed through the city a few days ago en route to Charlotte, where he goes to pursue a special business course. "Weary" spent a few days on the campus with friends. His presence his beaming countenance and his "twice-told tales" all reminded the older students of the days of '97 and '98 when foot-ball flourished and when 'Weary' Dobson was president of the rooters' club. We hope to see "Weary" again before many summers.

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Vice-President, E. H. Hall.
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Poet, C. C. Alexander.

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Vice-President, M. Auld.
Sec. and Treas., J. B. Gibson.
Poet, F. K. Lake.
Historian, W. C. Koger.

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President, F. F. Watkins.
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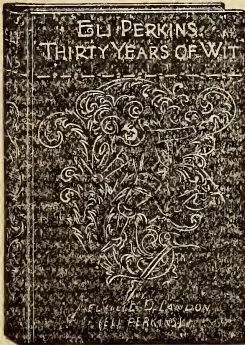
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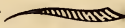
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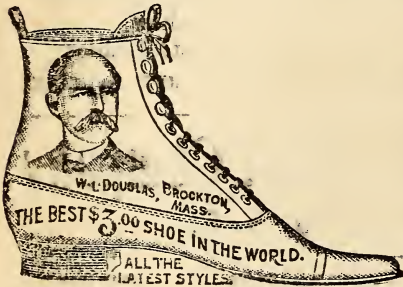
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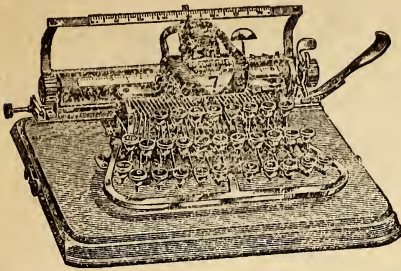
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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Literary Department.

L. I. HARDIN, EDITOR.

SILENT VOICES, AND SILENCES THAT SPEAK.

A butterfly afloat on yellow wings,
By summer breezes blown and lured by hints
Of pansy blossoms—faintly tremulous
Outbreathings of the breath of pansy blooms;
A glorious full-blown rose with leaves of green,
And clustering buds, some opening to the light
In rival beauty; late-born birdlings five,
Nestled away from over-curious looks,
And waking discord with their baby cries,
Which still doth blend in Nature's harmony
And somehow turns to music when the heart
Is tender; straying breezes wandering wide
That rock the supple saplings, toss the leaves
Of every lordly oak, and bend his boughs
Despite his lordship's rank and majesty,
That sing sad-hearted tunes of lonely thoughts
Far up above the woods where brave old pines
Have reared their regal crest to fight the storms
Or sleep all day in sunlight, then below
Steal odors from the flowers, every one,
And mix and mingle to sweet summer's breath
And perfume; rainbows newly painted, fresh
From unseen brush of artist magical
And masterful; the sense of perfect peace
In mighty forest, when the trembling leaves
Betray the breezes passing silently;
The glory of the mighty wrath of storms;
The sunset, old as earth and new as dawn;
That holy hour of twilight when the world
Watches expectant for the lights of heaven;
The deep, divine revealings of the night

And gloom and silence, whispering to the soul
 Strange wisdom, world-old secrets mystical;
 The awful beauty of the star lit sky:—
 All utterance of all is one great Name:
 One tale they tell, one song they sing, one Life
 They whisper, picture, shout aloud, or hint
 By strange heart-throbbings of the night and sky.
 One secret they disclose, in varied speech
 One Mystery. And Love attends with joy
 Their message, and Love holds it right and true;
 And Love arises for a soul-response,
 Responding nothing but this great word, God!

—*Olin D. Wannamaker.*

FOR WHAT DOES THE NATION THIRST?

ORATION, INTERCOLLEGIATE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

CONTEST, APRIL, 1899.

No doubt you are somewhat surprised at my subject, as it is customary for the student to tell of his country's greatness instead of its wants. But I would like to bring before the minds of our youths the needs of the nation and its demand for men. We feel assured that the question will attract the attention of every thoughtful citizen. Yea, to every youth it must appeal with force. Neither is it a question of an empty dreamer; to the man who is wide awake, it is one which demands worthy consideration.

Looking at our nation from an outward standpoint, we can see nothing but streams of living water, as it were, flowing down our mountain sides refreshing every phase of our public life. See what strides we are making along all lines, as it seems, that will lead to national greatness. Look at our intellectual advancement. Our universities bid fair to equal the best in Europe; colleges of the best grade seem to be placed in easy reach for every American boy; every village, every hamlet is the home of some well directed high-school; and the States spare not their wealth that their poorest sons may gain the riches of knowledge. Our manufacturing in-

terests have reached large proportions. Every mountain stream from Maine to Texas is being utilized to turn some gigantic wheel of the mills; manufacturing towns are springing up on every hand; and the time seems not far distant when we shall be called the "Work-shop of the World." The commerce of our nation is as broad as the world itself. Oceans, lakes, and rivers, with Anglo-Saxon thrift, all contribute to place us in the foremost ranks of commercial powers. The achievements of our arms are second to none. At Saratoga, at New Orleans, at Gettysburg, at Manila, and at Santiago, our soldiers and sailors have proved to the world that we are a nation sprung from no mean race, and that our flag must and will be honored and protected in every corner of the globe.

But let us draw back the curtain, and look at our national life from within. Is our system of education as complete as it appears to be? Are there not homes, communities and counties that are over-shadowed with ignorance? Yea, behold the race that gropes in the darkness thereof. Thousands of our best minds are being wasted and are blighting the state with the evil effects of an uncultivated citizenship. And gentlemen, you only have to remember the days of seventy-six, to see what these evil effects mean. True it is that thousands of college men, now I mean, men who have had some advantages of college education, not graduates, are given to us year by year. But a large per cent of these return not as bright and shining lights which have been recently lighted with the pure fires of knowledge ready to bestow the riches of the noblest thought on the rising generation; but as those who have come from the abyss of idleness, of shame, and debauchery, shrouded in the night which must surround a worthless student; they come not as learned men who will fire the common people with a thirst for the higher life, for the cultivation of their nobler natures, but as those, who on account of their worthlessness must take their place in the lower state of society. Neither do they come as fit models for the inferior race which surrounds us, but as thorns in the flesh of all men.

Now, if our country is ever to wield an influence of worth in the world, it must do so as a nation built upon learning and true character. To make us such a nation, we must have men who can and will lead the common men of our land to a right appreciation of a learning which carries force of character with it. Do you ask why? It is simply because this is an age, when the common people are coming to the front, and for a nation to be a power, it must have a cultured, refined, and powerful common people. For men, who will lead this class of our people to the heights of learning and character, our country is thirsting.

Now, as we have said, we believe that this great work of educating our middle and lower classes will and must be done by college men and their influence. But there are at least, two other great questions which demand the co-operation of all good citizens and the leadership of the greatest men of our time.

Some men are always longing for the type of men, who were here a century ago, to meet and solve these new problems. But let me say I believe that these questions demand new and modern men. The sturdy old colonist who drove back the Indians, who regained the forest and laid the foundation for our earliest civilization; the rough, though brave and enduring soldiers who gave England a continent, who won and bequeathed liberty to seventy million grateful people of a grand republic, have had their time, and have fulfilled their mission. The wars with the mother country have ceased, and Andrew Jackson's type of men have been mustered out of service, as it were; yea, the age and work of Lee and Grant have passed. New conditions and more intricate problems demand new men.

For some years our country has been suffering on a cross of intemperance, and as time rolls on, the more securely is she nailed there by the bloody hands of the saloon. Year by year this evil power is piercing her side, and her very life blood is being wasted, only to satisfy the base greed of men for money, at the expense of other's happiness and the nation's prosperity. The church and State are called upon

to give this great evil protection, hence we see deacons of the church and officers of the State rallying around the banner of this infamous despot. Our money by the millions is going into the coffers of the saloon keepers and we are receiving in return weakened and worthless manhood, wrecked homes, poverty and disgrace.

For over a half century our country's best and ablest leaders have heard her cries of agony; have listened at her pitiful call for help; great leader after great leader has passed and is passing away; they have solved other great problems; they have steered safely the ship of state through wars within and wars without, but this great problem they have left for future, and shall I say, for greater men to solve.

Young men, young college men, the work is for you—you who will have the opportunity of combining your knowledge with your father's experience. The happiness of a million souls is in your hands; mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, and brothers are standing ready to bestow gifts of gratitude on those who shall turn the staggering host from a road which leads to ruin. Yes, the nation will heap her blessings, her honor, and her love on those who shall free her from the grasp of this great evil.

But, although there are such rewards for those who shall meet and dispose of the question, still the nation as it sinks deeper and deeper into this mire of intemperance sends forth a distressing cry of thirst, and since the best plans of our best statesmen and of our noblest women "have been weighed in the balance and found wanting," our country, in despair, must turn to her young men and women, for in them lies strength and vigor; and in them she sees her future, and feels that there is power within them, which, if cultivated will crush her enemy and expel him from her bounds for generations. Once again, we say to you, college men it is to you especially, that our nation looks for help. It is you whom she expects to lead her forces of right against the encroachments of the wicked; it is to you whom she

looks for the purest types of citizens, for the ablest statesmen.

Now Americans, do you see your country's needs? Are you preparing to do your full duty? If so, success, honor, and glory will be our country's lot; if not, she must bear poverty and shame; and the dark page of her history, during your time, will fitly serve as a monument to the memory of your worthless generation.

Now, we come to the second great problem that is facing the rising men of America. This also has been put upon us as a work which our fathers were unable to do, a work which has baffled our best statesmen for over a quarter of a century. Yet little has been accomplished, only a few rays of light can here and there be seen, and these rays serve only to show the gigantic proportions of the work which is before us. So we might say that up to this time no statesman or political party has been able to free us from the threatening phases of this problem.

The negro's benefactors at the North, just after the civil war, thought they would settle this great question once for all, and the amendments which made the negro citizens and voters stand as testimonies to show how utterly ignorant these men were of the problem they had attempted to solve. The late constitutional convention of South Carolina, composed of men who well knew the pangs of an unsolved race problem, showed how incompetent to settle the question the individual state was, by adopting a clause that must necessarily put the work on future men.

As a result of such failures, there is a certain unrest which pervades the whole South, day by day the great gulf which lies between the two races is made broader and broader; our place is threatened here and there by race riots and quarrels; our political sky is growing darker and darker with the return of every campaign, and to many thoughtful men it seems that we are about to make the darkest page of our history. Now the question is, will these clouds continue to gather until our land will again be enveloped in a cloud of internal war? Must the clash of resounding arms again be

heard as our last resort? It is true that there has been a time when the appeal to arms would have been very acceptable to our race, but we have long since merged from the wilds of Germany, and those old barbaric customs have, one by one, been laid aside for the more human and honorable customs of the modern American, even the days of seventy-six are no more, and the appeal to arms must hereafter be laid aside, and in an intellectual age we must meet this problem on intellectual grounds.

Now, with these facts before us, I feel sure that it is unnecessary for me to tell Southerners, for what our country thirsts along this line. Is it not evident that we stand in need of a generation of citizens who are imbued with broad minds, high aims, and true patriotism? Men who will settle the great question in such a way that it will not only give peace to the nation, satisfaction to the races, and prosperity to the South, but will add bright pages to our history whose luster will pierce through the mist of coming ages showing to the world one of the greatest works accomplished by man?

We believe that this problem will be solved only by *Southern men*—men who have had an opportunity of making a life-long study of the question. But let me say that it will never be done by that class of men who believe in keeping the negro race in ignorance; for as long as that is done, we shall have an up-hill pull, and we will never reach the top. Nay, our southland will never become the "Sunny South" until the sunlight of knowledge shall have pierced our Southern homes, both white and black. Now we admit that the North has done great things for the negro, but we believe that the nobler work of making him, not a voter but a citizen—a man, will be left to us. Yes, it is a southern problem, and the nation calls for southern men to meet it. Will there be any volunteers in this generation of students?

I would think my attempt incomplete, were I to say nothing of the present crisis of our nation's history. When greed and conquest stare us as a nation in the face, when we are expected to take such a noble part in civilizing and christianizing the world. To carry our material nation through

this crisis hundreds of thousands stand ready, whether it be on land or sea, and were it necessary, I have no doubt that our country could furnish a thousand Deweys. But ladies and gentlemen, our combined land and naval forces are unable to maintain our national integrity unless our noblest characters unfurl the Stars and Stripes, and represent us in foreign lands. Do not understand me to say that the lowest classes are not able to plant our banner on many foreign shores; but I do say, that when Western civilization is to be planted in its noblest form, or when China, Japan, or other parts of the East are to be won for Christ and for noble living, it must be done by the very flower of our country, both in intellectual and moral manhood. So it is clearly seen that our country, now, more than at any time in her history, is burning with a thirst for noble manhood.

Then college men, let our watch-word be noble, honest, manly work. Let us make every day of our college life count the most for us, for our fellow-men, for our State, for our God. By making the noblest training a part of our real life while in college, by doing our full duty as citizens and as men when we leave college, the ignorance of our land will be replaced by culture, intemperance will become an evil of the past, the intricacies of the negro problem will banish away, the noblest men will plant Western civilization in a dark East, and our nation's history for the coming century will be her brightest pages:—

“God give us men—a time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
 Men whom the love of money does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor—men who will not lie.”

P. C. GARRIS.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

In order to enable us to understand correctly the action of South Carolina in the adoption of this constitution, we must

consider the condition of the country prior to 1787 and also the steps that led up to the framing of a constitution and the establishment of a nation. Considering the state of affairs at this time, we wish to look at the social and political conditions existing in America.

The North, cold, dreary, and unfertile, must turn its attention to manufactures and commerce; the South, warm, genial, fertile, must follow agriculture. Although negro slavery was at first prevalent in all the country, we see that a manufacturing and commercial people had no need of slaves, and that it was to their benefit to make the small sacrifice in setting them free. Also we can see that this would develop among them a very different state of society from that of the South, where the foundation of the whole social fabric was laid in the rich land-owner with his scores of negro slaves. In the North, slavery unprofitable was condemned; in the South it was an indispensable part of its social machinery. On the one hand we find a part of the country with its population very near the same level; on the other we see it divided into three distinct castes---the land-owners, the poorer class of whites, and negro slaves. From these very conditions it must readily be seen, what a complex thing it was to frame a constitution that would measure up to the necessities and meet the approval of both sections.

Let us now glance at the political conditions prior and leading up to 1787. The Revolutionary War had left the thirteen colonies free from the rule of England and joined together by the Articles of Confederation.

Yet this Confederation could not justly be termed a powerful government, nor could it be called a nation. There were many disputes between sections of the country with no adequate means for their settlement. The power vested in the Central government or in congress was not sufficient to force the collection of enough taxes to pay the expenses of the government. Nor did congress have power to make commercial treaties, for no nation would enter into a compact which might be broken by the whim of any State legis-

lature. Such was the condition of affairs; with a depleted treasury; a large interest-bearing debt; with no hard money currency; with counties in rebellion against States; riots within the States; with slave-holding States opposed to non-slave-holding; and with a congress without the confidence of the people at large, that it was felt something must be done at once. Virginia taking the initiative suggested that a convention be held at Annapolis to devise such further provisions as should appear to them necessary to render the Federal government adequate. Finally by a resolution of congress a convention met in Philadelphia, May 25, 1787. In this convention was gathered the most noted talent of America. If nothing could be accomplished by Francis Dana, Elbridge Gerry, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, James Madison, and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney then must the union perish.

There were numerous difficulties that delayed the work of this convention, chiefly settled by three compromises. The large States because of their large population, thought it but just that representation in congress should be in proportion to population. The small States thought their sovereign rights as States gave them equal representation. This dispute was settled by the so-called Connecticut compromise, in which it was provided, that there should be equal representation in the upper house, and proportional representation in the lower house.

On the question of direct taxation, the slave States objected to their slaves being taxed equal to free men. Finally on July 12 the Southerners agreed that their slaves be counted at only three fifths of their number in apportioning both their delegates and taxes.

The commercial States agreed that congress should have the power to protect American shipping; the agricultural States agreed when it was provided that congress should not interfere with slavery for twenty years. These difficulties out of the way, the convention on September 17, 1787, had framed that constitution called by Mr. Gladstone, "The greatest work ever struck off at any time by the mind and

purpose of man." It was now ready for adoption by the States

The Constitution in the South Carolina legislature was strongly opposed and very largely discussed. The opposition being led by the Hon. Rawlins Lowndes, against the commercial power of the Constitution enabling Congress to exclude foreign vessels from carrying the trade of the United States, and thus advance the freight rate on South Carolina produce. Also against the power of the President, who with a two-third majority of the Senate, might make treaties binding on all the States. The Constitution was ably defended by a group of debaters, prominent among whom were Hon. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, John Rutledge, and Robert Barnwell. The opposition of Mr. Lowndes and his followers was very bitter, extolling the benefits and advantages of the old Confederation. He was never convinced of the advantages of the new Constitution, but asked that the epitaph on his tomb be, "Here lies the man that opposed the Constitution because it was ruinous to America." We see his predictions were premature, but they show to what extent was carried the insane fear of "one-man power." Anything tending to encroach on the liberties of America was looked upon with fear and dread. Finally the legislature decided that a convention meet on May 12, 1788, for the ratification or the rejection of the Constitution.

This convention met in Charleston, but a majority not being present, was adjourned until the 13th, when it was organized with Governor Thomas Pinckney as President. The very life of the Constitution now hung in the balances for only seven out of a necessary nine of the States had voted in its favor. Everyone looked forward to South Carolina's action with interest; for the sentiment of New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, North Carolina and Rhode Island would be largely influenced by the action of South Carolina. We see that our own State had always been looked upon as the leader of the most southern colonies, and as the standard bearer of the slave holding States. Now should the State,

which had fought so persistently for the institutions which she thought to be right and which in her sovereign right as a State she ought to control, yield part of her power and enter the Union, then must the other States having never taken so extremely partisan stand be influenced to grant part of their power to a central government and thus build up a nation.

The discussions both in the State legislature and in the South Carolina convention were not carried on by a few delegates from the rural districts, but by men who have always been in the forefront, not only in their own State, but in the whole country. Where can we find names more honored than the Pinckneys, Barnwell, Rutledge, Pendleton, Burke and Lowndes? Nor do these men represent one section of the State; for in the discussion we find the upper portion of the State, with its few towns and small villages, to be against the adoption of the Constitution; while the lower portion to be in its favor. Nor do we say the people of the lower part of the State to have been of a higher class, but certainly culture, thought and statesmanship were far more advanced there than in the upper part.

Thus in the convention we have the partisan circuits and large counties of the upper part of the State against the broader minded small parishes of the coast, and we must see at once the outcome to be favorable to the Constitution. Beginning on May, 14, 1788, the very animated and brilliant discussion continued eight days, after which the Constitution was adopted by a vote of one hundred and forty-nine to seventy-three, fifteen members being absent.

In the discussion Judge Burke, Mr. Bowman, and Dr. Fayssoux showed the abuses and evil tendencies of the Constitution; while Judge Pendleton, General Pinckney and Hon. J. Pringle pointed out the necessity of its adoption.

E. C. M.

OUR STAND AND AIM IN ATHLETICS.

One of the notable things in the development of Southern colleges in the past decade, has been the extension to them

of the spirit in favor of greater attention to athletics and physical development, which a few years before took possession of their sister institutions of the North. In addition to a greater attention to the old established game of baseball, almost every Southern college of importance is now striving for pre-eminence in that better game still for college men, perhaps, because exclusively a college game and for that reason less open to professionalism and its attendant evils, foot-ball. Foot-ball came South only a few years ago, but it is even now played by the great majority of Southern colleges and universities (by all of those with the modern spirit and open to modern influence), and it is fast being adopted by the preparatory schools. These will soon become feeders to the colleges in foot-ball material having some knowledge of and experience in the game. Thus will our standard of play approach the Northern in this game, as it does now, from this very reason, in base-ball. Southern students are now fast turning to field athletics and are demanding well equipped gymnasiums for physical culture. These were known in the South only through newspaper accounts a few years since, while now every college and preparatory school is falling into line for increased attention to these branches of and aids to sport, and takes pride in the devotion of its students to "sport for sport's sake."

This movement or tendency comes at a most necessary time—at a time when, owing to the rapid growth of our cities and towns at the expense of (or at least as compared to) the country, our colleges are receiving a greater proportion than formerly of town and city boys, who lack the hardy constitution, and therefore the capacity for work, of boys brought up in the country. If this movement is to mean anything, it is that the pale sickly student whose days and nights are given to study is to become a creature of the past. If properly directed and controlled it will also mean the education of all who take any part in it, in self-reliance, self-control, and fairness as well as in strength, vigor, accuracy and decision.

This movement has been stifled at Wofford for three or

four years by the prohibition of foot-ball, for this game stimulates physical development and all-round athletics more than any other. Athletic endeavor has been restricted to base-ball, and right well has the old college acquitted herself in this direction. She has won a stand in the game far above any other school in this part of the South of anything like an equal number of students. This is all we have done in athletics since '96. Only a small proportion of the student body could and have played base-ball, while the remainder, and even the base-ball squad for all that part of the year before the base-ball season, could take no part in athletics at all.

But things have changed. Wofford with the wakening up of the Methodist of the State over the Twentieth Century educational fund is beginning to take on a new life and is entering a new era. With this expansion in other things is coming one in athletics. The college has demanded more general athletics and more general athletics have come. The student body last fall cheered to the echo, the announcement that the S. C. Conference had granted their request to remove the resolutions against foot-ball and allow them to play the game without fear of offense to that body. And only this month has the Athletic Association ratified the action of a joint Athletic committee of students and faculty looking to inviting the other colleges of the State to send teams to an intercollegiate Field Day contest in May.

These steps have opened to us all the branches of Athletic endeavor that we need or will need to enter. If we take hold of each of these departments of sport and work them as we should and as Wofford men have worked everything they have undertaken, our athletics will keep pace with the up-building in other respects that the college is undoubtedly going to experience at once. Nor should there be the least friction between these different branches of Athletics as some seem to fear will be the case. Our playing foot-ball in its season, or having field day sports in the early spring should not interfere with our success in base-ball. The field day sports need not overlap the base-ball season so far as to

cause practice for them to take time from the base-ball squads practice in the critical part of the season, usually in May, if these men wished to enter the field contests. But even if this can not be so arranged, these field sports were not introduced for the base-ball men, but for the greater number who do not and cannot play base-ball. Then let the seasons overlap if necessary, and let the base-ball squad play base-ball, and the greater squad run and jump, throw the hammer and put the shot.

As to the important matter of finances, neither of these departments should be a tax on the other. It is true that when foot-ball was played here a few years ago it left a debt overhanging the Athletic Association, but with good business management I do not think this will occur again. In the first place, Spartanburg has nearly doubled in population in the last five years, and Columbia, Greenville and other surrounding cities have thousands more people than they had a few years ago, and are therefore better able to support a foot-ball game. Moreover, foot-ball has greatly increased in general popularity and the development of the kicking and running game has made it much more attractive to spectators. We can then count on better attended and better paying games next fall and hereafter than ever before.

Field Athletics will require no expenses of importance and base-ball we know will nearly if not fully, pay for itself.

Then I can see no reason why we cannot be successful in all these sports as we have been in base-ball. We shall certainly have a winning base-ball team this year as we have grown accustomed to having. There is high class material in college for field athletics and all it needs is the proper training. With the aid of our Gymnasium for development in the meantime, we should bring out of the material in college and what we may expect next fall, in the hands of a good coach, a team that will repeat Wofford's grid-iron victories of a few years back, and stand high in the same class of teams we played in then.

But we must see to it that our teams do not go upon the Athletic field hunting victory alone—victory by any means.

Wofford College has too good and untarnished a name, she stands for too high ideals, her teams have built up too high a traditional reputation, form us now, who may represent her or hope to represent her to stain them by taint of professionalism or dishonor. Let us, all of us, take for our Athletic motto that good old English exhortation:

“Who misses, or who wins the prize,
Go loose or conquer as you can,
But if you rise or if you fall,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.”

These Athletics will perform their part in making Wofford College attractive to the young men of the State and her sons true men and good citizens.

W.

REVERIE, NO. 2.

Shut within my room, before the fire dreaming,
Well works now my mind's full loom,
With fancies full of sweet thoughts teeming.
Things so take to seeming
Fickle, full of tricks, and as a phantasy—
E'en in the firelight gleaming
I can scarcely see.
—Fold on fold unfurling.
Towards the ceiling curling
Clouds against each other hurling,
The smoke from my pipe rising
Is full of thought for me.
For as it goes up toward the ceiling
It leaves in me a feeling,
Which comes with half closed eyes,
That in the smoke from my pipe rising
Appears a face—then backwards hies—
A face made up of soulful eyes,
Bewitching mouth, and in one cheek,
A dimple playing hide and seek.

—F. K. L.

TENNENT'S JOURNAL.

Introductory Note.—On the 23d of July, 1775, the Colonial Council of Safety at Charleston, S. C., passed a resolution “That the Hon’ble William Henry Drayton and the Reverend William Tennent be two gentlemen to make a progress into the back country, to explain to the people, the causes of the present disputes, between Great Britain, and the American Colonies.” (See John Drayton’s *Memoirs of the American Revolution*, vol. I, page 324 *et seq.*,

In accordance with this resolution, these gentlemen left Charleston on August the 2d and were gone several months. They made their official report to the Council; but besides that Rev. Mr. Tennant kept a private journal while on this trip. Below is a copy of this journal which probably has never before been in print.

The copy from which this is printed is a verbatim copy of an old copy of the original journal. Mr. Edward Smith Tennent, of Spartanburg, a direct descendant of Rev. William Tennent and Langrave Smith, is the owner of this old copy. He kindly loaned it to Dr. D. D. Wallace, of Wofford College, and it was through him that it came into my hands.

ERNEST M. LANDER.

“A Fragment of a journal kept by Revd William Tennent who was sent in conjunction with Mr. Drayton by the Committee of Safety to the Upper Country of So Carolina to induce the Tories there to sign an Association not to bear arms against, but for their Country.—

“August 2d, 1775 At 6 A M Set out with Mr Drayton in a Chaise from Charleston, arrived at Mr Henry Middleton’s Plantation at Goose Creek in Co (Co = company) with Revd Mr Ellington & reached Mr Thos Broughtons—Miles—

“N B Met about 40 Catawbaw Indians at the Quarter House on their way to town.—

“3d Set out at 6 in the morning, dined at Martins Tavern

& reached Captn Floods 30 miles. The Night spent noways agreeably owing to the noise of a Maniac occasionally there.

“4th Finding that matters were not in the best posture in this Parish owing to the dissatisfaction of Mr T——g, set out at half after five Oclock to breakfast with him. An opening for Service seeming to present, we stayed to dine & had such conversation as will probably change his opinion, arrived at Coll T——’s at half past 7 in the evening, yesterday we had to exchange a horse which turns out to be a very good one, though poor in flesh performs well. The Coll not at home but his absence softened by an agreeable Family. I had a sick & sleepless night owing to some green corn ate at Mr G——s.

“5th Set out a little after 6 & by the help of Mrs Thompson’s good pair of horses passed over 16 Miles of the worst Road I almost ever saw, owing to the steepness of the Hills & the Gullies made by yesterdays Shower of Rain. Dined at Mr Patrick’s a Man of property among the Dutch & afterward rode with him 7 miles, arrived at Coll Chesnuts pay Master & there found Coll —— with sundry officers of the Regiment, among others was agreeably surprised at finding Doctr Charlton from Philadelphia a Lieut among them. We were soon introduced to Messrs Dunn & Booth two Lawyers sent from North Carolina Prisoners for having been busy in stirring up the People there in Opposition to the Continent. They appear sensible & plausible men.—

“After making known our Errand & Powers to the Commanding Officer, we consulted with him & concluded to send the Prisoners by a Detachment to Charleston to the General Committee, informing them of the time of the Congress in North Carolina: to disband the Rangers for a few days to take off the fears of the People.—

“Sunday August 6th Preached in the Camp at Coll—— in the Evening finding some Disaffected among the Soldiers Mr Drayton harrangued them & was followed by myself; until all seemed satisfied, & we returned to Mr. Chestnutt’s 2 Miles. About midnight were alarmed by an Officer from the Camp who informed us that they had mutinied & were

determined to go off in the morning. We agreed to let matters rest until then. Ordered the companies to come to us. —

“Monday 7th Discovered that the Mutiny arose from some words dropped by some Officers concerning their Pay & Tents.

“We dealt plainly with the Corps of Officers & Addressed the Men at the Head of the Regiment in such a manner as that they all went away happy. Slept badly this Night. —

“Tuesday 8th Spent the Morning in preparing matters to get people together in different parts of the District. Crossed Congaree River & rode 5 Miles to an Election for the Congress, where they refused to proceed unless we should enlighten them. We found Persons had come a great way to oppose the Election. Harangued the Meeting in turns until every Man was convinced, & the greatest Opposer signed the Association & begged Pardon for the words he had spoken to the People. Returned & found that Major Mason was come. N: B: This Morning about 11 O'clock sent off Lieutt Dutarque with the Prisoners to Charleston charged with our Dispatches.

“Wednesday 9th Left here about 7— met a Company of Militia & harangued them, they signed the Association & generally promised to meet Mr Drayton in the Fork.

“After the Meeting I gained over in private the most obstinate.

“Mr Kershaw now came to us. Major James Mason came through from 96 & gave many melancholy Accounts. Having agreed upon our Rout, we separated & I rode 4 Miles to Mr Beards on the Banks of Saluda. A Romantic Situation, Coll Richardson accompanies me. —

“Thursday August 10th Crossed Saluda River early in the Morning & traversed the Fork, in that place about 4 Miles wide, & at the Ford called F— Ford on Broad River met our Guide. The Ford is very shallow at present & presents a strange rocky prospect, crossed at an Old Dutchman's who was said to have Influence over many, there met with some disaffected Men who become Converts by proper argument

& to confirm them in the Opinion that the New Bills were good, gave them Gold for them. Reached Captn Woodward's of the Rangers after Sundown, an honest Man who informed that his Company had universally signed. Slept badly after riding 30 Miles, Riding on horse back fatigues me much.—

“Friday August 11th Preached this day according to Appointment at Jacksons Creek Meeting House, where we met a pretty large Congregation. After Sermon harangued the People an hour on the State of the Country, some of the most sensible were the most refractory I had met with, obstinately fixed against the proceedings of the Colony. After much pains brought over the Chiefs, & from the greatest confusion brought all Captain —— Company cheerfully to subscribe the Association. After a Fatiguing but successful Day rode 5 miles to Mr Allison's on our way to Rocky Creek. He seems an active & prudent Member of Congress, as well as a sensible Magistrate.

“Saturday August 12th Detained by shoeing our Horses until afternoon. We spent our time in writing and sending Dispatches.

“Finding that a part of Col 1 Neals Regiment laid contiguous to Mr Tim's Tavern on Sandy River, we determined upon a meeting next day, & sent letters to Captains Martin & Richard Sadler, as also to Mr Simpson all on Fishing Creek, to meet us at the above place & dispatched an Express to them 50 Miles.

“Rode this Evening in the rain 12 Miles to McDonalds on Rocky Creek.—

“Sunday August 13th Travelled 5 miles to Rocky Creek Meeting House, & met some hundreds of the Inhabitants. Preached on *Mark 4 & 20*, & after Sermon making an Apology for the necessity of treating on the Subject of my Mission on the Lord's Day. Harangued at large: was supported by Col 1 Richardson. The Heat almost melted me, but had the pleasure to see all the People eagerly sign the Association fully convinced of the Necessity of it.—

“Rode 10 Miles in the Evening through the rain to Captain —— if we can stand this we need fear nothing.

“But the Inclemency of the Skies was not to be compared to the fury of the little inhabitants of the Bed. After a sleepless & wet Night I was shocked by the Blood & Slaughter of my Callicoeed Shirt & Sheets in the morning.——

“Monday 14th August, The morning being rainy we spent the time in laying the foundation for a Company of Volunteer Rangers to serve on Horse, wrote a solemn Agreement & a Recommendation to the District in favor of it. Robt. Allison Esqr. undertook to enlist & swear an Hundred Men to be ready at a moments warning, & to be at the Command of the Council of Safety. Inlisted three more Volunteer Companies at which the Ministerial Heroes were much chagrined, but there was no recall. Spent the remains of the day & Evening rallying & desultory talk with a collection of the most staunch of Fletchal’s Friends. The Pamphlet sent up by the Governor has done much Damage here, it is at present their Gospel. It seems as though nothing could be done here, as they have industriously taught the People that no Man from Charleston can speak the Truth, & that all the Papers are full of Lies. Some angry Discourse between Brown & Drayton sent us to Bed.——

“Friday 19th Captn. Polk now came, we find the [that] he has laid under some Mistake as to his Duty, he accompanied me & the Revd Mr. Alexander to a Meeting, found the People just parting, called them together & harangued them an Hour. One of Fletchal’s Captains & many of his men seem convinced, & cry out upon the Lies that have been told them, & are ready to sign the Association. Rode to Mr. Alexander’s, & in the way crossed Talbots Ferry on Broad River 20 Miles above the fish Dam ford. Am now but 23 Miles from Tim’s Tavern where I saw the 4 Companies. Have rode today about 23 miles.——

“Saturday 20th Wrote a letter to Mrs. Tennent & one upon an important subject to the Council of Safety & set off at half after Eight for King Creek to a Muster of Captn. Robert McAfee’s Company after a hard & rough ride of 20 Miles in which crossed King Creek at a beautiful rocky ford, found about 100 People Assembled, among whom were

some of the most obstinate opposers of the Congress. Spoke to the People at large on the s(t)ate of America. They seemed much affected towards the close, but afterwards aided by two gain-saying Baptist Preachers they all refused to sign the Association except 10. After their refusal which proceeded from the grossest ignorance & prejudice, Spoke again to their Heads who upon renewing the Charge seemed quite softened, & only asked a little time. They proposed to obtain some powder to defend themselves from the Indians who are troublesome, told them it was impossible, knew they would not use it properly, told them as soon as they would associate & let us know it, we would try to do something for them. This I hope will have its Influence. Parted & Crossed the End of Kings Mountain about dark & rode 15 Miles to Coll. Polk on——where we arrived at half after Eight, having travelled in all 38 Miles. This has been an hard Days work.——

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SQUIBS.

About the middle of July of last year, according to a custom that is growing in popularity in Upper South Carolina, a party of boys from our community went in a wagon to the mountains. We went over into North Carolina, and roamed around for several days, enjoying the mountain air, and enjoying quite as much the peculiar phases of life that we met with in those lonely regions.

One day we had decided to spend most of the day near a mountain spring that we had reached, and had made all preparations for a comfortable day in the shade. While we were lying on the ground near our wagon, a typical mountaineer approached us, walking rather slowly, and eying us intently. Presently he bowed very politely, and asked, "Is ary one of you-uns a parson?" Jim Cason, very full of mischief said, "Yes, this is the Rev. Mr. Davis," pointing to

Tom Davis. Tom was ready to humor the joke, and began playing the preacher.

"There be a couple over here as wants ter git married, parson," said the stranger, touching his slouch hat.

"Well, my friend," said Tom, with the air of a D. D., "Matrimony is an institution sanctioned by the Holy Scriptures, and if there is a couple near here who really wants to be united in the holy bonds, I see no reason why it should not be done."

We followed the man for a short distance, Tom holding himself very erect, with a clerical solemnity on his features that could not be distinguished from that worn by many preachers. Across a hill we found a couple sitting on a large rock, and several other young people near-by. There, in the wild mountains, Tom performed what might very properly be called an extemporaneous marriage ceremony, and pronounced them man and wife. The groom kissed the bride, and all of us shook hands and congratulated them. The groom expressed his "obleegations" to Tom, and we separated from the bridal party, from whom we have never heard anything more.

"DAN".



WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Established }
1883. }

JANUARY, 1900.

} Vol. XI.
} No. 4.

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Editorial Department.

H. T. SHOCKLEY, EDITOR.

Building Homes for Our Heroes American patriots are never found wanting in appreciation or in ways and means to express their appreciation of noble services rendered their native country by her heroic sons. This has been brought forcibly into notice by the way our "Heroes" of the late war have been treated. Congress has shown her gratitude by judicious praises and by advancing them in rank. States and cities have shown their thanks and heartfelt sympathies by vieing with each other in the magnitude and grandeur of their receptions and welcomes. Private manufacturers have thrown open their establishments and asked these "Nobles" to choose therefrom some article as a token of their reverence and gratitude for deeds performed. But, what to your editor seems most fitting and appropriate, the people of our land have joined hands in building and furnishing homes for our gallant officers and patriots, who have risked their lives for the purpose of preserving not only the homes of their own compatriots but also those of a down-trodden foreign people.

The home is and ought to be prized above everything else by the American citizen. There are few citizens of our country today who, if they have homes, will not be willing to lay down their lives in defense of them. The three dearest things to an American citizen are life, liberty, and home.

Over the lives of our heroes the public have no control; their liberty is inherent in that they are United States citizens. But their homes are not so. We possess the power to give homes to those who own none, and to give to those who have them, better and more comfortable ones. Then what more fitting, what more expressive of our gratitude than that we should give to our "Nobles" of the war that which we each and every one hold most sacred and love deepest?

When we, the citizens of the United States put together our money and build homes for those who have shown their love and care for us by fighting for us, then, we enhance the joy of their home coming. Then, our "Heroes" will contemplate, with greatest pleasure, coming back after the excitement and trials of war to a calm and peaceful home where the war-weary soldier may rest amid the family group and once more enjoy the melodies of the home and drink his fill from the fountain of family joys.



Xmas Holidays. It may seem to some rather late in the day to be discussing the advisability of giving to the students of our colleges an opportunity of visiting their homes at Christmas time. But the question has come up and should be presented; there is no reason why we should let it drop because it will be twelve months ere another Christmas comes around.

There have been objections made against more than one or two days holiday at this season, and our State colleges have put some such measure in force. But we see with what success. At one of these colleges the students took matters into their own hands and went home anyway. So the college was virtually closed for a period of ten days.

There was in these students that inherent instinct of the Anglo-Saxon race, which holds that the family should be gathered together at Christmas around the home fireside.

The objection urged by some is that it is losing too much valuable time. I grant that school time is valuable, but I can not see where the loss comes in. This last statement may seem paradoxical but I will proceed to explain. The time spent in going home is not a loss, but it is a gain, the student touches his home life, gets new inspirations, finds rest for body and mind, and comes back recuperated in all his faculties, and is better prepared to do his work than he was when he left college for the holidays. The amount of work missed by the time spent in frolic can be more than made up because of the bettered condition of the students.

The item of expense is urged by some. Most of our colleges, both state and denominational, are filled with students who live in this state or states adjoining, and on account of the numerous railroads and their competition there is in the majority of cases no more expense in the going than in the staying at the college, and in some cases it is even less. The amount spent for board at the college will in many cases pay the railroad fare.

These are the main objections and they are brought up mainly by newspaper men and parties who have no connection with the colleges. Then, we say that we firmly believe that we should follow our Anglo-Saxon instincts and spend our Christmasses around the family fireside in happy communion with our loved ones.



Items of Interest. During the last few days we have lost by death some very noble men, General Lawton, Lieutenant Brumby and Dwight L. Moody.

The war in the Philippines is still progressing though it is claimed that Aguinaldo is being hotly pursued and his capture is expected.

The English are still worrying the Boers in South Africa,

but the Boers seem to be holding a very good hand in the fighting.

The good people of Georgia are forming a society to build a monument to the memory of Lieutenant Brumby.

There is a movement on foot towards getting up a \$50,000 fund for the widow of General Lawton.

The trial of Representative Roberts of Utah is progressing slowly. We think that this trial shows a healthy state of affairs.

The best authorities have agreed that the Twentieth Century does not begin until January 1, 1901.

The Republican National committee has decided to hold their party convention on June 19, 1900 at Philadelphia.



Dwight L. Moody. On December 22d, last, gloom spread over our country at the announcement of the death of Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, at his home in Northfield, Mass. His death was rather unexpected, although he had been in ill health for a month. The cause of his death was overwork.

He was probably the best known evangelist in the world, yet he rose from humble position. He began life on a farm in Northfield, Mass. He stayed on the farm until he reached the age of sixteen, when he went to Boston and there began clerking. He was there several years, and during this period became a Christian. Shortly after this latter event he moved to Chicago. Here he was accustomed, in the evenings and out of business hours, to do religious work, and after a time he entered into this field altogether. He entered the missionary work under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. During the civil war he rendered valuable service to both sides in caring for the sick and wounded. Shortly after the war he built an independent church in Chicago, known as Moody's church, which was burned in the fire of 1871 but was afterwards rebuilt.

He was, above all things, a lover of his fellowmen and he ever strove for their upbuilding and advancement. He

founded two schools at Northfield, one for young men and one for young women. He also founded a bible institute at Chicago for the training of religious workers.

Certainly his was a grand life and he lived it nobly. When we think of him our minds turn to the familiar verse of Longfellow:

“Lives of great all men reminds us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”



Advertising. Among expert advertisement writers it has been a question, whether it is best to burden the reader with items or simply to name the advertiser and give his general business. But now it is generally conceded that the advertisement naming the quantity, quality, and price is the most successful. This form may be heavy for some readers, but the bargain-seeker as well as the time-saver knows exactly where to go to get what he wants.

In the advertising department of this magazine we have both methods; which is the most effective the owners of the spaces can tell. But in this issue we would like to call the attention of our readers to some of the names that appear. We wish you to patronize all of them. Inquire of them as to the price and quality of their goods; go to see them; write them. It is held by some that the main success of an advertisement is getting the reader to visit the place of business, and the advertiser will do the rest. Reader, try them; see if they can make you buy.

In our immediate city we have the names of men in every line of business. If you need a book, go to DuPre's, Trimmer's, or the Palmetto Book Store. If a suit of clothes, there is J. C. Williams, Floyd Liles, E. M. Wharton, and M. Greenwald. If a pair of shoes, try John Walker, W. R. Crook & Co., or W. F. Gilliland. If it is some groceries, go to J. A. Lee & Son, Bomar & Wingo, or J. E. Bagwell. If it is drugs, W. E. Maddux & Co., H. A. Ligon, Irwin's

Pharmacy, or Rigby's always have a full line. If it is a dentist, you need, go to Dr. Holcombe, or Dr. Calvert. The shoe repairers are W. B. Pitt and T. T. Bomar. If you want a government position, write to the Bureau of Civil Service Instruction, Washington, D. C. If a bicycle, there is none better than the Cleveland. If it is to see how well you look, go to Peterson, the photographer. If you have money to deposit, go to the National Bank, or Fidelity Loan and Trust Co.

We would call especial attention to the advertisement of the Blickensderfer Typewriter. It is more generally used in the South than any other typewriter, and everywhere gives entire satisfaction.

The Werner Book Company has an advertisement with us. It stands among the foremost of the wholesale book houses. When in need of any book in their line write them. Watch their space from time to time and you will be able to get the exact book you have been wanting. They are the publishers of the "Americanized Encyclopedia Britannica." Call on the Business Manager, he would be pleased to show you a copy of it.

Finally, we would call attention to our railroad advertisements—the Charleston and Western Carolina and the Southern—patronize these roads. And when you think of attending college, male or female, write Rev. S. Lander, President of Williamston Female College, or Dr. J. H. Carlisle, President of Wofford College.

———— Business Manager.

Exchange Department.

E. P. MILLER, EDITOR.

The college magazine is fast finding its sphere. Such being the case, its existence is assured; it is here to stay. These commonplace reflections are forced upon us especially by the perusal of certain exchanges which seem to have gone outside of their sphere and taken up matters which do not properly belong to them. One friend indulges in a not very dignified discussion with a county newspaper near at hand. A second contemporary is engaged in a similar dispute with another publication from its own university. To our mind these controversies are beneath the level of college journals; they belong to the sphere of the small backwoods paper and should be severely let alone by collegians. We are glad to note these instances as exceptions to the rule. The college monthly is published for the encouragement of literary efforts by its students, and all puerile discussions and personal rancor are held to be out of place on its pages. In another place, we believe a certain brother exchange editor is making a mistake by frequent personal allusions in his department and pointedly naming the author of each article under criticism. These methods are legitimate in dealing with the large magazines. But to a college editor it is sufficient that the writer of any article is a student. With his name or personality he has nothing to do.

The Peabody Record contains an article of singular merit, "The South and Its Literature." Its author shows a rare knowledge of southern life and surroundings and of the statesmen, orators, and poets of Dixie, together with their works. To most South Carolinians it will come as a surprise to note the references to our own great men in almost every paragraph. We wish the writer had seen fit to go farther and mention literary men of today, as Page, Harris, and Allen. "Uncle Dan's Resurrection" in the same magazine, as a short story ranks distinctly above the average. The

negro character—sketching is well done, and the tale is told simply and directly. Another contribution overlooks the real beauty of Shelley's "Skylark" in calling to our notice the accentuation, choice of metre, and caesural pause!

The S. W. P. U. Journal is attractively printed, and all departments are well filled, but its contents are rather uninteresting. "Robert Browning's Poetry" exhibits a clear understanding of several obscure poems and contains quotations remarkable for their beauty. But we fear there is too much effort to prove Browning's belief in a definite theology, and especially a Calvinistic theology. Another critical essay is an attempt to put an ethical interpretation upon "The Ancient Mariner." The absence of fiction in this number is notable.

The Furman Echo comes to us this month in a handsome dress, and its table of contents is quite lengthy. Editors appear to have given much attention to their respective departments, but the tone of some editorials is susceptible of improvement. "Piney Woods Serenades" contains good material for a short story which we regret was not used. "The Hero of the Twentieth Century" has a sophomoric flavor, and a certain story in this issue might with propriety have been omitted.

A few lines entitled "November" in the *Tennessee University Magazine* are worthy of a high place among college verse. Thought is not barren, its diction is pure, and the figures are introduced in an artistic manner. In a sympathetic paper on "The Spirit of Chas. Lamb" are recounted many of the distinguishing characteristics of the kindly humorist. The stories in this issue are poor.

We are glad to see that the *Southern University Monthly* contributes its meed of praise to Henry Timrod's poems, dwelling upon certain qualities which we have not seen discussed elsewhere. If the *Monthly* would omit certain of its political arguments, so as to furnish its readers with some verse and stories in a lighter vein, the change would prove acceptable to its readers.

Dr. E. S. Joynes tells in the *Southern Collegian* some anecdotes of interest concerning Gen. Lee's presidency of Washington and Lee University. "Review of the Gadfly" is a thoughtful criticism of a much-discussed recent novel. "Eventide" is a sonnet worthy of mention. Two other articles furnish wearisome humor. Carelessness is evident in the arrangement of matter, and various departments are badly mixed.

The November-December issue of the *Emory and Henry Era* is well edited, well printed and has a pleasing variety of matter. It contains a good negro dialect story—"One Day's Outing"—, in which the author has skillfully drawn the plantation darkey, making him natural in conversation. The story related by Sam is scarcely handled so well, and the fortunes of those about him have less interest for us than his own. Moreover, we doubt the accuracy of the historical setting to the narrative. As a whole, however, this tale is very creditable both to the writer and to the magazine.

The Stylus of Newberry College is rather dry in its matter. Stories, verse, and historical or literary essays are all absent from its pages. Instead, we find a superabundance of moral disquisitions. We look for an early improvement in these respects. Its exchange department is well conducted.

CLIPPINGS.

TO THE MORN.

If this be night, break softly, blessed day.
 Oh, let the silent throat of every bird
 Swell tenderly in song, as though he heard
 Some brother singing deep within thy ray!
 Send but an unseen breeze aloft, away
 From darkness and dull earth, to be a word,
 A half-discovered sound, to make me gird
 Myself, and persevere this cheerless way.

But softly, softly, thou most blessed morn.
 Mine eyes too long accustomed to the dark
 May fail when thou in glorious heav'n art born,
 May fail against that far entreated light,
 Catch but the glimmer of a distant lark,
 And drop, all blasted, at the sovereign sight.
 —*Harvard Montbly.*

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERE.

Touched by the music of some chord divine,
 I fain would ponder o'er the great unknown,
 And harken to the deeper music of
 The spheres.
 No note that breaks from organs grand
 And travels through the pillared, vaulted, vane
 Of some cathedral old or minster grey,
 And mixes there with hallowed atmosphere
 Pierced by the roseate hues of painted glass
 In shadows dark of sculptured tracery,
 Is in itself at all comparable
 With this, the music of the universe.
 No great composer ever dreamed, or thought he heard,
 Such melody; for this is God's. He is
 That Power, great, omnipotent, who gives,
 Each twinkling star in Heaven its proper course,
 And moves the planets in their paths around
 The sun. And since the dawn of that great day,
 Wherein creation first complete appeared,
 No note discordant, false, has ever marred
 This harmony.
 No ear has ever heard
 The softer strains of this pure harmony,
 Nor yet to man has all the universe
 Itself revealed. But on that day when all
 Of nature's secrets shall themselves unfold,
 By him, who loveth truth, this music shall
 In its true depths be heard; and mortal man
 His mind untrammled, free, henceforth shall dwell
 In full communion with his God.

U. of V. Magazine.

THE BLESSING OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas comes to the city-folk
 With right good heart and cheer;

He brings them garlands of holly and bay
 And scatters the mistletoe far and near,
 Till the news is spread from gate to gate
 That the holiday time is here.

He brings them carols and greetings bright,
 He brings them thoughts of friends,
 And the welcome gleam from the bright hearth-fire
 That the good old Yule log sends,
 Where soft white hair with youth's bright locks
 Once more in the warm light blends.

There's a song on the lips,
 There's a warmth in all hearts,
 There's a gladness that nothing can mar;
 There's a light in men's eyes
 That a blessing imparts
 Like a ray from the wonderful star.

—*Mt. Holyoke.*

REST.

A TRANSLATION.

Rest is not quitting this busy career,
 Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere;
 'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife,
 Fleeting to ocean after its life;
 'Tis loving and serving the highest and best;
 'Tis onward, unswerving—that is true rest.
 —*North Carolina University Magazine.*

Beneath a shady tree they sat,
 He held her hand, she held his hat;
 I held my breath and laid right flat—
 They kissed, I saw them do it.

He held that kissing was no crime,
 She held her head up every time;
 I held my peace and wrote this rhyme;
 They thought that no one knew it.—*Ex.*

The Greek professor sat in his chair,
 His brow was marked with dire despair;
 "When," quoth he, "in this horseless age,
 Will the horseless student come on the stage!"
 —*Ex.*

"If you kiss and tell about it,
You will have to go without it;
If you kiss and keep it mum
You can get more kisses,
By gum!"—*Ex.*

"Non paratus," Freshie dixit,
Cum a sad and doleful look,
"Omne recte," Prof. respondit,
Et in hil scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*

THE ATHLETE'S SOLILOQUY.

To be or not to be, that is the question;
Whether 'tis pleasanter for me to study
The awful tasks assigned by insane professors,
Or to take gym, to make a mark in jumping,
And skip my classes daily. To fail—to flunk—
Just so; and thought I flunk to go a foot
Above the rest in pole-vault, win the hurdle,
And the dashes—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To get a "C"—
To flunk, perhaps to fail—aye, there's the rub—
Oh, hang, just let her rub. I'll be no rubber.—*Ex.*

Alumni Department.

E. C. MAJOR, EDITOR.

SOME WOFFORD MEN NOW LAWYERS.

G. D. Shands, who spent three years on the campus, now holds the position of Dean of the Law Faculty of the University of Miss. He is also ex-Lieutenant-Governor of his State. We are glad to note that Wofford has turned out very few men who have taken a higher stand than Mr. Shands.

Among the most prominent members of the Orangeburg bar, we find the names of W. L. Glaze, '76 and D. O. Herbert, '78. Both are very successful in their profession and are warm friends of the college.

A. H. Dagnall, class of '95 is meeting with much success in the Indian Territory.

Hon. N. G. Evans, member of Edgefield bar, and also delegate House of Representatives from Edgefield Co.

T. M. Raysor, class of '77 is located at Orangeburg S. C.

H. B. Carlisle, class of '85 is very successful in Spartanburg.

J. C. Klugh, class of '77 for several years after leaving college was prominent county official. His efficiency in this capacity won for him esteem and popularity when in '96 he was elected circuit judge. While in college Mr. Klugh won for himself the respect and esteem of both faculty and students.

B. H. Henderson, '95 is very successful lawyer at Moncks Corner Berckley Co.

J. W. Boyd, A. M. '71, is a very prominent lawyer at St. Josephs Mo. Mr. Boyd has made for himself a very fine practice, not only in Missouri but in the larger cities of the North.

Hon. E. Keith Dargan, one of the most successful members of the Darlington bar, leads the delegation of his county in the House of Representatives.

John L. Peurifoy who spent several years at Wofford is now located at Saluda S. C.

G. W. Gage, '75, circuit judge of South Carolina is a son of whom Wofford is proud. In college both as a student and man, he took a very high stand; his whole course showed that he was a man of no ordinary ability, also that he would climb high in his chosen profession.

G. E. Prince, A. M. '76, one of the most prominent lawyers of the State is located at Anderson. Mr. Prince has made a fine success both as a lawyer and man of business.

P. B. Sellers, class of '82, is situated at Dillon, S. C.

W. J. Montgomery, '75, one of the most successful lawyers of Marion also president of Farmers Savings Bank and representative for a large Insurance Company.

E. W. Martin, class of '74, very prominent member of the Atlanta bar. Very successful in business circles, and polled large vote in race for Mayor of Atlanta at last election.

The editor regrets that the selection on the class of '98 by Mr. J. R. T. Major came too late for the December issue; also the mere mention then prevents our publishing anything further.

SOME IMPEDIMENTS TO LITERATURE IN THE SOUTH.

It is a notion sometimes met with in academic circles that society should be organized for literary purposes. This is a shallow idea. Literature is an occasion for gratulation not only because of its dynamic influence for a higher life, but also as a symptom, an outcome of a certain life. And just so literature must be. No company of men can assemble,

form a corporation obtain a charter and set to work in the manner of cotton mills and iron foundries to manufacture writings "that the world will not willingly let die." But though organizations cannot fabricate this much desired thing and critics cannot conjure it into being, yet men may consciously put themselves into such a frame of mind and supply such external aids and conditions as will send to its budding forth.

With us in the South there are two kinds of impediments to letters, for one of which we are remotely and only in part responsible, for one of which we are directly so. First, our external materials and political conditions are not favorable. Consider for a moment the political entity which to the old time Southerner has always been the most sacred, that of the State or commonwealth. Our whole life and sphere of thought in America—particularly in the South is strongly cast in the mold of State lines. Political conventions, elections, courts, the whole of government that most intimately concerns our every day lives in short, the connectional organization of our churches, our educational institutions, our athletic tournaments, our journals, our hates of men, our loves of women, are all more or less bounded by the lines of our respective commonwealths. No supreme imperialistic idea lifts us into broad theatres of thought and action. Now let us consider how constricted are some of these State boundary thoughts molds and how narrow the stage and how few the actors thus furnished. The population of South Carolina was in 1890 barely over a million and an eighth; only 482,008 were whites. From these must come almost altogether the public policy, the enterprise, the thought, the literature of South Carolina. Four hundred and eighty-two thousand is a large city, but a very small State. Add to this that there are in the South very few considerable cities, and that our two most important—Atlanta and New Orleans—are anything but ideal for noble intellectual life, and we get some conception of the death of "brain markets."

There is another, a most serious impediment to literature in the South: the lack of wealth. Political economy has

been derisively termed, "the gospel of dirt"; answering the fool according to his folly, the economist may easily dispose of this flippant sophism by replying that all the world stands on dirt as a foundation with which we could hardly arrange to dispense. In truth our social, intellectual and even, to a large extent, our religious life, has an essential economic basis. Without a sound economic system an advanced civilization would be as impossible as a railway across the ocean. For literature and general culture people must have sufficient wealth to afford the materials, and sufficient leisure and freedom from continual grind and anxiety for tomorrow's bread to enjoy intellectual pursuits. Every new cotton mill, every new iron foundry and carpet factory in our borders presages good for the South's intellectual life. Persons who live on cheese and moonshine will laugh at this—and continue to live on cheese and moonshine.

Blame for the difficulties that have been indicated is not to be laid on any particular man or single generation of men in the South; indeed for part of this effect the South is not at all responsible. But there are other hindrances to literary production which are directly chargeable to us individually and as a people. Let us not worship ourselves, shut our eyes to our own faults and whine when criticised; for, like human being happening to inhabit other portions of the earth's surface, we are far from perfect, and our imperfections injure us infinitely more than they do any one else.

Second, then, there is a lack of vigorous training for literary work. We do not conceive of what it means, in intense thought, in burdensome toil, in patience of detail, in long, increasing labor, to become a literary artist. Business competition has not yet become so severe with us as to teach its stern lesson of the strenuous exertion and the narrow margins on which success depend, not only in extensive money making, but in every other large sort of making.

People who believe earnestly in a principle, who have fought desperately for certain ideas and been defeated, may be expected to be uncompromising regarding these things. This is one of the causes that produce in the South an intol.

erance of a certain kind which is deadly to literary production. We cannot stand criticism of our ideas, our history, or the infallible perfection of our historic idols. Prof. Trent writes sparkling books containing some just and some flippant reflections on ante-bellum statesmen and institutions of the South; prominent Southern newspapers and writers, with an unnumbered minor chorus, clamber for his expulsion from his position. Prof. Houston issues a monograph on South Carolina history which is quoted and praised in the great intellectual centres by historical students of the whole country; the legislature of the Southern State whose university Prof. Houston teaches orders an investigation. To multiply instances painting the same moral would be wearisome. What encouragement, truly, is this to writers of books? Seriously, is it really literature we desire or to be tickled with sweet praises?

What with cheap books, college journalism, multiplied newspapers, and a broader national patriotism that will make us realize that we are truly bone and sinew of a great and glorious nation having immense weight in the destiny of a large portion of all the human race, surely the South will do more to contribute to American literature. What Kipling has done for India, Joel Chandler Harris, Charles Egbert Craddock, Thomas Nelson Page and some others have begun for the South. These three Southern writers, in common with the Anglo-Indian Kipling, realize the very base principle of a certain delightful form of literary art: The literary artist must be a master of the uncovered human heart and of a certain pathetic mode of its expressing itself in a romantic environment. Further, he must have a catholic realization of the richness and realness of life in other spheres than that of his own people. Finally, he must be thoroughly sincere in his presentation of something he believes can carry; on its own merits, something of beauty, pathos, truth, to men as men.

D. D. WALLACE.



Local Department.

W. C. MARTIN, EDITOR.

Y. M. C. A.

For the first few months, we have been watching and to a certain extent, we have seen what the association will stand for on our campus during the year. We will admit very frankly that it has not done all that we desire; yet we can see that in some respects it has come up to our expectations, and as the year goes by, we hope to improve our work along lines that have not yet come up to what we desire. We have a good force of workers, who put their work and influence in the right places. Our Bible courses and Mission study are doing very good work, one that must tell in our practical life and in the future well being of the college. I think if I were asked what phase of our association work is the most successful, I would say it is that phase which is more nearly like our college duties. It is the studies that appeal to our boys. They at once demand interest. This, too, is somewhat striking to me. From the nature of the thing, it would seem that it would be a rest to the boys to do other work than study; but they are better workers in the field of study. I can give no reason for this unless it is in this that they have preparation. At any rate, we know it is the prepared man who does the best work.

Last Thursday being our election day, we now have a new but promising set of officers. Our president for the coming year will be Mr. V. W. Brabham. A man well suited for the position. We shall look for nothing but success in our association under his care. The other officers are Mr. M. Auld, vice-president; Mr. C. E. Peele, secretary; Mr. N. L. Prince, treasurer. With these men to lead the work, we are in good hope.

We feel that the past year has been one of success. Our work has been pleasing to us, and our association with the

religious young men has tended to put us on a higher plane of life. Let us all work for our next year to be the brightest in the history of our association. P. C. G.

ATHLETIC NEWS.

The time is fast drawing near for our base-ball season, and from the present outlook the chances for a winning team has never seemed brighter. Enthusiasm over this particular line of sport, which has always been displayed at Wofford, is already being exhibited. The rule laid down by the Faculty, requiring all men participating in any match game, to make in their respective classes a satisfactory stand, will hardly affect our team this season. We are glad to report that all the ball players have made the required stand up to date, and we hope for as good stand next March. With the wide-awake and energetic Legare Hardin for manager and Charlie Burnett, better known as "Jack" for captain, the boys will begin the season with perfect confidence in their team. Without reflection on our last year's team, whose notable record for winning every game during the season can not be surpassed, we will say, we expect from the present outlook to have a stronger team and will fight hard to retain the championship. Of last years team we have back, Burnett, (Capt.) Hudgens, Hall, Bates, Bennet, DuPre, Martin, and Lee. Places are vacant for a shortshop and one out fielder's position with at least ten to fifteen applicants for team. Regular practice on the ball field will begin about the first of February and some hard work may be expected. Manager Hardin hopes to have the schedule made out by the 1st of March.

FIELD DAY SPORT.

A few days ago, an enthusiastic meeting was held in Doctor Carlisle's class room relative to field sports at Wofford.

Addresses were made by Professors Rembert, Snyder and Clinkscales, and plenty of enthusiasm was displayed. As a result of the meeting forty-four young men joined a class to go into regular training for the great meet which we hope to pull off in April. The hurdles, poles and other necessary things have been ordered, and in a few days, the boys will be out on the Athletic field training for the meet. We hope to have every college in the state represented at this time and it will be a great day. The May Festival will at this time be in session at Converse College and there will be great crowds in this city.

Mr. E. H. Hall has been unanimously elected captain or field manager, and under his efficient management Wofford should be well represented in the contest. There is a mistaken idea among some of the students that this sport will interfere with base-ball. To the contrary it will help base-ball. It can never be in Wofford College the rival of base-ball because the leading ball players have been and will always be the leading Athletes outside of the Gymnasium. Base-ball is too deeply rooted in Wofford's Athletics, ever to be routed out by any other kind of sport. Let us lay aside these prejudices, and all work together for a successful field day and a successful base-ball season.

ELECTIONS.

Monthly orator for February from the Calhoun Society
Mr. Murph.

The following officers have been elected in the Preston Society to serve the ensuing quarter; Pres.—C. D. Lee; V. Pres.—T. H. Daniel; 1st Critic—M. Auld; 2nd Critic—G. T. Bates; Rec. Sec't'y—M. S. Asbell; Treas.—D. Luther Guy; Cor. Sec't'y.—J. H. Minnis; 1st Censor—R. E. Sharpe; 2nd Censor—T. L. Taylor.

Monthly orator from the Preston Society for February, A. E. Taylor.

Y. M. C. A. officers for the ensuing year are: V. W.

Brabham—Pres; M. Auld—V. Pres.; C. E. Peele—Sec't'y; N. L. Prince—Treas.

The following delegates have been elected to represent Wofford at the State Y. M. C. A. convention to be held in Greenwood next month: Mr. V. W. Brabham, Chr.; M. Auld, C. E. Peele; N. L. Prince; R. E. Sharpe, D. E. Camak, Owen and Stokes.

The last election in the Calhoun Society resulted as follows: Pres.—W. C. Martin; Vice Pres.—C. P. Rogers; 1st Critic—L. E. Wiggins; 2nd Critic—C. C. Alexander; 3rd Critic—J. B. Gibson; Sec't'y.—V. C. Wilson;—Cor. Sec't'y—W. C. Koger; Treas.—C. E. Peele; Censor Morum, D. C. Strother.

Mr. Auld has been elected to preside over the annual debate at commencement. The debaters are: Calhoun, Gibson and Peele; Preston, Daniel and Driggers.

CAMPUS DOTS.

Field Day !

Hurrah ! for Field Day !

Have you seen George ?

Since the Christmas holidays three new men have entered college and four or five have entered the Fitting School.

Messrs. Fair of Orangeburg, Gibson of ————, and Covington, of Marlboro, are among the new men.

We are struck with the fact that so few of our boys failed to return this quarter. This is a good sign and is good evidence that the student body as a whole has been doing good work.

D. D. Wallace, Ph. D., professor of economics and history in Wofford College, and Miss Sophie Adams of this city were married Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Immediately after the ceremony Dr. and Mrs. Wallace took the Northbound vestibule for points North.

At a recent meeting of the Calhoun Society, Mr. John Temple Graves, the well known orator of Georgia, was elected to make the annual literary address before the societies here during commencement. Prof. G. D. Shand, Dean of the law faculty at the University of Mississippi, was elected as alternate.

The Gymnasium exhibition which was postponed indefinitely from last month, will come off the 5th of February. The team is now training for the coming exhibition under the management of Capt. Shockley. Invitations will be issued in a few days. Only members are allowed to send out invitations, so if you wish to have your best girl present you had better join immediately as the number of members are limited.

The students were delighted with Mr. Wendling's lecture last Thursday evening. Mr. Wendling lectured under the auspices of the Wofford College Lyceum on "Stonewal Jackson." It was grand!



Wofford College Directory.

JAS. H. CARLISLE, L. L. D., President.

J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Secretary.

D. A. DUPRÉ, A. M., Treasurer.

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Vice-President, C. P. Rogers.
1st Critic, L. E. Wiggins.
Secretary, V. C. Wilson.
Treasurer, C. E. Peele.

Preston Literary Society.

President, C. D. Lee.
Vice-President, L. H. Daniel.
1st Critic, M. Auld.
Secretary, M. S. Asbill.
Treasurer, E. L. Guy.

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Editor-in-Chief, H. T. Shockley.
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Alumni Editor, E. C. Major.
Local Editor, W. C. Martin.
Ass't. Bus. M'g'r., W. C. Koger.
Ass't. Lit. Editor, Thomas Daniel.

Y. M. C. A.

President, V. W. Brabham.
Vice-President, M. Auld.
Secretary, C. E. Peele.
Treasurer, N. L. Prince.

Athletic Association.

President Prof. J. G. Clinkscales.
Manager, L. L. Hardin.
Assistant Manager, E. P. Miller.
Sec. and Treas., E. C. Major.
Captain, Chas. B. Burnett.

Gymnasium Association.

President, E. P. Miller.
Vice-President, C. D. Lee.
Sec. and Treas., E. C. Major.

Alumni Association.

President, W. E. Burnett, '76.
Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, '76.

Fraternities.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.
Pi Kappa Alpha.
Kappa Alpha.
Kappa Sigma.
Chi Phi.
Chi Psi.

Caterer Wightman Hall.

L. E. Wiggins.

Senior Class.

President, L. L. Hardin.
Vice-President, E. H. Hall.
Sec. and Treas., Carroll Rogers.
Poet, C. C. Alexander.

Junior Class.

President, Thomas Daniel.
Vice-President, M. Auld.
Sec. and Treas., J. B. Gibson.
Poet, F. K. Lake.
Historian, W. C. Koger.

Sophomore Class.

President, F. F. Watkins.
Vice-President, Carroll Varner.
Sec. and Treas., Strother.

Freshman Class.

President, Herbert Lewis.
Vice-President, W. K. Greene.
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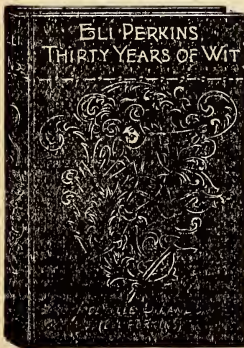
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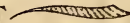
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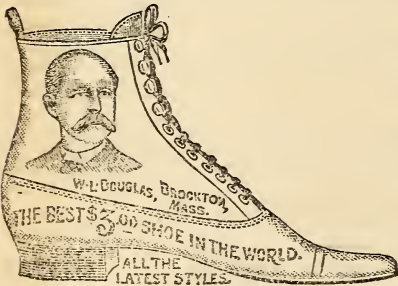
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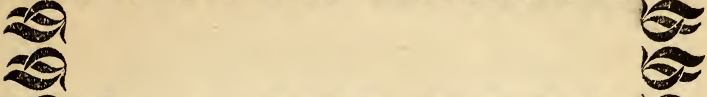
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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY THE CALHOUN
AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Vol. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1900

No. 5

Entered at the Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as Second-class Matter.

CONTENTS.

Advertising Department	2-8
Literary Department	9-31
"A Song"—Olin Dantzler Wannamaker	9
Oration—"The Uniqueness of Southern Literature"— T. H. Daniel, '01.	10-14
"The Old Stockade"—F. K. L.	14-18
"A Ramble Among Preston Papers"—Marvin Auld.	18-22
"Tennent's Journal"	22-28
"Sketches"—"Mel", "G."	28-31
Editorial Department	33-36
Exchange Department	37-42
Alumni Department	43-45
Local Department	47-51
College Directory	53
Advertising Department	54-65

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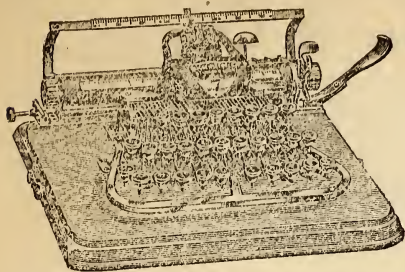
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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Established {
1888. }

FEBRUARY, 1900.

} Vol. XI.
| No. 5.

Literary Department.

L. L. HARDIN, EDITOR.

A SONG.

Lingering late in the twilight gloom—
Winds all sleeping in woods all still,
Woods all silent and still,
Star-beams weaving on noiseless loom
Magical garment of mystical night,
Silver-thread garment of night.

“What of the twilight, sweetheart mine,
Peace of the evening, winds asleep,
Winds in the woods asleep?
What of the silver star-beams fine,
Dotting with glitter the garment of night,
Dream-bringing garment of night?”

“What of the winds now waking to glide
Out of the woods on fluttering wings,
Warm fields to fan with wings?
What of the stars o'erwhelmed by the tide,
Moonlight wave on the ocean of air,
Moonlit ocean of air?”

“What of the moon out over the trees,
Beautiful queen in the kingdom of stars;
Queen of the silver stars?
Moon that with magic enchanteth the seas,
With magic of beauty the ocean-streams,
Moon-raptured ocean-streams.”

“What of their beauty?” my lady replies,
Dark-eyed woman with wonderful hair,
Deep-eyed, with wonderful hair;
“What of the breezes or stars or skies?
Where is their glory when thou art gone?
Vanished when thou art gone.”

—*Olin Dantzler Wannamaker.*

THE UNIQUENESS OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

ORATION.

Not many decades ago, a small band of pilgrims landed on the bare cold rocks of Plymouth. In a few years, others began to land on the Southern shores of our continent. They were people of a northern clime. They had been, from time immemorial, frozen by the biting cold, tossed by the angry waves, and beaten by the cold, wild winds of northern Europe. They had behind them the same traditions, the same religion, the same literature, upon each of which these environments unkind had produced an effect even greater, perhaps, than we sometimes think. There can be no doubt that the continual struggles against intrusive neighbors, in which their ancestors had for so long been engaged, and contact with the sea which they had "braved and loved for a thousand years," had produced, in the life and literature of these people, those qualities of sternness, of rugged strength, of power of pathos, which distinguish them so well from all other races of mankind.

Those who landed at Plymouth found the same angry sea around them; here, too, the wild, snow-clad mountains pierced the gray wintry sky; the same driving winds swept down the valleys of New England. But those who dropped anchor near our southern shores were transported from the bleak wintry shores of Northern Europe to a land where the rich robes of summer were forever worn by the magnificent forests; to a land where gentle breezes rustled in the sunny dells. and where the whispering brooklets were never clad in wintry mail. Thus, while the people of New England were living under much the same conditions of nature to which the race had been for so long accustomed, those who settled in the South were adjusting themselves to new environments, and were beginning a life entirely unique—that of a Saxon people under Southern skies.

It is natural that the people of New England, surrounded

as they were by much the same conditions of nature as were those of the mother country, should produce a literature similar to that of England. But it is different with the South. Never before had a Saxon people attempted to dwell in a Southern country. And since, as Landor says,

“We are what suns and winds and waters make us,”

the success or failure of this people here, in producing a permanent life and literature, will determine forever, whether or not this marvelous race shall one day be master of the tropical countries of the world.

The absence of these unfriendly conditions of nature which are to be found in countries of the north, and the presence of more gentle surroundings, have breathed into the life and literature of the South an abiding spirit of which neither England nor New England can boast. Unused as were these people to the luxuriant foliage, the lovely flowers, the bright, smiling, peaceful landscapes, that this “American Italy” presents to them, there has been created within them a love of nature and her beauties far more fervent than has ever before held place in the Saxon heart. Unused to such melodious deluges of the music of nature, the song birds and the rippling brooks here have poured out upon them strains that have touched chords which never responded to the din of war and of the sea in their far away home in the north. Unaccustomed as was the Saxon blood, always so freely poured out for home and freedom, to the balmy air and the fair warm sunshine of the South, these have made it thrill with impulses of life hitherto unknown. Unaccustomed as was the Saxon heart to the tenderness, the emotion, the passion, that residence in a southern clime always begets, their life in such surroundings is the source of a literature that must be declared independent of the North and of England.

As yet the record of this life—for “literature is a record of life”—is such that it may be justly called scant and crude. It is the production of a period that we may call the childhood of the South. We have passed through this period, and today the South stands upon the threshold of mature life. There may have been qualities and characteristics in the

literature of our youth, that, in the trained judgment of a critical world and even in our own maturer judgment, seem wild and imperfect. These, together with many desirable qualities, doubtless, have passed away; just as in the development of the child into the man, the charming faults and winning virtues of innocent childhood pass together out of the growing life. But these changes are on the surface. The deeper, stronger, immortal qualities, the very groundwork of this life and literature, as the result of having been placed in such surroundings, have been produced and will live forever.

Do you say that this is too short a period for a people to attain maturity? Do you look back upon the peoples that have required centuries in the formation of their life and literature, and say that the progress of this people has been too rapid to be stable? Turn for a moment and look at the vast inflowing of capital and labor into the South from the older English peoples. Look at our institutions for higher learning, which are filled to overflowing. These, the practical side and the educational side of a people, determine their stability. And you will look in vain over the peoples of this earth to find a sky clearer from threatening clouds, or one in which the bow of promise shines more brightly, than in those that bend over Dixie.

The inauguration of the new era in this section that has thus far been almost exclusively agricultural; this industrial development that has been so rapid; the growth of commerce, the new impulses of life that have been thrown into this whole land, by the introduction of manufactures and the extension of railways—all these marks of progress, that have had such patent effects upon the North and upon England, are producing unmistakably an influence on the South. But here these forces act upon the life of a people entirely different from any other in the world. They will not produce here a literature like that of the North or of England. Nor will their product be of a nature similar to that of the South at an earlier period.

We are prone sometimes, perhaps, to look with regret

upon the passing of the earlier characteristics from our literature. We may be prone to resent the infusion of a spirit so different from that which marks the productions of our loved and honored ancestors. And surely we may be pardoned if there lingers in our hearts a strong love for the expression of our infant life. We may be pardoned if, like the weary careworn man who sighs,

‘Backward, turn backward, O, Time, in your flight
And make me a child again just for tonight,’

we turn, when the cares and duties of multiplied and multiplying business interests press upon the grown-up life of our loved country—we may be pardoned if, at such time, with an indescribable longing in our hearts, we turn for our refreshment, for our enjoyment, for our purest and deepest pleasure, to the diary of our infancy, the literature of the Old South.

But, a people cannot rise above, nor can they sink below, the standard of their literature. If we cling to these traits of our childhood as the standard of our thought, we will still be an infant people. While we may love these lovely qualities, and entertain the highest respect and reverence for the spokesmen of the old Southern heart, we cannot but feel that there is a wide interval between their best work and the best work of the present South.

The twentieth century marks the beginning of the South's maturity. Hitherto, in this section, literature has been looked upon as a pastime, as a pursuit to be followed for mere pleasure. But now since this people has advanced from childhood to maturity, henceforth their literature will be the expression of a people in desperate earnest. And as such, with the removal of disadvantages that have always borne down upon this life, who can say that we may not reasonably look to the future South for the “noblest, purest, loveliest literature that the world has ever seen?”

There have been attempts made to divide the life of our people into two periods, the Old South and the New South. And one writer, born on Southern soil, has even gone so far as to say that the lesson we must learn is that there is no South. Politically this may be true. It is the earnest hope

of every truly patriotic Southerner that we shall nevermore have a solid political South. The death of discord among our people, the burial and oblivion of Mason and Dixon's line, the recent voluntary service to the Union of those who, when they turned southward from Appomattox, faced a land foul with blood, smouldering in ruins, who found, instead of the happy homes that they had left, little mounds of ashes between two tall, bare chimneys that stood like grave-stones, legended in blood and tears, over all their happiness and hope—all this proves to us that politically there is no South. But so long as the sun shines more kindly on the South than on the North, so long as Southern blossoms differ from Northern snow flakes, so long as the song birds turn Southward at the approach of winter, so long as the hills and plains of the South yield their bounteous increase to the happy Southern farmer, there will be a distinct South in the life and literature of America—not the Old, not the New, but the Eternal South.

THOS. H. DANIEL, '01.

THE OLD STOCKADE.

In summer the three miles of macadamized road leading out of one of our Southern towns presents a fair appearance, and one enjoys very much a ride there in the cool of the afternoon. For about a mile and a half the green trees shade the road on both sides and overhead, and the crushed pine needles making a soft footing underneath, give forth a clean, wholesome odor. Farther on, Indian Branch, probably so named because of some fight there with the red-skins, crosses the road, flowing out beneath a thick, heavy growth of vines. Going on for another mile one sees the new national cemetery where many Union soldiers, killed in the late war, lie in their last resting place. Quite in contrast to this are the remains of an old Confederate stockade, about one hundred yards off on the opposite side of the road, where Union prisoners were confined. There is now but a low mound

overgrown with stubby trees, vines and flowers, enclosing some fifty acres. To the left is a small hill with a single dead tree standing sentinel on the top; this tree is said to have flourished during the early part of the war, but later on began to wither and die away, and 'tis said that the week after Lee surrendered at Appomattox, this tree was found to be completely dead except for a single green branch—perhaps expressing the fact that our old spirit will never die out.

But quite in contrast to all this was the place in '63. The Union cemetery was not thought of, neither was the macadamized road; two cannon guarded the small hill, and sentinels paced the high mounds of the stockade day and night, ready to give the alarm if a prisoner tried to escape.

The town, too, was different. It was not as large as it is now, and contained but few houses; but these were the large, roomy, manor houses of our forefathers.

In one of these houses lived the Hon. John Manxton, high in the politics of his State. Here was born to him in '44 a girl, at the same time, too, Mrs. Manxton died. The girl was named Belle. In another house across the way lived an uncle with his nephew, a boy of about five or six years. The boy's parents had died soon after he was born.

Belle and the boy, Robert Pares, grew up together, and were playmates and sweethearts from their earliest school days. Being children, they did not know of the condition of affairs, but after awhile they could not help but know that something was wrong, for Belle's father and Robert's uncle were away from home three-fourths of the time, and when they came back they never played and joked with the children as they used to, but went about with ever serious faces.

Returning from one of his journeys, Belle's father found her playing with a new playfellow, enjoying herself to her heart's content, while Robert stood aside looking on sullenly. Belle informed her father that the boy was Carl Busbhy, and is a relation of one of the men of the town. He had come from Massachusetts on a visit.

So these three young people grew up; Belle was sixteen, Robert twenty, and Carl nineteen. The two loved the one,

and it seemed that Belle showed her preference for Carl, and indeed, she must have given Robert a definite answer, for he was never seen at her house now, while Carl seemed to have taken up his abode there. This did not please the old gossips around town and they said it was a shame, but then a great many things go contrary to public sentiment.

Time drifted on, and when the news came that Fort Sumter had been stormed, Carl bade his friends good bye, of course not excepting Miss Belle, and went back to his home where a company was being formed to enlist in the war to bring the seceded States back into the Union. On account of the influence of his family, Carl was put in command of this company.

As for Robert, he was of course on the Southern side, and was likewise in command of a company. His company went into immediate action in the first battle, and Robert distinguished himself by leading a charge, but he was found on the field, wounded and trampled under the feet of the routed Union soldiers. He was so badly wounded that he was brought home to be nursed—but not by Miss Manxton.

Then the stockade was built, and as Robert was not yet well enough to join the army, he was put in charge of Union prisoners there. One sultry afternoon he was sitting before his hut inside the stockade, thinking of his lost love, when looking up, to his great surprise, he saw Carl Busbhy marched in at the great gate. And he saw truthfully. Carl had been captured with most of his company in a skirmish the day before. Robert was overwhelmed. If there was one in this world whom he did not wish to see at that moment, that one was Carl Busbhy. It is needless to say that these two had no intercourse with each other.

But Carl was an attractive fellow and soon gained the hearts of the privates over whom Robert was in command. So selecting one cold, dark, rainy night, when the sentinels were almost frozen and were cursing their hard lot, he cautiously climbed to the top of the embankment and lying flat, face downward, until the sentinel had marched by with his hat pulled down over his face to keep the rain and sleet out,

Carl crawled to the edge of the wall and threw himself off. The fall was so great that at first he lay stunned, but coming to his senses, he got up and tried to walk. This he could hardly do, his leg having been badly sprained besides his arm having been broken. He knew he could not escape that night, but thinking for a moment, he started out. Across the woods, falling into ditches, he dragged himself nearer the small town he had known before the war began. Summoning up all his energy, he managed to make his way to the rear of Belle Manxton's house. Just as he gave a knock on the back door he fainted. Both father and daughter ran to the door, and then the daughter began crying and wringing her hands. They brought Carl in and set his arm and leg as best they could.

It was now near morning and just as father and daughter were going to their rooms for a little rest, there was a loud clamor at the door. Opening it they saw in the early morning a party from the stockade, which, rushing into the house before the father could interfere, found Carl just awakened by the great noise. Belle entreated, beseeched and wept, but all in vain. Carl was bound and put upon a litter and was about to be carried away, when he raised his head, and looking at Belle, said, "Remember."—Robert had suspected and had sent the party to the Manxton house.

The tide of war soon rolled near the village, and precautions were redoubled at the stockade. Robert resolved not to let another prisoner escape, and so often served as sentinel himself.

One night he was thus serving, when he thought he heard some one approaching. So surprised was he that he could not speak at first, for before him stood Belle Manxton. For one second he stood thus, then demanded sternly: "What are *you* doing here at this time of night?"

Belle looked around wildly, caught her breath quickly and tremblingly as if frightened, tried to speak.

"Oh! Rob—Robert—I love—Oh! I don't know what."

With this she sank to the ground as if fainting. Robert knew not what to do, but his old love returning, knew, and

he hastened toward her. Just as he was bending over her, murmuring her name, he was struck from behind, and sank down, stunned, by the side of Belle.

It was towards morning when he came to his senses. He looked around and saw that he was in his hut. Calling an orderly, he asked what had happened, and was told that he had been found struck down at his post, and that one of prisoners had escaped. Robert asked what the prisoners name was.

"Carl Busbhy," was the answer.

Then it all came to Robert in a flash—how Belle Manxton had deceived him, how Busbhy had escaped.

Parties were sent out in all directions, but no trace of the escaped prisoner could be found.

Going into town, Robert learned that Belle Manxton had disappeared, and that her father was well-nigh crazed.

The war went on through the dreary years until Appomattox. Robert returned to active service and fought in the last battle, but never did he see Carl Busbhy. He returned home an honored captain, went through the trying times of Reconstruction, and set up again his house in his native town.

On public affairs, he went north several times, and one day found himself in Boston. He was walking on the street one morning when suddenly he stopped still. A man at whom he was gazing stopped too in front of Robert. Waiting a second, he slowly extended his hand, and Carl Busbhy eagerly grasped it.

"Come Pares," said Carl, "and give your forgiveness to Belle. Her father is now with us." F. K. L.

A RAMBLE AMONG PRESTON PAPERS.

Not long since, my attention was turned to that modest article of furniture, one which would scarcely be noticed among the numerous other attractions of our classic hall, which bears the proud, honored name of the "Preston

Archives." It is indeed very unpretentious in its outward appearance, but when we dive into its many pigeon holes, pull out some of the musty papers therein, and lose ourselves in their perusal, we feel that we are in the presence of great books that have never been published, rich store-houses of thought that have felt the touch of a master's hand, but which have never been given to the world.

The first sight that meets one's eyes as he swings back the door is quite a number of old books relating to society work, with hundreds of letters of various kinds, from neatly printed invitations, sent to the society, down to rough home-made envelopes. Some of these letters date back to within a few years of the founding of the society, but they are valuable not only because of their age, but also because of the names that they bear, names of men famous in the State and nation, many of whom have long since been laid to rest beneath the sod. We might spend some time very profitably in looking over these many letters, and it would be interesting to view their contents, but such is not our purpose at this time. It is to look at some of the literary productions that have been filed in the sacred precincts of the "Archives."

Among the writers of these pieces we see many familiar names, men who have gained for themselves a name and reputation among their fellows. Many of them have doubtless forgotten the time when their productions were filed, but here are the papers that speak for themselves. No doubt some of them would be surprised, agreeably so, to take a peep at the old hall once again and see the care with which their literary efforts are preserved. May the present generation send out men who are as well fitted for the many changing experiences of life as some of these, our fathers and older brothers, were when they left this place that we all love.

Time and space will not allow me to say something about anything like all of these papers, but I will have to content myself with a few of the oldest ones.

The oldest paper that I find is one, brown with age, dated 1868. A remarkable fact about this is that it was written by a Freshman. It is very seldom anything from a Fresh-

man is so good as to deserve the honor of being filed. It is an essay good in every respect, and fully worthy of the pen of a Junior or Senior. The subject is "The Life and Poetry of Horace," and it is very interesting to notice how this Freshman treats such a man, a man who is so dear to all Sophomore hearts. It displays thought and expression that is far above the average Freshman. I would only say to my "Fresh" friends to take courage, that what has been done can be done again, and it is their privilege to place in the Archives some production to be handed down to future generations of students. We also have a piece on "Progress" written by the same author, Mr. S. G. Sanders, which shows a gain upon the other piece, comparative with an additional year of college training. It is in every way a creditable piece of work and worthy of being read by anyone.

I cannot pass over with a mere casual glance one paper dated 1869, written by Hon. C. S. Walker. Mr. Walker's name is familiar to all Prestons. He was at one time the only member of the society, and tradition says that when the regular time of meeting came he went to the hall and went through with all the business. He was president, vice-president, secretary and all the other officers, and he regularly read essays, declaimed, debated both sides of the query and then decided it. Every true, loyal Preston has a warm spot in his heart for Mr. Walker, for we all recognize in him a man who at a critical period stood in the breach and repaired the battered walls, and from that, the society has grown from one member to a large, flourishing body. He did a work for which every Preston is profoundly grateful, and their best wishes will always be with him.

The next piece that we notice is a valedictory delivered in 1873 by Rev. J. W. Wolling. The whole sentiment of this piece is of the loftiest nature; and the expression so good that we were indeed sorry when it came to a close. After reading this, we do not wonder that a man who could write as he did, has made for himself the name that he has. We do not wonder at the work he has done. He is now a de-

voted missionary in Brazil, and is putting into his work there the same energy that he must have had here.

We also notice the valedictory of five years later, 1878, by Mr. D. O. Herbert, who is now a prosperous lawyer of Orangeburg. If this piece was as well spoken as it was written, it could not but have made an impression upon those who heard it. The language is beautiful, the rhetoric almost perfect and it shows a manly view of college life, and written as it was just as the class was leaving college, a view of after life that is wanting in many of us. We could well put into practice the advice that he gives his fellow society-men who were being left behind, to carry forward the grand work of the old society.

Coming down to 1883, we notice a valedictory by Spencer M. Rice, Jr., that is highly interesting and entertaining. In beginning he speaks of the many changes of life, the changes that occur in only a few, fleeting years of college life, and then turns his eye to opportunities of the future, closing with a most affectionate farewell to the old society and college.

Here is one also upon debating societies by James H. Carlisle, Jr. Mr. Carlisle in this oration sets forth in flowing words the mission and work of a society, and then breaks out in an eloquent appeal to his fellow students to avail themselves of their great opportunities and to make the most out of the few years that they might spend in a society.

I cannot fail to mention one piece upon "The Mind of Man," by Rev. P. F. Kilgo, one that shows much thought and study, that shows that he had his subject well in hand, and his flow of language is fluent enough to clothe his thought in becoming garments.

Many more of them might be mentioned in detail, but space will not allow. Among other names that we see, are J. M. Rogers, B. F. Keller, J. L. Daniel, J. H. Thacker and others.

There is one communication that deserves special mention. It is an account of the organization and early history of the Preston society by Hon. R. W. Simpson. I would recommend it to any one who wishes a clear concise account of

this subject. Coming from such a man as Mr. Simpson, it could not be otherwise than in the best of style, and it is a paper that should be most carefully preserved.

I would not seem to find fault with the present generation of students, but if some of us would read some of these pieces, it would bring a blush to our cheeks. To see the rich thought and forceful expression in them makes us stop and consider. Cannot college students of today do just as well? Fellow students, I recommend these papers to you. Read them, and you will be surprised. Enjoy them, for there is much enjoyment to be gotten from them, and then let them inspire you to renewed determination, a determination to do the best that in you is. MARVIN AULD.

TENNENT'S JOURNAL.

(CONTINUED FROM JANUARY NUMBER.)

"Sunday 21st August Went 5 Miles to Beersheba Meeting House, found assembled a large body of People indeed, preached from Roms 5, 5th Afterwards spoke largely upon the Public Affairs. The People seemed entirely satisfied & signed the Association almost unversally. This I hope will bring over Ccl—— Regiment *let his Intentions be what they will*. Travelled 10 Miles being much fatigued to Captn Beer's on Bullock Creek, lodged there, rested badly though most kindly entertained.——

"Monday 22d Gave Mr Beers a form of Inlistment for Volunteer Rangers, wrote to Coll Polk in Mecklenberg & to Charleston. Set out & rode 13 Miles (crossing Broad River at Smith's Ford) to a Meeting House of Mr. Alexander's on *Thicketty* where found him preaching to a crowd of People assembled to meet me. When he had done I mounted the pulpit & spoke near two hours. There were present many of the most heated of Majr Robinson's Friends, his Wife & others: two Captains (viz) Steen and Colman. The People seemed convinced & after writing an Association from memory, refreshed myself & drank out of a Cow bell, they signed the Association & retired seeming contented. Captu

Steen invited me home, find he is entirely taken off from a most horrid Scheme carrying on here. —

“Tuesday 23d August, In conversation with Captn Steen he seems fully convinced & ready to sign the Association, after affectionate assurances parted & rode 3 Miles to Godelocks where met with Mess Nuchels & Adderson, after some conversation rode to Captn Colmans found him halting with what he had heard Yesterday. Took pains & convinced him of the ruin of the Boston Charter, & left him in a *fair way*. Went to Captn Plumers for lodging. Found him a strong friend of Coll ——— honest & open. Reasoned with him & before bed time fully convinced him of the Justice of our Cause & engaged him to the Muster tomorrow. 17 miles ———

“Wednesday 24th Went 18 Miles to the General Muster at Mr Fords on Enoree. We found that the Captains had dissuaded their People from coming & met only about 270 Men. The Gang of Leaders were there all double Armed with Pistols. Mr. Drayton began to harrangue them & was answered in a most scurrilous manner by Kirkland, when Mr D ——— interrupted him & a terrible Riot seemed on the point of happening. This seems to have been preconcerted. But the Disgust against Kirkland appearing so universal & people pressing on the matter was quashed. I replied to Kirkland and went at large into the Argument, had a most solemn & impressive discourse for an hour & a quarter. Kirkland remained but the people mos(t)ly retired & left only a small Circle, he was left by Brown to a smaller still, who read the Pamphlet and dilated upon it. In the mean time those who remained began to sign the Association, & the greater number appeared convinced even though they did not sign. Many seemed very spirited in the Cause of America, but a dark Design appears to sit upon the Brow of the Leaders & the party. The Boldness with which we spoke seems to have damped their Spirits, & the people are of opinion that the Opposition will weaken fast. Mr Drayton & I having been long apart, now agreed upon our Rout & proceedings, & set out tomorrow towards Ninety Six. ———

“Parted from Mr. Drayton who went to visit a Fall of water & on his return is to meet a large Company at a Horse race tomorrow at Duncans Creek. Fordeed Enoree River & rode 20 Miles, met with several hard showers & directed Mr John Downes a Magistrate: arrived in the Evening at Mr. James Williams’s one of the Committee an honest & liberal Man who lives in the midst of Cunningham’s Company, was kindly received & better entertained than I have been since I left the Congarees. Met with Revd James Cresswell Minister of Ninety six & this place.—

“Friday 25th Met with the greater part of Robt Cunningham’s Company & two of his Officers in a large Congregation at the Meeting house one Mile & a half from Mr. Williams’s on Little River. Preached to a large & concerned Audience. After a short intermission spoke for two hours & a half upon the subject of my Mission, to the most fixed peopled that I have ever yet seen. This is the centre of the Opposition in this Regiment. Therefore finding I had caught the attention of the sober & judicious, I spared no pains to convince them, & at the close made a solemn proposal to them to send some Men (whom they could trust) to me at Charleston, promised them safe conduct & that they should be fully satisfied by all the original papers.

“I conjured them by all that was sacred that they would not give themselves up to be the Dupes of Ministerial Artifice or the Instruments of Opposition & Slavery, & by God’s help so touched their minds that the greater part of them clustered arround me afterwards & wanted to hear more, many seemed much shocked, some declared themselves convinced, others went away silent, a few were very angry. C——s [Cunningham’s] Lieutena(n)t & Ensign seem worthy Men, they came home with me & appeared much moved by some papers which were read here. Appointed a Sermon for Mr Hart in this place next Tuesday which hope will fix the matter. Mr. Drayton joined us in the Evening with Major Terry.—

“Saturday 26th This Day contented ourselves with going to the Revd Mr James Cresswell’s only 7 Miles. Spent the

Evening pleasantly with the good People & young Mr Taylor from Virginia, who seems so much engaged in the Cause that he got the promise of a Commission if nothing prevents.

“Sunday 27th Went 8 miles to Ninety six, put up at Wm Mores. In our way crossed Saluda at Mr Cresswell's Ferry, & Wilson's Creek at Pearsons Mill. The fresh was so high as that we were obliged to put the Chaise into a Flat & cross the Mill pond. Had a considerable Meeting. Preached from Neh= 2-3, Mr. Drayton harrangued them & was followed by me. The Audience appeared fully convinced, & as I learned there remained not one who had not subscribed before that did not subscribe now. Met with Messengers from Long Cane who came to sollicite us to go thither, agreed with them on Meetings, in different parts of the District. Were alarmed in the night by a Messenger to inform us that the Wife of Major Jame Mason was drowned in Crossing Wilson's Creek on her return from sermon.——

“Monday 28th Major Williamson met us in the Morning & after proper Agreements parted. Mr Drayton for Augusta, Mr Tennent to cross Saluda in his way to a Meeting at Captain James Lindlay's in the worst part of Flechals Regiment. I intended for Patrick Cunninghams but was stoped by the rain. Lodged at Mr Cresswells.——

“Tuesday 29th Attempted once more to go to Lindlay's but only reached James Polards, a worthy Virginian lately settled here, the waters are too high to pass, & are rising constantly. With great reluctance I am compell'd to disappoint a Congregation. That a day might not be lost, concluded to go to Little River Meeting house where Mr. Hart had appointed a Sermon. With some difficulty got thither, heard a good Sermon, concluded with a touch of the Times. And now think it providential that we came here, as some Opposers had collected who would have browbeat Mr. Hart. Took the Storm upon myself & did some good.

“Returned to James Williams, there wrote some letters & lodged, having rode this day about 18 miles.——

“Wednesday 30th Mr Williams was so kind as to offer me his Saddle Horse that mine might stay and recruit with him.

Left there early in the Morning & halted at Revd Mr Cresswells, crossed Saluda & rode to dinner with Major Terry, having swam our horses at two Creeks, with much danger at one of them of losing our Horses. Conversed plainly with the Major & have reason to think he is firm in the Cause of America. He is now become Captain of a Volunteer Company. He accompanied me in the Afternoon & Evening on my way, was benighted & obliged to put up at one Wilsons having rode 36 miles, part in the rain. Slept upon a broken Clay floor all wet & the wind & damp blowing upon me, passed a bad Night.——

“Thursday 31st Went to a Meeting appointed last week on the Long Cane Creek in Boonsborough at one of Mr. Harris’s preaching Sheds. Preached, & in the midst of sermon had the pleasure to see Mr. Hart arrive. After Sermon spoke as usual on the subject of my Mission. Was seconded by Mr Harris & Mr. Salvador to good Effect. Returned to Mr Reeds. The Congregation was solemn & Affected. Mr Calhoun & other Gentlemen returned with me & spent the Evening on the subjects fit for the Times. Passed 12 Miles this day, slept at Mr. Reeds.——

“Friday 1st September, Finding the Necessity of amunition in this place great, & several Volunteer Companies formed, engaged Captn Reed to send down, wrote to the Council of Safety & gave the necessary Orders. Met with a certain Mr. Ross who had been greatly disaffected, he confessed he was convinced yesterday & the greater part of Captn Smith’s Company also, who he believed would join us, he proposed an Association for them on Oath, but somewhat different from ours, a thing I could not agree to. I find the people here agreeing fast & ready to obey commands. Set off with Mr. Harris for his house, passed by Mr. Bowie’s, crossed little River. The Land here appears extremely fine, arrived at our Quarters at Sundown, 16 Miles, found good Mrs Harris down with the Ague, as more or less of every Family seem to be in this quarter. Could not help observing the difference between the health of this District & that between Broad & Catawba Rivers.——

“Saturday 2d Septemr Studied a Sermon in the morning & went 5 Miles to Bull Town Meeting House which is about 15 Miles from the Indian Line. The Assembly was the most crowded that I have seen. Preached extempore with more ease & freedom than common. The People though mostly Opposers appeared very affectionate. Finding them willing to hear, I gave them a Discourse upon the American Dispute of near 3 hours, I think I was more animated & demonstrative than usual. Its Effect was very visible, the people holding a profound Silence for more than a Minute after I was done. A certain Justice Anderson who formerly was a friend to American freedom but receiving the magic touch from the other side the River, suddenly changed his Note & by every artful method has since disaffected his Acquaintance, this Man arose & in a smooth & plausible way objected to the Association. I answered him with as much clearness as I was able. The people seemed satisfied & many of those who had signed Flechall's Association now subscribed ours. This day it is hoped put an end to the strength of Discord in this Regiment. Returned to Mr Harris's, took there an affidavit: & receiving by Express a Message from Mr Drayton, resolved to disappoint the meeting to morrow, & to lodge this Night at Patrick Calhoun's Esqr 10 Miles distant. Accompanied him home, having this Day rode 18 or 20 Miles. Wrote Dispatches for my horses to meet me at Augusta, & had a restless night. ———

“Sunday 3d Septemr Started early in the morning, & by half after Eight was at Fort Charlotte, having missed our way & rode not less than 15 Miles. The rains of last Night have made the Streams swell greatly. Crossed little River in a most romantic place at Hutchinsons Mills. This Country affords the greatest number of fine Falls for Mills of any I have ever seen. The Soil is rich & the best foundation seems to be laid by Nature for Manufactures that can be conceived. Here is stone sufficient for all the purposes of Building & yet the ploughing of the Land is not much impeded by them. Being very wet when I reached the Fort, had a good fire kindled, washed my feet with rum & took every precau-

tion to avoid a Cold. Surveyed the Fortification, Magazine, Stores, Ordnance & Barracks, & find that this place though much out of repair, is still capable of a good Defence. It is a large Square with good Bastions at each Corner, so constructed as to be able to work 16 Cannon. The Wall is of stone, about ten feet in heighth with Loop Holes to fight musketry. The Platforms have not been made as yet, but are soon to be finished. The Barracks are able to lodge 200 Men, & the Officers Building, the Armory & its Offices are not despicable. It has a good Well within it, & its gate is of strong plank. In short I consider this Post as very commanding & of the last importance in the present Cause. Gave orders therefore for completing its repair. Mounting the guns, disposing of the Amunition & Sent for Captn Whitefield & consulted him about cutting away his Corn. Ordered the horses to be sent out of the way of danger. Reviewed the Soldiers & the Militia, discoursed with them on the goodness of their Cause, after proper Exortations which they seemed to take very kindly, prayed with them & took my leave accompanied by Lieut Cawan (Cowan?) to his house 8 Miles on the same side of the River. Anxiety of Mind on account of the Madness of the Opponents of Liberty robbed me of sleep until Break of Day.——

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SKETCHES.

They had been engaged several weeks. They were a very sensible couple and his work kept him a busy man, so he hardly had time for more than four or five evenings each week besides an occasional ride on the boulevard in his new automobiie. But in spite of these apparent disadvantages, they saw a good deal of each other. Of course she knew when his office hours were over, but no one could blame her for making it convenient (you couldn't call it a habit) to do her shopping about 5 o'clock, and for always preferring that store next to 112 Olive street.

They were progressing very quietly. No storm of misunderstanding had swept over them. Their mutual confidence and love was unlimited.

One week his business called him out of town over Sunday. She missed him very much. Even his good long letter could not take the place of their accustomed Sunday night *tete-a-tete*. But he returned Tuesday and that evening came around with a large bunch of roses.

"I know it is almost time for you to go, but I feel I must tell you something that may interest you. It is just this. You have always thought that I was the daughter of the Judge, and, in fact, I have been living in his family so long that I, myself, sometimes forget that he is only my adopted father. Well, until I was about five, I lived with my father, mother, and an older brother out in Kansas. My brother was a good deal older than I, about ten years, I suppose, yes, he was just past fifteen at this time. My father was not the best of men and often he would stay out late at the club. One night a noise in the back yard awakened my brother, he went to his window with his pistol, heard some one at the back gate, called, received no answer, and fired into the darkness. The next instant my father cried out, 'O, my son, you have killed me,' staggered toward the house and fell."

At these last words her *fiance*, who had been listening to catch every word, gave a noticeable start. He almost lost his self-control, but he didn't.

"Ah, my dear, that was a terrible blow, how could your mother stand it?"

"Indeed, it proved too much for her. She had been in bad health anyhow, and indeed in two weeks she, poor mother, was dead."

"And the brother, what became of him?"

"That's the saddest part of it all. He seemed to be almost crazed by the double grief and the night after mother was buried he ran off and no one of us has ever heard of him since. The Judge, a distant relative of my mother, sent for me to come East and I have been here ever since, having adopted his name. My father's name was Wills."

"Well, my pet, that, indeed, is quite a surprise to me, but it only makes my love for you more intense. Don't think about it too much, my dear."

"O no, you may be sure, with your strong arm to lean on my happiness will be complete and all the losses of my youth will be more than counterbalanced."

Their parting at the door that night was very tender. He lingered longer than usual at the steps. When she had run up-stairs and was taking down her hair, she noticed several large tears that had stolen out of her full lids. She did not know why, but an almost imperceptible feeling came over her that something was going wrong. As she knelt at her bedside she was very earnest as she asked the good Father to protect her lover.

Next morning the postman handed in a note from him:

"AT THE UNION DEPOT, MIDNIGHT.

"My Dearest—Your disclosure of your youth has told me that I am your brother. I am the boy that ran away that night. In the course of my wanderings, before I settled down here, I had changed my name and that is how you did not recognize me. I am leaving to-night for parts unknown. It is best. Good bye.

"Your lover and your brother, JACK."

"MEL"

Mr. Benjamin Barlow was considered by the residents of Wolf Pit township a very wealthy man, and the extent to which he allowed his stinginess to carry him was something remarkable. On Saturdays when his laborers came for the settlement of their week's work, he was often taken with fainting spells which lasted until they all left. On one occasion, however, during a very busy season when an unusually large number was called in to aid in gathering the harvest, he had so severe an attack that he expired immediately.

When the news got abroad that their most prosperous citizen had suddenly died, it naturally created much excitement, and the neighbors soon assembled at the house of the de-

ceased to offer their sympathy to the grief stricken family and render any service which was necessary.

After all arrangements had been made as to the funeral, etc., and the dead man had been carried through the usual preliminaries necessary for his entrance into another world, the men all collected together in the death chamber to discuss the good traits of the deceased. Many excellent qualities were brought out (of which not one could be proved) when one man suddenly said: "I owed Mr. Barlow a little bill and had arranged to pay him today."

The echoes of his voice had hardly died away before the sheets which covered the dead man were suddenly pushed back and the sound of Mr. Barlow's voice floated over the startled assembly, saying: "Pay me now!" The crowd immediately dispersed without the usual civilities. "G."



WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

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H. T. Shockley, '00, Editor-in-Chief.

CALHOUN SOCIETY:

E. P. MILLER, Exchange,

W. C. MARTIN, Local,

W. C. KOGER, Ass't Bus. M'g'r.

PRESTON SOCIETY:

L. L. HARDIN, Literary,

E. C. MAJOR, Alumni,

T. H. DANIEL, Ass't Literary.

Clarence D. Lee, '00, Business Manager.

Editorial Department.

H. T. SHOCKLEY, EDITOR.

Boys, be Tidy. Every one knows the pleasing effect of going into a friend's room where everything is kept in neatness and order; nor, as is generally supposed, does this necessitate extra expense. A few neatly framed pictures artistically hung on the walls, one or two rugs spread out on the floor, not wadded up in a heap covered with dust, a simple book shelf with all the books arranged so as not to present the appearance of having been flung aside as if they were things that we had no more use of. It is not the number of pieces of furniture that we have in our rooms, but the way in which they are arranged and the tidiness with which everything is kept, that produces this pleasing effect. Some boys have a way of scattering everything on the tables and mantles and keeping their books in a heap so that it always takes them five or ten minutes to find the book they want. To avoid this, have one shelf for your daily text books, another for your books of parallel reading, and still another for magazines, papers, etc., and thus you will always be able to find what you want and when you want it.

There is very little use in recommending tidiness in dress; as college students ordinarily pay enough attention to their

dress and sometimes even go to an extreme, but perhaps a few words along this line would not be out of place. It is hardly necessary to say that it costs very little to dress neatly. Having your shoes nicely blacked or tanned does not cost you over fifty cents per year, and what an addition? It costs no more to wear a clean collar than a soiled one, and it is no expense to keep your trousers neatly pressed; wearing clothes that fit you costs not a cent more than wearing clothes that do not fit you; shaving twice a week, or oftener if necessary, costs nothing, and having your hair neatly trimmed very little, and yet how these little things add to one's person.

E. H.



Washington's Birthday. The people of the South are very deficient in their celebration of national holidays. The South passes over with little notice some of our most important celebrations, while, at the same time, the North is celebrating the same occasions with great pomp and gorgeousness, and an outsider, looking on at this state of affairs, would be likely to attribute it to a lack of patriotism in the South. But this is not true. There is no more patriotic section than the South. She has always upheld her patriotism in case of war and hostilities.

In a few days we will pass another national holiday, Washington's birthday; and, perhaps, the only celebration of it will be the closing of a few schools for that day. This sounds preposterous. Just think of it! Here we are passing over in a staid old matter-of-fact way the day set apart by our government for the remembrance of him to whom the nation is most indebted. For he alone was the man who could bring us safely through the tempest of revolution and the trials of formation. He was the one man who could rise up in a crisis and command the attention of the people. His was the iron hand that held the helm of state in the critical period of the nation's history, when it seemed that the nation was certainly drifting toward anarchy.

Shall we honor this hero with mere passing notice? Let us all answer no. Let the South take on a new habit and

begin now to celebrate its national holidays. Let the generation now growing up be taught to celebrate with due ceremony those days which stand for important events in the nations history.



System for the Student. There is no business or occupation which does not require system. The mechanic, the merchant, and the farmer all use system. The mechanic has a systematic order for his tools and their use. The merchant has his system for doing business. The farmer farms on a systematic plan. They all find it necessary to use order and arrangement both of time and material. The laborer would lose his job if he went to work at any time of the day; the merchant would be broke in a short time if he let his clerks do as they pleased, paid no attention to his stock or books; the farmer would die of starvation if he undertook to do his farming at any time he felt like it or whenever the "spirit struck him."

Then, the student. Does this law leave out him? Not by any means. A student may manage to get through college by some manner of means without it, but he certainly would not be called a successful student. The student must conform to the law of system; he must have his time for eating, sleeping, recreation, and studying. Most of us are approximately regular in the first of these, eating. But, how about the second? We are afraid that some students are very irregular in this respect. If a friend calls on him or he calls on a friend, he is apt to forget the time and converse too long, then he has to steal a while from his sleeping hours to make up for the loss sustained thereby.

Then, how about recreation? Here, too, many of us fail. Many a student has broken down in his college career because he failed to take regular exercise. Some students seem to think that college is a place where a man goes only to develop his mental faculties and that physical exercise is unnecessary. No greater mistake was ever made, and the colleges of our country are fast coming forward and offering athletic sports as an inducement to students to take more ex-

ercise. Then remember that old maxim "A sound mind in a sound body," and remember that to have this you must take some regular, systematic, physical exercise.

Now, for the last, study. This is without doubt the most important of these four to the college boy. Yet how many of us are there who pursue a systematic plan of study? We sit down to study at any time we feel like it, and then some one, perhaps, comes in, and we stop and begin a conversation which lasts till our thoughts of studying have fled entirely. This should not be. The student should have his method and his time for study. Suppose some one does come in while you are studying, tell him that it is your study time and he must excuse you, and they will soon learn that you are not at home to visitors at certain hours.

Then let the editor of this department urge upon you the necessity of system for the student, and you will find that it will always be to your advantage. For it has been rightly said that the habits formed in college will follow the student through life. And what a foundation for after life the habit of taking things systematically would be if it is firmly set while in college.

Exchange Department.

E. P. MILLER, EDITOR.

We are glad to note a decided improvement in the January magazines. The production of more fiction and verse we take to be an improvement; one which adds much to the attractiveness of the magazine. The artistic covers and the numerous illustrations and cuts, all show that the editors are sparing no pains to make their magazines as attractive as possible. We are also glad to note that several of them are interesting themselves in giving to their readers points of local history, some of which have never before been published. Such articles are interesting and especially valuable for the information they contain, not to speak of the inestimable benefit to the student who works up these subjects.

We are in receipt of a marked copy of *The Literary Review* in which we find the following announcement, which may interest some of our students:

"*The Literary Review* offers to college undergraduates the following prizes:

- 1.—Twenty-five dollars for the best short story.
- 2.—Twenty-five dollars for the best essay on any literary subject.
- 3.—Twenty-five dollars for the best poem of not more than fifty lines.

This competition is open to all undergraduates in the colleges and universities of the United States. All contributions for each prize must be submitted before July 1, 1900. The award will be announced as soon thereafter as possible. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by stamps for their return. All manuscripts, or communications regarding them, should be sent to the Editor of *The Literary Review*, 157 Tremont Mall, Boston, Mass."

The literary department of *The College of Charleston Magazine* is rather limited, but what it lacks in quantity it makes up in quality. In the January number we find an exceeds

ingly interesting and instructive article entitled "A Little Known German Poet." It is evident that the author has carefully studied his subject and, judging from the translations given, he is capable of becoming what he wishes for, a translator for the German poet. Two poems, "The New Year, 1900" and "To a Stray Cat" are both worthy of their places in the magazine. We notice an absence of the excellent metrical translations which add so much to the magazine. The Editorial Department is especially good.

The *Emory Phoenix* for January contains three prize stories which are all good. But since abler and wiser critics have passed on these we shall pass them over. The *Phoenix* contains some very good verse

The *Baylor Literary* contains some good reading matter. The prize essay, "The Sacredness of the Commonplace" is especially good. The writer should be commended for not following the natural bent of college students, in expressing his predictions for the future of our country. The body of his essay bears directly on his subject and he has handled it very well indeed. The Editorial department is well handled, although we cannot agree with the Editor's views on the Filipino and Boer questions. However, it is not criminal to differ in opinion and we shall not quarrel here. But he speaks our sentiments in the question of lawlessness. The cuts in this issue add greatly to the appearance of *The Literary*.

Among other interesting articles in *The Ottawa Campus*, we find one entitled "Observations During the Union Pacific Fossil Field Exposition," which contains much valuable information of the recent expositions in the fossil fields of the west. In the same magazine is an appreciative essay on "The Man Burns."

"Ike, the Wrestler" in the *North Carolina University Magazine* is without merit and deserves no place in the *Magazine*. "John Lucas; A Southern Sketch" is a worthy contribution. The author has very successfully portrayed the condition of affairs at the South before the war.

The Literary department of *The Richmond College Messenger* is very full. The stories in this issue are rather below the average. "A Shot that Saved an Express" contains good material, but it is very poorly handled. This number contains some very good verse.

The Philomathean Monthly is a neat little monthly and is well edited. The Editorial and Exchange Departments are well managed.

The last few numbers of *The Lafayette* contain a series of well written articles on "The Professional Opportunities of the College Graduate."

"The Letters and Life of Sidney Lanier" in *The Wesleyan Literary Monthly* is a well written article. This magazine contains several good stories and some good verse.

The Hampden Sidney Magazine contains some excellent poetry.

The *Clemson College Chronicle* begins the new year with an attractive cover of the college colors, but we have seen better issues in regard to literary contents. More attention seems to be given to football than ought to be in a literary magazine, there being in the Literary Department a production on this subject and the Local Department being mainly taken up with accounts of games, etc. The Editorials and "Prospects of Southern Literature" constitute the best part of the issue, although the latter seems to mistake in regard to some facts concerning the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the South. We think that to give more length to the Exchange Department and detract some from the Locals would add to the magazine.

CLIPPINGS.

FAITHFUL.

"What you gwine do wid dat possum, Joe?

Whar did you get 'im fum?"

'I'se gwine t' have me a feas', fer sho !

I kitched 'im out'n a gum."
 "How is you know whar de 'possum stay?
 Who help you fine dat beas'?"
 "Old Growler's hunt fer many a day;
 He's gwine t' share dis feas'."
 "I ain't stopped you, Joe, an' talked lek dis
 T' pass de time er day.
 I'se come t' tell you 'bout ole Miss—
 But I doan know what t' say!
 'Case, Joe, I knowed you's allus been
 Ole Mistiss' right han' man;
 I knowed you'd sorrer mo'n her kin
 When dis news come t' han'.
 Ole Miss is dade—she breaved her las'
 Dis mawnin' jes' fo' light,
 When de angel come an' her sperit pass
 T' whar dar aint no night."

"Doan tell me dat ole Mistiss' gone!
 Doan speak no wud lek dat!
 I'se sarved her long, but now ferlawn
 My hopes is fall'n flat.
 I'se prayed t' Gawd t' keep ole Miss
 In de holler uv His han',
 But now dat things is come t' dis
 'Tis more dan I kin stan'.
 How kin I live wid ole Miss dade
 An' gone fer good an' all?
 De time have come t' lay dis hade
 Whar 'flections never fall!
 Ole Marster gone! and Mistiss, too!
 I's stayin, mo'n my time.
 Dar's nothin' lef' fer me t' do.
 I hear dat angel chime
 Dat calls me whar de old folks sing,
 Wid dem dat hence is flown,
 An' ev'ry llvin', blessed thing,
 Aroun' de gret white throne."
 —*U. of V. Magazine.*

A PLEA FOR A SONG.

Avaunt! Ye tiresome bards who sing
 Of the budding flowers and breath of spring,
 Of the hackneyed, threadbare themes of love,
 Your lady's wavy locks of gold,

Or dainty fan, or shapely glove—
Avaunt! The tale is trite and old.

Be ye men, and waste your fancies rare
On the tangled tufts of a woman's hair?
Be ye sons of Evé, and spend your brain
Singing the light of a woman's eyes?
Ere the wind has snatched the loving strain,
Ere the song is hushed, the lovelight dies.

Sing me a song of work and strife,
Of the man who shouldered his way thro' life,
Leaving the primrose path to fools;
Who gained the skies from the vulgar sod
With naught save nature's study tools,
Ah, there's a man for the smile of God!
—*Georgetown College Monthly*,

A WINTER NIGHT.

The hills are sleeping. Scarcely I discern
Their hazy margin through the dreaming trees;
They sleep, but listen! Here a little breeze,
A tell-tale breeze, showeth a goblin turn
To publish how the far frost still and stern
Fetters the night; the twigs crack as they freeze!
Save that the wakeful airs tiptoeing tease
The slumbrous boughs, all sleep; nor any yearn
Toward the sweet brooding moon, but she must shed
Her general benediction on forever,
Being unthanked forever; the stars shiver
At their eternal watch; sleepless o'erhead,
The still, pellucid heavens, while east and west
The earth still sleepeth and the hills have rest.
—*Wesleyan Lit.*

WHAT A LOIR.

There was a young girl in the choir,
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
'Till it reached such a height,
It was clear out of sight,
And they found it next day in the spoir
—*Ex.*

There was a sign upon a fence,
 That sign was "Paint;"
 And every mortal that went by,
 Sinner and saint,
 Put out a finger, touched the fence—
 And onward sped
 And as they wiped their finger tips,
 "It is," they said. —*Ex.*

SOMETHING NEW IN PARODY.

A maid there was and she made her prayer,
 (Even as you and I,
 To a nose-guard, some brawn and a shock of hair—
 They called him a slugger who did not care,
 But the maid *she* thought him a hero rare,
 (Even as you and I.) —*Ex.*

Whenever you see a name
 Writ upon the glass,
 You know the fellow owns a ring,
 And his father owns an ass. —*Ex.*

They asked, "and what is space?"
 The trembling Freshman said,
 "I can't think of it at present,
 But I have it in my head." —*Ex.*

Alumni Department.

E. C. MAJOR, EDITOR.

WOFFORD'S CONTRIBUTION TO SPARTANBURG.

In glancing over the list of men, now in Spartanburg, who have attended Wofford, the first to call our attention are the names of Messrs. George Cofield and Charles Petty. These two are the only survivors of class of '57, the first regular class to graduate. They are men of whom both Wofford and Spartanburg are proud.

From the class of '58, there is Bishop W. W. Duncan. Bishop Duncan is well thought of at Wofford, having at one time been a professor, and is now Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

We have with us on the campus now, Professors D. A. DuPré, J. A. Gamewell, J. B. Clinkscales, and A. G. Rembert. Of these we will not speak; they speak for themselves.

J. B. Cleveland, class of '69, is a very successful business man, being President of Whitney Mills, Vice Pres. of the National Bank of Spartanburg, and attorney for Fidelity Loan and Trust Company. Nor does he turn his attention entirely to business matters, but to education as well. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of Converse College.

Among the lawyers of Spartanburg we count Messrs. R. K. Carson, class of '74; W. M. Jones, '78; H. B. Carlisle, class of '85; J. J. Burnett, '84; J. A. Chapman, '83; T. B. Thackston, '80; J. W. Nash class of '90; H. L. Bomar, '94.

J. Fleming Brown class of '76, is professor of mathematics at Converse College. Prof. Brown is an active alumnus of Wofford being secretary and treasurer of Alumni Association.

Spartanburg has three first-class book stores all of which are managed by Wofford men. Trimmier's Book Store and Printing House managed by Mr. Trimmier, who spent sev-

eral years on the campus; DuPre's Book Store by W. DuPre, class of '78; Palmetto Book Store, J. H. Carlisle, Jr., '85.

S. B. Ezell, class of '75, is a hardware merchant in Spartanburg.

W. E. Burnett, '76, is Cashier of National Bank of Spartanburg. Mr. Burnett is also president of Alumni Association of Wofford College.

Rev. M. L. Carlisle, '83, is one of the most prominent members of the South Carolina Conference. Mr. Carlisle is pastor of Central M. E. Church.

In the Central National Bank there is W. A. Law, class of '83, president; and John A. Law, '87, cashier.

A. B. Calvert, class of '80, mayor of Spartanburg and United States Revenue Commissioner.

W. G. Blake, '83, is agent for Publishing Company for North and South Carolina.

J. J. Gentry, '88, elected Probate Judge in '94, re elected in '98. He is also a real estate agent.

J. L. Fleming and Gabe Cannon are in the Merchants and Farmers Bank of Spartanburg.

A. M. DuPré, class of '95, is Head Master of Wofford College Fitting School. He has associated with him Mr. C. H. Leitner, class of '98. Mr. Leitner is also instructor in Wofford College Gymnasium.

Andrew Law has recently moved back to Spartanburg and is now in the brokerage business.

J. K. S. Ray, class of '91, is bookkeeper in Central National Bank of Spartanburg.

J. C. Evins, '88, is very prominent in the Mill business.

S. B. Jones, class of '87, is manager of the Heinitsh Drug Company.

M. C. Nash, who finished Sophomore year with class of '99, is in law office with his brother.

Gus M. Chreitzberg, '95, is bookkeeper for National Bank of Spartanburg.

W. H. Wannamaker, class of '95, is principal of the city graded schools. He has with him Messrs. J. E. Walker, class of '96, and R. A. Law, '98.

C. H. Barber, '96, is with Mr. J. B. Cleveland.

J. C. Rogers, class of '98, is with the Green Manufacturing Co.

P. H. Fike, who spent several years on the campus; is city editor for the Spartanburg Herald.

M. H. Daniel, '87, is merchandising with his brother, J. L. Daniel, class of '91.

H. V. Stribling, '99, former city editor of Evening Telegram, is with his father in the West End hotel.

J. D. Boyd, who spent several years in college, is in the brokerage business with Clark & Co.

M. B. Crigler, who finished Junior year with class of '99, is in office of Bomar & Simpson.

Jas. Cofield, class of '82, is with the Fidelity Loan and Trust Co., of Spartanburg.

M. G. Blake and J. P. Kellar, who finished Junior with class of '98, are both merchandising in Spartanburg.

W. H. Zimmerman, who finished Soph with class of 1900, is instructor in Spartanburg Business College.

J. M. Gamewell is in the engine room in the Spartan Mills.

Geo. Cofield, who spent some time at college, is health inspector for Spartanburg.

W. G. Ward, class of '97, is bookkeeper for Arkwright Mills.

Among others in town who have spent one or more years on the campus are A. G. Nabors, J. H. Evins, W. Choice and S. A. Derieux.



Local Department.

W. C. MARTIN, EDITOR.

CAMPUS DOTS.

Base-ball!

Field Day!

Holiday! for the twenty-second.

Mr. Merchant of the freshman class is very ill with pneumonia, at his room on the campus. At this writing our friend is reported some better and we hope for his speedy recovery.

Messrs. Kirkland and Eñen have been confined to their room for the past week with an attack of la-grippe.

Mr. Hoke, of Rock Hill, has been on the campus recently visiting friends.

The boys are making great preparations for the moot-court, which is billed for March 5th.

Mr. Sloan, of the freshman class, has just returned from a short visit home.

We are sorry to report, that Mr. A—of the Junior class who has been suffering with heart trouble is no better.

Mr. Bennet of the Sophomore class who was called home last week owing to sickness in his family, has returned to college.

Three of our wise Sophomores have been, recently, severely criticised by the fresh for reverting to the old sixteenth century idea of kissing the ladies' hands. They forget they live in the twentieth century, when such a thing is unknown.

What a good senior class! There are eighteen members of the senior class and none use tobacco in any form. So much for that.

Mr. Horace Brown has just returned from a trip to Cowpens, where he has been visiting for his health.

Mrs. Merchant, of Branchville, is now on the campus, having been called to bedside of her sick boy.

The boys are now practicing for their field day exercises. The prospects are promising and doubtless Wofford will be well represented on that day.

The following young men left the city last Thursday for Greenwood, where they went to attend the State Y. M. C. A. Convention. Messrs. B. H. Boyd, M. Auld, A. E. Driggers, V. W. Brabham, C. E. Peele, Camak, Prince, Sharpe, Stokes and Way.

D. D. Wallace and wife have returned from a pleasure trip north.

Prof. Clinkscales as president of the athletic association received a letter a few days ago from Erskine relative to intercollegiate tennis contests in this State. The letter was read in a meeting before all those students interested in tennis, and immediate steps have been taken looking into the advisability of entering such a league. We have on the campus some good tennis material and we are certain that Wofford would not come out last in a tennis league.

Mr. Crum, of Orangeburg, has entered the freshman class.

Mr. J. Harry Minnis, of the class of '02 has withdrawn from college and is now attending Richmond's Business College in Charleston. We are sorry to give Harry up. He was quite popular while in college and carries with him the best wishes of both the student body and faculty.

The boys are looking forward with much pleasure to the next two lectures, which are to be delivered next week in the city. The first, by the great French humorist Max O'Rell will be delivered at Converse College Monday night, the 12th; the second, by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie will be delivered in the court-house next week. The boys will turn out in full force.

Mr. Gross, of Greenville, who attended college last year has been visiting friends on the campus.

Mr. F. M. Bryant delivered his monthly oration for January before the Calhoun Society last Saturday evening, on Prohibition. Mr. Bryant presented his oration in an easy, but forcible manner. His oration showed thought, and was an able argument in favor of the Prohibition cause.

Mr. J. F. Barnes has been elected to deliver the oration before the Calhoun Society for March, and Mr. Pegues will deliver the March oration before the Preston Society.

We see from the papers that Mr. H. A. C. Walker of the class of '97 was married on the 6 inst. to Miss Utsey, of Georges. The Journal extends to Mr. Walker its congratulation and wish him a long and happy life.

The base ball men have begun practice on the field and from now on, whenever the weather will permit, Capt. Burnett will have the boys out warming up for Spring. There are over twenty applicants for the team and every man is playing hard for a place. The boys are meeting with much encouragement and if the faculty will only "stick to us," Wofford will again put out a winning team. Manager Hardin has not given out his schedule for the games as yet, but probably we shall be able to give them in our next issue.

However, it is very probable that among our games the following will be played on our grounds: Trinity College, April 19; Wake Forest, April 23; Charleston College, April 28; University of Maryland, May 7.

It seems very probable that the people of Spartanburg will have the privilege next June of hearing two of the greatest preachers in America. Rev. Lyman Abobtt, of New York, the well known editor of the Outlook, will preach the baccalaureate sermon at Converse, while Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson, of Baltimore, Md., will preach the baccalaureate sermon at Wofford. The fact that these two great preachers will appear in Spartanburg at that time, will in itself be a great attraction and doubtless many will attend the commence-

ments for the sole purpose of hearing these distinguished Divines.

The anniversary exercises, which are held each year in honor of Benj. Wofford, the founder of this institution, will be held in the college chapel on the twent-second of this month. We hope the people of Spartanburg will turn out in full force and that the speakers will be greeted by a large audience. The reception committee will make arrangements to have good music and as has heretofore been customary, a reception will be given in the society halls immediately after the speaking. There will be only two speeches. Mr. E. H. Hall will represent the Preston Society, while Mr. W. C. Martin will represent the Calhoun.

The moot court which is to be given by the student body next month, promises to be a decided success. The boys have begun work and soon all the necessary arrangements will be made. The proceeds of the entertainment will be used for the benefit of the two societies.

THE GMYNASIUM EXHIBITION.

Last Monday evening the gymnasium team gave their annual exhibition at the college gymnasium. A large crowd was present, and for two hours they were entertained by one of the best exhibitions we have ever witnessed. We have heard the exercises pronounced as a decided success many times and well the team deserves such praise. We hardly think it possible for any team to have done better with the same amount of practice.

Prof. Leitner and Capt. Shockley both deserve mention for their efficient training and management of the team.

Messrs. Duncan, DuPre, Varner and Shockley's work on the flying rings was especially good, while Mr. Bryant's long and high diving was wonderful. Mr. Morrison also deserves praise for his trick performances, but we have not space

enough to give honor to whom honor is due. We simply say all did well. The team and program is given below.

PROGRAM.

TEAM.

C. H. Leitner, Instructor.

H. T. Shockley, Capt.

J. R. Duncan.

D. D. Wannamaker.

F. M. Bryant.

B. H. Boyd.

G. B. Clinkscales.

E. M. Salley.

C. H. Varner.

T. R. Young.

A. Morrison.

F. S. DuPré.

R. C. Oliver.

G. B. Leonard.

Dumb-bell Drill.

Horizontal Bar

Flying Rings.

Mat Rolls.

Parallel Bars.

Vaulting Horse.

Spring Board Work.

Tumbling.

Pyramids.



Wofford College Directory.

JAS. H. CARLISLE, L.L. D., President.

J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Secretary.

D. A. DUPRÉ, A. M., Treasurer.

Calhoun Literary Society.

President, W. C. Martin.
Vice-President, C. P. Rogers.
1st Critic, L. E. Wiggins.
Secretary, V. C. Wilson.
Treasurer, C. E. Peele.

Preston Literary Society.

President, C. D. Lee.
Vice-President, L. H. Daniel.
1st Critic, M. Auld.
Secretary, M. S. Asbill.
Treasurer, E. L. Guy.

"Wofford College Journal."

Editor-in-Chief, H. T. Shockley.
Business M'g'r., Clarence D. Lee.
Literary Editor, L. L. Hardin.
Exchange Editor, E. P. Miller.
Alumni Editor, E. C. Major.
Local Editor, W. C. Martin.
Ass't. Bus. M'g'r., W. C. Koger.
Ass't. Lit. Editor, Thomas Daniel.

Y. M. C. A.

President, V. W. Brabham.
Vice-President, M. Auld.
Secretary, C. E. Peele.
Treasurer, N. L. Prince.

Athletic Association.

President Prof. J. G. Clinkscales.
Manager, L. L. Hardin.
Assistant Manager, E. P. Miller.
Sec. and Treas., E. C. Major.
Captain, Chas. B. Burnett.

Gymnasium Association.

President, E. P. Miller.
Vice-President, C. D. Lee.
Sec. and Treas., E. C. Major.

Alumni Association.

President, W. E. Burnett, '76.
Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, '76.

Fraternities.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.
Pi Kappa Alpha.
Kappa Alpha.
Kappa Sigma.
Chi Phi.
Chi Psi.

Caterer Wightman Hall.

L. E. Wiggins.

Senior Class.

President, L. L. Hardin.
Vice-President, E. H. Hall.
Sec. and Treas., Carroll Rogers.
Poet, C. C. Alexander.

Junior Class.

President, Thomas Daniel.
Vice-President, M. Auld.
Sec. and Treas., J. B. Gibson.
Poet, F. K. Lake.
Historian, W. C. Koger.

Sophomore Class.

President, F. F. Watkins.
Vice-President, Carroll Varner.
Sec. and Treas., Strother.

Freshman Class.

President, Herbert Lewis.
Vice-President, W. K. Greene.
Sec. and Treas., J. R. Duncan.

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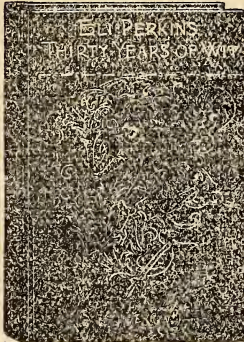
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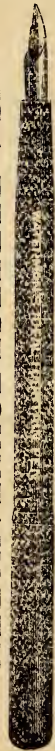
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SEE ME WHEN HUNGRY. **C. E. TINSLEY.**

Ye Wofford Swells,

Just four months ago we contracted for this page in the Journal, through which medium we have solicited your trade, and today (we are proud to say) we feel it our duty to use this space in extending to you our sincere appreciation for your very liberal patronage, for surely 'twas beyond our expectation, and we feel flattered indeed by your kind favors.

Now, to throw bouquets at ourselves (as it were), we must congratulate you upon your keen appreciation of what is stylish, up-to-date and durable, and knowing where to buy swell shoes. We are close students of shoeology, and you may rest assured that shoes bought of us are Dame Fashion's latest productions.

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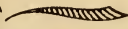
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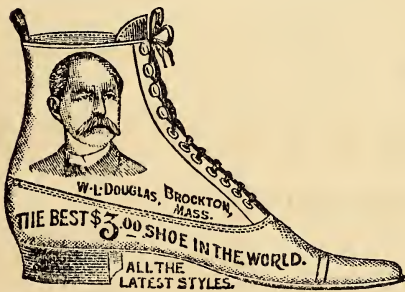
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Vol. XI.

MARCH, 1900

No. 6.

Entered at the Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as Second-class Matter.

CONTENTS.

Advertising Department.....	2-8
Literary Department.....	9-35
"Three Sisters Beautiful"—Olin D. Wannamaker ...	9-11
"Tennent's Journal".....	11-17
"Poe as a Writer of the Short Tales"—J. Walter Dickson.....	17-19
"Alle"—(A Poem)—Kendree W. Littlejohn.....	19-20
"Richard Sylvester—The Young Captain"—J. B. Gibson.....	20-26
"Women and Higher Education"—C. E. Peele.....	26-30
"How the Settlements Were Saved"—W. Z. Dantzler.	30-33
"Sketches"—"Mel," "F. K. L.".....	33-35
Editorial Department.....	37-41
Exchange Department.....	43-48
Alumni Department.....	49-54
Local Department.....	55-61
College Directory.....	62
Advertising Department.....	63-72

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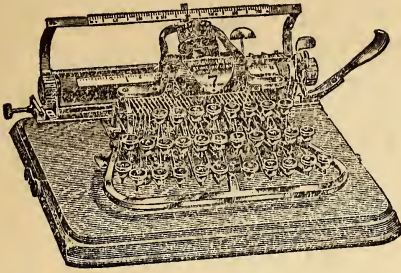
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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Literary Department.

L. L. HARDIN, EDITOR.

THREE SISTERS BEAUTIFUL.

BY OLIN D. WANNAMAHER.

Three sisters keep the Well of Life that flows
Close by the Road of Mortals. Fair are they,
And loved of all who walk that dusty way,
The Road of Mortals. Holy youth bestows,
Forever fresh, its crown of purity
And unspoiled beauty on the brow of each.
Yea, passing fair are they!—But I beseech
Ye see them for yourselves, the trinity
Of sisters leaning by Life's limpid Well
Beside the Road of Mortals—lily-tall
And lily-pure and graceful, robe and all:
'Tis easy now to see, but hard to tell.
One bows her head weighed down with golden hair,
Like some great rose too glorious for its stem;
Her hands are clasped; the richly brodered hem
Of her soft-falling garment, colored rare
As some old painting, lies across the stones.
Her eyes are dreaming, but she dreams like one
That hath a vision: past with her is gone;
She sees the future years in far-off zones.
Thus pondering, with hands that interlace,
And long, dark lashes shadowing sweet eyes,
She builds a future fairer, bluer skies
For Mortals: God's world lightened by His face.
Each traveller, worn and weary of the road,
Raises his eyes for joy of one fair face,
Like sunset in its softly radiant grace,
And steps with lighter heart beneath his load.

The second sister wears but white alway.

Her cheeks are thin, but tinted with the flush
Of woman-life so tender as the blush
On one rose petal fallen in the May.

With fingers locked and hair blown back, she seems
Almost a spirit. In her eyes a fire
Burns like the burning, sanctified desire
Of some far-minist'ring angel, when the gleams

Of Paradise break thro' the veil of blue
And her wings quiver with the wish to fly
And worship by the Throne. So in the eye
A holy fire burns: these eyes are true.

She gazes ever at the eastern sky,
All night, all day. Her eyes are on a star
By night, and, when the sunbeams flash afar
At morn, her lips are parted for the cry

Of joy if God should then appear. So those
Who pass, beholding how the white-robed one
Watches and waits, believe their toil is done,
And soon the City of the King will close

Its everlasting gates, and bar them in,
From pilgrimage to rest. Their eyes are raised
In the unutterable prayer of praise
For this sweet sister who hath helped them win.

The last is loveliest! Brown her clustered hair
And glorious eyes. Her purple garment bright
Is rich as cloth of gold, but shade and light
And bird and flower, woven by weaver rare,

Adorn it. Never trembled woman's lip
With life thus full! No eyes that ever shone
So clear, and yet with that deep yearning known
To earliest hour of motherhood, when slip

The fingers first o'er baby's tiny face.
Such is the last of these who always stand
Close by the Well of Life in that dry land,
The Land of Mortals: three that help this race

Each her own way, while hot the barren sands
Beneath their feet. 'Tis ever she that dips
The priceless water for the parched lips
Of pilgrim, since the others only stand

And dream or watch, as was ordained of God.
 And ever and anon the cup is pressed
 By her sweet hand upon the one that blessed
 The passer with her dreaming, till his load
 Was light; or her who waits for God to blow
 The heavens and, descending, lead His host
 Of Mortals to the City. Therefore, most
 Of all, she helps poor pilgrims; for 'tis now,
 And not hereafter, that their tongues are dry,
 Their limbs are bowing and their hearts are sick:
 This last, the loveliest, is glad and quick
 To give the drink of life before they die.
 The poet saith these three, in the eyes of Him
 Who seeth—saith the poet they are one;
 There are no three with Him. And He alone
 Hath wisdom and sure sight: our eyes are dim.

TENNENT'S JOURNAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY NUMBER.)

“Monday 4th Septemr Arose with the early Dawn, took a Guide & crossed Savannah River at Cawans Ferry, the River swelling much by the Rains, was on the Georgia side before Sunrise, rode hard & crossed a wood to avoid a place where an Ambuscade was suspected. Passed Little River with great difficulty; my Guide falling with his horse into the Rapid Current lost his Saddle & was in some danger. Fording the Rivers & some Showers wet me exceedingly, which with an empty Stomach made me feel badly before we reached the Inn. It was near 11 o'clock before we broke our fast. Met with one of the *King's Men* as they are absurdly called, from whom I learned that they expected a Meeting on Wednesday of all their Comrades on the Banks of the Savannah about 20 miles above Augusta, from which & sundry Circumstances it appears that they mean some Stroke. Arrived at Mr. Rugs at Augusta at half an hour Sun, haveing rode 47 Miles, some say 55 left the horses there & crossed the River to Captn Hammonds. Found his House fortified in & a large body of Militia there ready to

move with Mr Drayton. This is one of the most lofty & fine situation I have seen since I came to this Colony. The River lies beneath him, & a sounding Fall before his Door. Navigation is clear to this place, & with £1000 Sterling I would undertake to clear it near 100 Miles farther up. Consulted with Mr. Drayton & found that on a Discovery of the intention of Kirtland & the others to embody on Wednesday & go upon some Enterprise, he had ordered the Regiment of Horse to march, & the Militia, in all to the Amount of 1000 effective men. We agreed upon the Necessary movements, & I consented to make the best of my way to Charlestown, to lay a State of the whole Matter before the Council of Safety.

“The two Hundred Men that are now here are the Quota that Georgia sends under our Commanding Officer, slept at Hammonds.

“Tuesday 5 Septembr My Chaise & Horses not yet come from Ninety-Six. Begin to fear some Accident. Spent the day with Mr Drayton at Mr Hammonds. Crossed in the Evening to Augusta to the house of (of) Mrs Barnet the relict of Colonel Barnet decd, was genteely received & treated by Mr Goodion. Distance from Mr Hammonds about 4 miles.—

“Wednesday 6th Wrote letters, & rode to Mr John Waltons to dine, on the way the horse taking fright ran away with Mr George Walton & myself. But Providence so ordered that the Road being fine, after we had been carried with the greatest rapidity & danger near a Mile & a half, the horse was stopped. After dinner as we were about to return to Augusta, another horse being in the Chaise, we had not proceeded forty steps before he took fright also & ran off with great Violence. The rein breaking we could not direct him, & the Wheel soon taking a Log, we were thrown out & the Chaise was torn in pieces. Through God’s Goodness I received only a small hurt on my Hip, Mr Walton was so bruised that I thought it best to bleed him & put him to bed. I then accepted of a Solo Chair & went to Augusta, Rode this day 18 Miles only. My Chair

not yet come, makes me conclude that some miscarriage has happened, & find it necessary to send an Express to 96.

“This Evening our little Detachment of about 200 Men marched about 8 Miles to Fox’s Creek, having News that Major Williamson was on his way to 96, & Col Thompson in full march with the Rangers & Militia to join them.—

“Thursday 7th Septemr 1775 Wrote letters & dispatched a Negro Man with the horses for Mr Williams on the North of Saluda, with Orders for my Chaise & horses. Went 10 Miles to New Savannah where I had appointed a Meeting of Inhabitants, in hopes to draw an audience out of Augusta, from Mr Golphin’s Settlement, & Beech Island. But the most of the Men having marched with Mr Drayton, & Mr Golphin being from home, I had but few. To these few I thought it worth while to speak largely as there were three nonassociators among them. Dined & returned to Augusta, in all 20 Miles.

Was alarmed by Intelligence that two of Mr Draytons men had been killed after a short march. Sent to enquire into the Report, & could not find the Certainty. Another report came into town that Kirkland with a large party was about 25 Miles up the River at a Ford, & intended to take advantage of the absence of the Men to attack this place. Determining to make one in the defence of the Town went with speed to Wilson’s Fort. They were greatly alarmed at our coming & received us with Guns all prepared. After finding their mistake we were admitted, & had not been there ten minutes, before another rapping at the Gate again alarmed the Fortification. But in a minute was agreeably surprised to find it was Mr Taylor from Saluda, who not being able to obtain any safe hand to bring my Carriage had travelled at least 48 Miles to it to me, although he expected to be Ambuscaded. He accordingly saw & conversed with some Men who seemed to be placed for that purpose, but they let him pass after calling him sundry times by my name.

“I find this young Gentleman possessed of much cool bravery & Manly sense. He had missed the Army on his

way by going the lower road. By a letter with him & by word of mouth I received the joyful News of Genl Gages's defeat & of the recovery of Boston from the hands of the British Pirates. The discourse he had with Cunningham confirms me in the belief of the Extent of Lord Wm's Conspiracy. After arranging matters & agreeing upon a signal returned to Mrs Barnett's Fort, & found they had loaded 13 Muskets for service, & were preparing to repel an Attack. Thank God I slept safely & soundly. Every valuable House in Augusta is surrounded by a strong wooden Fortification formed of three inch Plank fixed in deep grooves of upright Posts, not less than 10 or 12 feet high. These Forts are differently constructed, some have large strong pentagonal Flankers at each corner in which from 20 to 40 Men each may fight. The Flankers have two stories, & on the upper floor are mounted a number of three Pounds. Others have demiflanks projected from the middle of each side to answer the same purpose. These Buildings serve in times of peace for Chair houses & other Offices, but in war render the Inhabitants secure in the midst of Savages.—

"Friday 8th Contented myself with riding only 9 Miles on my way to Charles—town, was accompanied by Mr George Walton & Mr Taylor. On our way met an Express from Savannah who brought letters to Mr Walton from the Council of Safety, which I wish I never had seen.—

"Saturday 9th Set out about 8 O'clock, after many civilities from Mr John Walton, whose Plantation is I think the finest I ever saw in the Article of Soil. Crossed Briar Creek in a flat where it is not more than 35 yards wide. This shows the want of Public Spirit in this Colony. Five Men would build a Bridge over this Stream in a fortnight. The Court-house on this Road is laughable. It is a Building of about 25 by 16 feet, a pen of Logs covered with Clapboards: before it towers the Oaken Liberty pole with a tattered Flag at its head.

"After riding 27 Miles, put up at Lamberts Tavern. This Man had tried an Experiment lately on three of his Waggon

horses: it succeeded so well that the Buzzards are hard at Business.

Had it happened one Month sooner, or had he had the wit to know before hand that three dead horses are capable of perfuming the Air at more than an hundred yards distance, I should not have had the Amusement I am like to have all this night.

“But *every Man is not an Apollo*. I find it better to laugh than to be always snarling at the weakness of Mankind.

I must not forget that this Day finding my self sleepy on the Road, I took the Liberty to stop my horses in the Kings high way & to take a nap in the Carriage. I hope his Majesty will not be persuaded to get an Act of Parliament passed to constitute this Treason.—

“Sunday 10th Septemr 1775— Having no opportunity for the worship of God in a Country destitute of the least form of Religeon, & no time to warn a Meeting, & indeed not being happy where I was, I concluded it best to spend the Day on the Road. Dined at one Nichols’s Tavern, where to very bad Dinner was added the Oaths & Execrations of as detestable a Crew as horse Thieves in general are. Was glad to get away & pushed hard to get to a Mr Hudsons about 42 Miles. With difficulty reached it as my horses begin to weaken much.

“Found his House on a high Bluff of Savannah River Forted in by Palisades. On one side you have a rough & agreeable view of the River & the Lands of So Carolina, on the Other you have a broken prospect of Woods & Fields. The Building is tollerably good & the people kind. Here wrote letters to the Council of Safety in Savannah, giving them the most interesting intelligence.

“Monday 11th Set out early for the Ferry at the two Sisters: reached Tritchlands between 9 & 10 Oclock. He advised me that the Waters were high but that I might pass. I since found that his Intention was to convince me by finding it impossible, that even in so low a fresh Mr Williamson’s Ferry was not good.

“He succeeded in the unkind experiment, for in addition

to much Difficulty, I had nearly drowned my best Horse, & was glad to return to the house. He now kindly offered to set me over *gratis*. I accepted it & undertook as there was no other hand to steer the Flat up against the Stream. But in my life I never endured more burning heat of the Sun, I striped (stripped) to my Shirt & laboured hard for four hours to gain but one Mile. Got to the ferry house much spent, & after a little refreshment threw myself on a Bed & slept; awoke in a sweat much relieved by it. My Friends would have smiled to see my repast & the figure I cut in eating it. Fried pork & Milk was a dish to which necessity gave an high relish. It was in the night before I reached the Widow Allisons. It is an easy matter to write Novels if a Man Travels & describes nothing more than the truth. The World is full of variety & you meet with such comical Animals upon the face of it, that to paint well is sufficient to interest a Reader. At the Tavern found a recruiting Sergeant & some newly enlisted Soldiers, But—hold—I have other business to do than to write every thing I see & hear. I slept well, thank God, & got once more into my Carriage on the Morning.——

“Tuesday 12th But to my unspeakable mortification perceived that my two best horses were foundered by getting into the Corn field last night. Hobbled along with(e) the greatest difficulty to Coosaw Bridge. Was informed by Mr Desaussure that there was to be a Meeting of the Officers of Beaufort Regiment at Vanbibbers Tavern where I might be furnished with horses,

“Concluded to stay & dine with them. In the mean time met with unfortunate Dr David Gould, whose narration was truly affecting.

“Was very politely treated by Coll Bull & others: horses were found me at the first word. After much conversation on interesting matters, rode^{on} to my Plantation This days jaunt was only 20 Miles.

“Wednesday 13th Found matters in good order at the plantation, but my horses so poor as not to permit my taking one of them with me. Gave thenecessary Orders in

my own affairs, & rode in the evening to Doctor Budds 8 Miles.

“Found there Mr Desaussure & Dr Gould, by whom I was informed of the unmanly manner in which a certain Doctor had ordered the horse which he had lent me out of my Chaise.

“Mr. Hamilton’s coming relieved me from my difficulty by promising me horses in the morning.——

“Thursday 14th My horses were so entirely weakened that with difficulty they dragged me to Arthur Middletons plantation where fresh horses met me. With only one small Disaster reached Mr James Skirving’s to dine. He politely offered me horses to town and with a pair of them got me to Mr. Jo Bee’s in the evening, having rode about 30 miles——

“Friday 15th September 1775, Set out in the rain and rode this day through the greatest quantity of water I remember ever to have seen. Met with some small difficulties but had them all compensated by the Joy of my dear family and friends on my safe arrival”——

(THE END.)

POE AS A WRITER OF THE SHORT TALE.

We have Poe’s own authority for it, that he considered the short tale as affording a fine opportunity for the expression of genius, and at least in this direction he put into practice what he preached, a thing not so easily carried out. Poe was a prince among the writers of short stories, and he ranks with Hawthorne, although their methods of treatment were so unlike that they can hardly be compared at all. Poetry also claimed a part of his attention, and in fact he considered that as the best field for the development of the beautiful; but for the portrayal of horror and passion he relied upon the tale, and in it he was probably the most successful.

In nearly all of his stories, or in a large number of them, there is a profound process of reasoning carried on through-

out the entire story. This is often the effect for which Poe so earnestly strove, and it often counteracts the effect of the horrible and the mysterious, so intensely interested are we in the workings of the reasoner's mind. For example, in the "Gold Bug," the reasoning faculty of Legrand is so wonderful and so extraordinary that it seems almost a miracle that he could have the patience and ingenuity to unravel such a mystery as was the code found on the parchment. And yet his reasoning is perfectly correct, and at the end of the story we often ask ourselves why had we not thought of that before. In the story the mysterious and the supernatural are so interwoven with the logical part that we are in a condition to expect almost anything, and when anything a little more abnormal than the usual does happen, we have been so led up to it that with the exception of a somewhat stronger effect on the nerves, we can believe it as we did all the rest. Thus it is after reading several of his stories, we become somewhat accustomed to their unusualness and can read them with a tolerably composed mind and quiet nerves. It is as if our nerves were deadened by too much of the same thing.

For making a vivid impression upon the reader and holding him spell-bound as if by magic, Poe cannot be excelled by any writer and is equaled by very few. This is of course due to his subjects and to his masterly way of dealing with them. This latter especially has the most to do with it, for Poe was a studied stylist and rhetorician; and this has certainly kept him from being classed as a writer of mere sensational stories. As it is, we cannot help noticing the close relationship between his writings and the modern detective story. By a few words or phrases Poe can awaken us to a sense of the ghastly and the supernatural, and he is not sparing of these expressions. He chooses his scenes well, now it is a prison or lonely house, now a lonely island, and now perhaps it is laid in Paris, dark with crimes of every description. He has a special fondness for murders and other monstrous atrocities, and he paints them for us in such vivid colors as to give us a full appreciation of their horror. How far he succeeds in it depends entirely upon the nature of the reader.

And yet in some of his tales we have this element so common to Poe omitted. In the "Purloined Letter" there is none of it. We have only a well written account of a well carried out scheme of a Parisian detective of unusual ability in working out the marvelous. It is free from the blood-curdling events so graphically represented in the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and in nearly all of his other tales. Nevertheless the wonderful mind of Dupin and his remarkable analytical power fill us with admiration, and we delight to follow out step by step the solution of his riddles, for they can hardly be called anything else.

The "Tell Tale Heart" gives us still another kind of his stories, the horrible without the reasoning. His vividness of describing emotion and passion cannot be excelled, especially as it is represented here. Poe is at his best—or worst—in this story in this kind of emotion. He leads us on and on and on, until we think we can go no farther, and still he carries us on—and at last drops us in an outburst of human passion.

Now we come to Poe in one of his better moods, as represented in "Eleonora." Surely few, if any, can surpass him in a story of such beauty of style and thought as this. It is full of exquisite tenderness and ideal love. He combines his rhythm of poetry with his excellent prose. If such visions were caused by opium or drink it seems that the end here almost justifies the means, for what would we not give to be possessed of an imagination which could draw for us such a picture as this, the idealization of a contented mind.

J. WALTER DICKSON.

ALLE.

In the wild and plaintive murmur
From the reefs down by the sea,
Eagerly I sought some message
Of a wand'rer lost to me.

For I feigned when e'er the beating
On the cliff grew loud and long
That I heard some lonely anthem
Blending, lost, in one sweet song.

For I fancied in the night time,
When the waves were stilled in sleep,
There I saw her light barque sitting
Like a shadow on the deep.

And I begged those wondrous waters
That the secret they disclose,
If she weary with her wand'ring
Had beneath them found repose:

Or if borne away across them
She had found some sunny clime,—
Found a land where life's but music
Sounding on throughout all time.

But the waves refused to listen
To the changing cries of Youth;
Like its hosts of souls departed,
Held entombed this mystic truth:

And for all my wild entreating
Only echoes were returned,
While the sea kept on its beating
Words by mortal never learned.

—KENDREE W. LITTLEJOHN,

RICHARD SYLVESTER—THE YOUNG CAPTAIN.

Before the great civil war came on, C—— was a small, quiet village, not inhabited by more than a dozen families. Situated as it was in one of the most fertile cotton-producing sections in Eastern South Carolina, it could justly claim a portion of that fine old aristocracy on which the South has always prided itself. In Major Sylvester was all that could be expected of a polished Southern gentleman and landlord. He had been of great service, both to his State and country, and had served with distinction in the Mexican war. Being especially pleased with the manner in which the men of the

regular army conducted themselves in that war, he decided to send his eldest son, Richard, to West Point to be educated.

Richard had just passed seventeen when he left home to enter the military academy, and was a tall boy, somewhat overgrown for his age, with a kind, generous heart and was well thought of by everyone. He was like most boys of that age, very reckless and did many things which he afterwards regretted, yet despite his thoughtlessness his class record was always satisfactory. When two years had passed and he was entitled to a leave of absence, he immediately came South to spend his holidays with his parents. They did not see in him the tall, awkward boy whom they had sent away, but instead there was an erect and handsome youth with a dignified military bearing.

There was another family in C—— which almost equalled the Sylvesters, both in wealth and influence, the Whites. It was while Dr. White was a medical student that he fell in love with a Northern lady and after his graduation he married her. Having no children of their own, Mrs. White's little niece, Mabel Bernard, often came down and spent the summer with her in the South; and it was in this way that she had first met Richard Sylvester. It happened that while the young West Point cadet was at home, Mabel was spending the summer with her aunt. She, too, was not the little girl whom Richard once knew and with whom he used to play and call his little sweetheart, but she had grown into a beautiful young lady, having a mass of brown hair on a perfectly shaped head, and large melting grey eyes in which could be read sincerity and frankness. She was very intelligent and had powers of conversation which betokened a mind of great brilliance.

It did not take Mabel and Richard long to wear off the embarrassment caused by several years of separation, but in a remarkably short time they were as good friends as ever. In fact, a love soon grew that smothered all of their innocent thoughts of childhood, a love that was destined to be tried to the utmost. They were continually together, and during the remainder of his visit, the time seemed to them to glide

by with unusual quickness. They rode on horseback over to the pond to get the lillies while they were fresh and pretty, they rowed and fished on the river; and when it became too hot for amusement of that kind, they sat on the lawn and told college experiences. Late in the afternoon on clear days they always rode out to a high hill to see the sun set, returning in the evening twilight. Occasionally they were persuaded to join in the large picnic gatherings down the river, but these were always a bore to them and were avoided at every opportunity, for they wished to be left to themselves.

On Sundays when they attended the services at the little village church they were gazed on with great admiration by the congregation. The good old preacher seemed to gain inspiration by looking in their fresh young faces. Then when they walked out of the church and down the street, he, in an undress uniform and holding himself erect, looked exceedingly handsome; and it was remarked by those standing around the doors that he and his fair companion in the neatly fitting white dress made an exceptionally good looking couple.

On the afternoon before he was to leave on the morrow, they went on their usual ride to the hill to see the sun set, but they seemed sad despite their many attempts to appear gay. They gazed in silence at the great red ball as it rested lazily on the bright, purple horizon. It caused a feeling of sadness to hover over them as the last speck disappeared behind the tall trees and sank in the river beyond.

The conversation on the return was mostly confined to the parting, and many were the promises that were made. On the road between the village and the place where they had been, was a quaint old fashioned house built after the ante-Revolutionary style of architecture, with a broad hall, low roof and large rooms. This was the house of Squire Mc-Innis, a kind-hearted old Scotchman, who had the reputation of having married more couples than any other man in that whole community. Before they reached there, however, Richard had almost persuaded Mabel how romantic it would be for them to go in and get the old Squire to marry them.

He told her that it would make their love more binding, and that when he had finished at the military academy and she at the Seminary that they could then make their secret known and would be quickly forgiven. The old Squire, he said, would never tell anyone if they desired it. She hesitated at first on the grounds that her aunt should at least know and give her opinion; but he told her that her aunt would surely tell them to wait, *besides* it being such a fascinating idea and that no one would know of it until two years had passed. His argument seemed so clear and persuasive that she finally consented, and they were quietly married by the genial old Squire with no witness except an old black, gray-headed family servant.

II.

Richard left for New York early the next morning to complete his education at the great military academy. The separation was hard for him to stand, yet he smothered his feelings successfully and went thoughtfully back to his duties. During the remaining two years that he was at West Point, Mabel heard from him regularly and it was remarkable how well they succeeded in keeping the secret to themselves. Not even his best friend at the Academy or hers at the Seminary ever knew of it, and when he graduated the great secret was still buried in their hearts.

As has been said before it was their intention to make known their marriage as soon as he graduated, but something happened which completely changed their long arranged plans. He had no sooner received his commission than he was ordered to report immediately at one of the posts in the far west. This was a great disappointment to both, but he wrote and explained all to Mabel, promising to return in the autumn. When autumn came they were doomed to disappointment again, as affairs at the post were in a very unsettled state. The Indians were continually giving them trouble and he was unable to secure leave of absence on any conditions, so his visit to the East was again postponed until the following summer.

That great cloud which had been darkening the country for so long, came forth with all its fury in the following spring, and our young friends were naturally left in a very embarrassing position despite even their so binding relations. Richard, being a true Southerner, sanctioned every act of his countrymen; and Mabel, being a Northerner, of course thought her people in the right. Yet as soon as the war broke out, he wrote to her telling her that under the circumstances they would be compelled to let their marriage remain a secret until that terrible war should end. That so far as they, themselves, were concerned it made no difference, but that their parents would never consent.

Resigning his commission as Lieutenant in the West, Richard immediately returned to the East and joined the Confederate army. Having already won some distinction as an Indian fighter, he was unhesitatingly given the captaincy of a company, and by his previous military experience he soon had the best drilled and best disciplined company in the brigade. They were among the first sent to the front and took a very conspicuous part in the first battle of the war.

The battle of Manassas had been raging furiously and the result seemed indeed gloomy for the Confederates. They had just made one of their most desperate charges, when a colonel of the Federal army who had witnessed this gallant charge was exceedingly struck with the bravery of a particular company led by a comparatively young man. It was necessary for a difficult position to be stormed and captured, and the duty fell on young Sylvester's company. Gallantly they carried it with the bayonet, but their brave captain fell, a ball piercing a vital spot. With the fall of their leader the company seemed demoralized and in a short time were compelled to relinquish the position they had so dearly won. The Colonel of the Federal troops ordered the body of our young hero to be carried beyond the lines and to be given every attention. This happened early in the day and before the tide of battle turned in favor of the Confederates. The prisoners who had been captured by the Union troops were sent rapidly forward towards Washington and were thus be-

yond the path taken by the stampede of the Union army later in the day.

On the following day many ladies came from the city to aid in caring for the dead and wounded, and the wounded Confederate prisoners were in the same tents as the Union soldiers and were as attentively cared for. One there could have seen a tall, elderly man accompanied by two ladies, apparently his wife and daughter, pass through the hospital to a cot where a wounded Confederate officer lay dying. Although his face was pale and ashen, there remained something in it which did not escape the eyes of the young lady, for drawing near the cot hurriedly she bent over the form of the occupant and gently holding him in her arms, exclaimed in a tone of anguish: "Oh Richard! My brave darling, then it was you?" The dying man's breath came quick and short, but his eyes seemed to brighten up for a moment with a look of recognition, and he feebly said: "I was dreaming of you Mabel. I saw you as you looked on that last afternoon—when—when—we went to—see the sun—set."

The dying young captain with great difficulty managed to get out these few words which were almost unintelligible. When Mabel at last regained consciousness, being asked by her mother why she acted as she did, said: "Because, mother, he was my husband."

Everything was explained to her parents and both did all in their power to console their broken-hearted daughter.

Col. Bailey had the body of Captain Sylvester properly arranged and sent to his old home in the South.

III.

Of the women who risked their lives in aiding the wounded and dying in that great war, was a pale, beautiful young woman who seemed never to tire in caring for the unfortunate. She was as attentive to Confederate prisoners as to her own Northern soldiers, and when the war closed she did not stop her philanthropic work, but has always been an active worker in all mission causes. Although she is getting old, yet on each departing summer she lays aside her enor-

mous work and goes South on an annual visit to the scene of her past happiness, and during her stay a certain grave in a little family cemetery is always covered with fresh flowers. On each afternoon this pale, sad woman goes out to the hill, where in youth she was accustomed to go with her young soldier-lover, and with eyes almost blinded by tears, she watches the sun sink behind the tall trees—and into the river beyond.

J. B. GIBSON.

WOMEN AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

When we think of the great number of young men and young women now thronging our institutions of learning, we cannot at all realize the neglect that our forefathers entertained toward the education of their daughters. Until the latter half of this century, American girls had very little opportunity for education. To think of sending a girl to college was absurd. So profound was this impression in the minds of the people that we find no college for women earlier than 1837. At this time there were about seventy-five male colleges in the United States. 1841 marks the date when the first degree was received in this country by women—three graduates of Oberlin College. Then it was considered not all befitting a young woman to assert her claims to higher education. Speaking of female colleges, Timothy Dwight says: "It was not until Vassar College was founded in 1861, that men began to tolerate such institutions in their thinking, and most men even then doubted the wisdom of the founder of that institution or the possibility of its success."

Their educational interests, however, were not deferred because the fathers thought their daughters inferior or weaker in any respect to their sons, but because it fell into the natural order of things for their sons to be first. Our earliest colleges were instituted to supply a definite, felt need. Harvard, the first college in America, was called

into existence to supply the avowed need of a trained ministry. Indeed many of our earliest colleges, either directly or indirectly, had this same end in view. The encyclopædia states that more than half the graduates of our early colleges became clergymen. After the ministry other professions were to be supplied. Law schools and medical colleges sprang up. All these schools pointed directly toward one or another of the professions. They administered directly to the necessities of men. Women were completely debarred from entering college by those old prejudices against their entering professional life and being engaged in many of the occupations of the world. Their range of active life was limited, they had no grounds upon which to assert their claims to higher education, their duties were confined almost exclusively to the home. It was even thought improper for a young lady from the higher walks of life to engage herself in teaching school. All places of responsibility were filled by men. It was thought that women needed no training in preparing for the tasks common to their everyday life. It was not then believed as now that the greater the educational attainment, the better the performance of the small as well as the great duties of life.

Another cause which operated strongly toward deferring education for women was the ever present desire for material wealth. This power was perhaps most effective during the middle of this century. There were great possibilities for increasing wealth and thus bringing about the pleasures and enjoyments of material prosperity. Accordingly, in an extraordinary degree, the minds and energies of men were spent in the accumulation of property. All their efforts were mainly directed to this end. As a result, the popular opinion came about that education has its end in its uses. Men sent their sons to college to equip them for making money. This in their minds was the chief end in college training. And since girls were not allowed to enter the professions nor many of the employments, a thought of their training was not entertained. Few girls of that time who

had the means to attend college ever expected to be thrown upon their own resources for a livelihood. People thought that their constitution was not fitted to bread winning, therefore, they did not need a college education. Such opinions are not infrequently met with even at the present time.

Out of this neglect of higher education for women has grown certain erroneous beliefs. People say that the intellectual powers of women are inferior to those of men. Men took upon themselves all the heavier burdens of life and were engaged in all business in any way connected with the public, while women performed the easier tasks mainly in the home. In this way people were led to doubt their intellectual as well as their physical ability. Just as easier manual labor was fitted to their physical training so there was a milder mental training prepared for their intellectual powers. When an attempt was made for more rigid training and higher intellectual culture, such questions arose as, "Is her mind strong enough to undergo such exhaustive study?" "Would her physical system not break down?" "Is not such education, so like that proposed to young men, outside of the sphere to which she belongs?" A great many opponents arose discussing what was befitting the nature of women and what was not; and what was the particular sphere of activity in which they should move. Great clamors arose to prevent their crossing the bounds within which it had been so long considered proper for them to move. George William Custer says, "I know of no subject upon which so much intolerable nonsense has been talked and written and sung and, above all, preached, as the question of the true sphere of woman, and what is feminine and what is not, as if men necessarily knew all about it."

These were some of the barriers that blocked the way of female progress along educational lines and that were to be removed mainly by the efforts of women. Not more than forty years ago female colleges were in the experimental stage of their development. Men watched with critical eyes the results from these institutions. Much depended upon

the influence exerted by these colleges upon the female mind and character. The popular mind seemed to favor proving every forward step made in this direction before another was taken. All the influences upon the lives of the women brought about by these schools were carefully noted. Their success at first seemed to be small and discouraging, but, as time passed on, the momentum of this movement increased. The first effective efforts put forth for the furtherance of higher education for women were about 1860. For many years after that time, very few girls attended college. As late as 1879 not more than one-sixth of the students in our colleges and universities were women. Since that time the proportion in favor of the women has increased wonderfully. Many of our oldest and best institutions have thrown their doors open to both sexes alike and in spite of the fears accompanying this movement, it is said that in all the institutions where co-education has been tried, it has proved a complete success. During the last quarter of a century, the ability and power of women have been thoroughly demonstrated. They have taken their stand by the side of men in the leading colleges and universities of our country and their scholastic work is beyond reproach. Higher education for women is no longer an experiment but an accomplished fact. There are now a greater number of diplomas and certificates issued to women by our institutions of higher learning than to men.

Not only as students, but as teachers and tutors in the colleges of our country, women are doing real, honest, self-sacrificing work. Boston University alone has had four women on its medical faculty, and no discrimination was made because of their sex, with respect to salaries. At Smith's College the number of male and female teachers is about equal. The faculty of Wellesley College is composed mainly of women. With honor to themselves they are now occupying the chairs of English, French, German, Latin, and Greek. In fact their positions have been of every grade except that of president. They occupy positions of chairman of the faculty. A low curriculum and restricted oppor-

tunities can no longer satisfy the cravings of the female heart. They have become conscious of the possession of powers which can be made a blessing to themselves and to the world. From their institutions of learning they are going out into the world "like strong men shirking nothing but cherishing a determination to break every fettering condition that binds them from the free exercise of active life and to know the joy of feeling themselves a part of the living, life-inspiring forces of the universe."

C. E. PEELE, '01.

HOW THE SETTLEMENTS WERE SAVED.

In the State of G——, among the foot hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, there lives, or lived a few summers ago, an old "cracker" by the name of Ben Trunk. He is known around the country as "Crooked Ben" on account of a lame back, but he is as "peart" now and can hold a rifle as steady as he could thirty years ago. In the midst of the woods, with Nature all around him and his companion, Sarah Ann, to cheer his old age, he lives the quiet life of an ordinary backwoods farmer.

However, it is not the man who is concerned in the following bit of tradition, but having first heard the story from him, he deserves some mention at my hands. Well, to begin, I was once travelling through that rough section when, after a day or two of bad weather, I was compelled to stop my journeying and wait until the roads improved. So seeing a rude cabin in the midst of the oak and pine woods, I was glad to chance upon a shelter from the pouring rain. As I rode up a large clearing came into view behind the house, and there was really an air of attractiveness about the place.

I was soon "at home," and after a frugal supper we were sitting around the big fireplace talking. All that passed between us has been forgotten except an Indian narrative which he related. Finding that I was from Carolina, he be-

gan: "Did you know the Indians would have wiped all the white people out of that region and state if it hadn't 'a been for one fellow?" I didn't know it, and he continued: "My grandfather's father was a hunter and trader among them up-country Indians about 1720 if my memory serves me right." At that time there were two tribes of redskins who roamed the hilly forests bordering a stream that plunged down the mountain and hilly valleys until it reached the distant Saluda. Indeed, the country was so rough that straight trails were impossible, and a canoe, even dexterously handled by an Indian, could not make a safe trip either with or against the rapid current.

The old man said the two tribes, or parts of the same tribe, were the Utaloochees and Occaloogas, and they were close allies, having been so from their earliest traditions. He was not certain about the names, as he had not recounted the story in several years. However, the lower tribe, the Utaloochees, had become stirred up by fancied or real wrongs that the pale faces had committed against them, and they now prepared to unearth the hatchet and deck themselves in war paint. They sent runners to the neighboring tribes to stir them up and form a confederation, but they counted mostly on their friends the Occaloogas. In a council of war, held under four big poplars on the Tallawaba, (a name long since lost for the little stream mentioned before), the Utaloochee warrior chiefs met and smoked pipes. After awhile the oldest arose and eloquently showed how they needed the aid of the Occaloogas. So it was decided to send a swift runner to their allies, urging them to join with their friends. They also counselled him to impress them with the fact that without their help the scalp-hunt would fail, and they would fall before the pale faces.

After toiling a whole day over the hills, the runner reached the wigwams of the Occaloogas. He stated his errand and departed with the assurance that the Occaloogas would hold a council on the affair, and that they would send an answer "by way of the running water." Soon the tribal heads began to assemble and with much savage enthusiasm they

joined in the designs of their allies. But such feelings, after all, overcame their innate or cunning. When one said they would send their answer "by way of the running water" to the Utalooches in the valleys below, others declared that a runner should be sent; but the oldest chief said that the quickest way to tell their friends of their own decision for war, was by telling it first to the dancing water, as they had done before. "We will tie a hatchet to a gourd and trust it to the stream." Still others objected, mildly, that there was risk in trusting such a secret to the running water. Finally they determined to tie a stone hatchet, as the sign of their joining in the massacre, to a gourd which would cause it to float, and let the water take it down to their friends in the lower valley, who would be watching for it, thirty miles away. The "declaration of war" was carefully set adrift.

There was one friend of the white man there. He knew that this tribe would say whether there would be war and whether the palefaces would be murdered or not. In his heart, even at the council fire, he devised how he could save those whom he knew to be innocent. (This man's ancestor, the trader, had given him a blanket and a rifle not long before, which settled his mind in favor of the palefaces). When he saw what had been done he quietly left the wigwams and council and disappeared in the woods.

* * * * *

Here it comes floating swiftly down the rapid stream, and it seems that these Indians have adopted no unworthy method of sending a message.

Suddenly from the opposite bank of the stream a warrior emerges. It is the work of a minute to scramble and slip on the rocks and to swim and seize the hatchet. It is unloosed and a peace pipe is placed in its stead. After binding it securely, he sets the curious messenger afloat again and muttering to himself disappears in the canebrake. Soon his light tramp is lost to hearing in the woods. Quickening his pace, he sets out for the place where he guesses the trader to be, over the woods and hills ten miles away. He reaches the trader's hut or lodge that night, and tells what has hap-

pened. The next day they set out for the nearest settlement in Saluda valley.

Meanwhile the peace pipe reaches the Utaloochees and they are sorely disappointed. Sullen silence settled on their encampment that night and on the morrow they sent other runners to tell their neighbors of "the fall of the confederacy." Of course the Indians did not find out who had deceived them. The scalp hunt was frustrated and the peace of the colony was kept up for some time longer. As for the trader, he gave the Indian another blanket. He lived the remainder of his days in the up-country. "And," in conclusion, the old grizzled son of the forest at my side said, "that's how I came to know this, from my forefathers, and that's how I happen to be living in this house among these trees and red hills."

W. Z. DANTZLER, 1902.

SKETCHES.

In the early history of Wofford, or so goes tradition, there lived in one of the rooms of the building two students. One was a good kind of a fellow, cared little for cards or whiskey, and did not make a practice of staying away from his room at night. He had plenty of fun, however, and enjoyed a good joke. His companion was of a different type. Books had no attraction for him; but he spent much of his time gambling and carousing about with his friends and was hardly known to come in at night until the "wee sma' hours."

My authority does not state how long they lived in this condition, but I suppose it must have been for several months, for the better room-mate had grown tired of his bed-fellow's late hours and had determined to play a little trick on him.

Right here, I would state that the bed was in such a position that a person lying down would have the whole blank wall plainly before his eyes. This fact was one of importance in carrying out the scheme.

Well, on a certain night after supper, the room-mate whose custom it was, was, as usual, out of his room, and the other fellow knew that he would be by himself until late. So he takes some matches and dissolves the phosphorous and, then, just before his late bed-time, writes with the solution in large, heavy letters on the blank wall opposite the bed these words: "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." He blew out his light to see if the words were plain, touched up the dark parts, lit his lamp again, and jumped in bed leaving the lamp burning.

He had lain in bed for some little while before he heard his room-mate's heavy tread on the stair. He turns over on his side, pretends to be asleep, and awaits results.

The fellow stumbles in, blear-eyed and trembling. He shuffles off his clothes as best he can, blows out the light, and turns to get in bed, when the awful writing with its intense vividness shoots through his half-dazed brain and, with a terrified "Is that so?" falls across his room-mate. The joke had been too practical. The handwriting on the wall was true.

"MEL."

Charles Forster, sitting in front of the Grand Manxton, carefully lighted his cigar and puffed away meditatively. Forster was essentially a man of the world and had his own ideas of it. He had had some experience too, having speculated once or twice and lost his fortune, and having once been divorced on some petty reason.

He had been sitting in front of the hotel some time, when looking up, he saw to his great surprise an old friend, John Tate, who had been away on a trip for some time.

"Why, hello, old man, where have you been all the time, where did you spring from, and what have you been doing with yourself?" came in rapid succession.

"Oh, I took a little trip over to Europe, and just reached home last night," replied Tate.

"Have you been enjoying yourself?"

"You bet; and in a way which will surprise you old fellows," said Tate.

"How is that?"

"Oh, well, if you must know, I married the sweetest woman on earth, while in England."

Forster could not get in an exclamation, for Tate was now in his element, and like any newly married man, was rapidly enumerating his wife's good qualities.

"Yes, Forster, you must surely call around if you wish to meet an angel," and so on and so on.

"Not only will you be captivated by her mind and manner, but she is one of the most handsome women I have ever seen."

Tate was just moving when he said: "By the way to give you a idea how she looks, I happen to have a photo here which is very good of her."

Forster looked at it but a moment when he started and uttered an exclamation.

Tate, surprised, asked him what was the matter.

"Old man," said he, "that woman was my wife."

John Tate said not a word, but looked at him in a dazed way, and went on down the street looking neither to right nor left.

F. K. L.



WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Established {
1888. }

MARCH, 1900.

{ Vol. X.
No. 6. }

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H. T. SHOCKLEY, EDITOR.

On account of the sickness of the Editor-in-Chief, a few students have kindly consented to give a short review of some of the latest and most popular novels for this department.



"David Harum." It has become, of late, to be considered quite a success, in literature, to represent some new phase in the very diversified American character. This, Mr. Westcott has surely done in his "David Harum." Our first glimpse of "Dave," as Aunt Polly calls him, is in his own home. But the topic of conversation is of a "hoss" trade. From the first "Dave" lays down this principle for horse trading. "Do the other man as the other man wants to do you—and do it 'fust." "Dave" is a country banker as well, and hires a young man from New York City to come down and help in his business. Here Mr. Westcott takes an opportunity to introduce a delightful love story, for those who love such, into this great character development of his. John, who has known none of the responsibilities of life is

returning from a foreign trip and meets up with a young lady, Mary Blake, an old acquaintance. The voyage is short; but they are fast friends when it is over. John finds his father failing in business. He, however, induces his son to commence the study of law. John does so, but is not enthused with his work. Though he attains a fair amount of success, he is willing to stop when his father leaves him almost penniless and take up anything else that he can make a living at. This comes in the shape of a proposal to help David in his bank at Homeville. He is not disqualified for the place, as he knows a little of such work. Then comes a manful fight. He loses sight of the girl he loves, Mary Blake. But David keeps him busy, so he does not brood over it much. David tries him in many ways. He first let him fight his own battle. But he when sees how deserving John is he gives him a friend's hand. David gradually unfolds his life to us by relating it to John. It has been one of sensational struggle from childhood up. He overcomes all obstacles and returns to Homeville. He is a banker, a horse trader, and above all, a philanthropist in his way, and it is a good way. He gave the widow Cullum a snug Christmas present, by relieving her of a mortgage on her property, though she meets him fully expecting him to close out the mortgage. Though he has the reputation of being a shrewd horse trader, hard money lender, etc., we know him to be a man of high-minded fairness, open and above board in all things. John's health fails after five years, and as he has made some money he decides to travel. Fate (?) throws him and Mary Blake on the same ship again. He thinks she is married, so tries to shun her. She lets him remain in darkness, until the proper time comes, and tells him of his mistake.

Everything comes out allright at last, John and Mary are married, David is still house trading, etc.

To say the least, the book is something entirely new. If there is any credit in producing a new character, the author of "David Harum" deserves such credit. "David Harum" has one great overshadowing personage as the title suggests.

The side characters, however, are not neglected, but the chief interest is in David. We all sympathise with him in his humor, in his love for horse-trading; in his philanthropic ideas, however crude or rude they all may be, and feel like saying about him what he said about someone else: "There's more nature in some people than there's in others, if not more."

J. C. F.



Hugh Wynne. Among the first questions an author puts to himself when he determines to write a story is not so much the manner in which he shall write, but the matter he shall use—when and where the events he wishes to describe take place, what shall be the enveloping atmosphere in which his characters shall move, what conditions shall mould and shape them? These things he must first determine and then the way is prepared.

Dr. S. Wier Mitchell, the author of *Hugh Wynne*, was very fortunate in this respect when he wrote this book.

The scene is laid in Philadelphia, and the action is represented as having taken place before and during the Revolution. The atmosphere in which the characters move is that of the straightest Quakerism, relieved at times by the freer life that existed side by side with it. The hero is the only son of a Quaker of the deepest dye, who made his home a model of strict religious severity which left its impression on the hero. The insight given into the manner and ways of the Quakers is very interesting and useful—their dress, speech and severely stately bearing; their mode of religious worship; their religious belief, and, most interesting, their home life; the manner in which they conducted themselves during the war, the greater part of them sympathizing with the King, yet not taking part on either side on account of religious scruples, and a hundred other things equally as interesting.

The incidents of the war introduced are very few, only enough to develop the character of the hero. The battle of Brandywine, a description of Valley Forge, the final siege of

Yorktown together with the events in Arnold's treason are the principal features. The character drawing of Washington and Major André are exceptionally clear, and the facts related in regard to the trial and execution of André most vivid.

The English soldier life is graphically pictured together with the action of the Whigs and Tories to each other during the war. Of course the hero in every novel must fall in love, and Dr. Mitchell's book is not an exception, but the manner in which he treats it and the dignified simplicity of the love itself renders it unique.

When one starts to read Hugh Wynne, he is struck at the very beginning by the fact that it is written in the first person and may think that it will be too egotistical, but he is pleased at the little device the author uses in having a friend's diary to sing the praises of the hero, which device claims our attention at once. To sum it up, if one wishes to be entertained and at the same time gain instruction as to Quaker life and habits during the last century, let him read Hugh Wynne.

"W."



Richard Carvel. Although written by an American author, and concerning, for the most part American characters, I think the chief value of Richard Carvel does not lie in that part of the story, comparatively small, which relates to American life. In this part of it there is not much of worth, historically speaking, that had not already been told, perhaps more skilfully and in a more interesting manner, by Dr. Mitchell, in his charming Hugh Wynne. But as descriptions of life, I think there are two parts of Mr. Churchill's book that are exceedingly fine. These refer to the life of the Scotch peasant, in the description of the simple home and mother of the great John Paul, and to the life of the English court. It may be said that these two phases of life, so essentially opposed, the one the extreme of vice and sensuality, the other the extreme of strict piety, are among the most interesting materials that a novelist can find. The Scotch peasant's life is perennially of

interest because of its production of such men as John Paul, Carlyle, and Burns; the life of the court because of its vast influence directly upon the greatest of nations, and indirectly, through the direct, upon the history of the civilized world. Mr. Churchill has, with surprising boldness, portrayed each of these phases of life by drawing the likeness of real historical characters representative of each.

These, in my opinion, are among the most important and instructive parts of Mr. Churchill's novel, aside from the charming interest which is derived from the intricate plot of the story, and which is so skilfully kept up to the last page. It is also worthy of note that the part played by the villain in this story is strictly *a la mode*—that is, as in Hugh Wynne, Red Rock, Janice Meredith, and other stories popular at present, he is engaged in trying to steal the hero's legacy.

“D.”



Exchange Department.

E. P. MILLER, EDITOR.

Perhaps the most marked feature of the February magazines is the increase in the number of stories. We are glad to see that so much interest is being taken in the production of fiction; still the essay has its place and care should be taken that it is not crowded from its place by the production of too much fiction. Some of the stories for this month measure up to a high standard. Among the best that we have read are "The Nastiness of Pico" and "Waifs" in the *Red and Blue*; "The Squire's Daughter" in the *Trinity Archive*; "Uncle Willis, Skimpy, and the Cotton Bale" and "Two Points of View" in the *Harvard Monthly*; "Zeziel" and "It's an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good" in the *University of Virginia Magazine* and "A Day in Horseshoe Bend" in the *Vanderbilt Observer*.

"The Doctor's Yarn" in *The Amherst Literary Monthly* is an interesting story told in a simple and pleasing manner. The author of "Utilitarianism and Humanity" argues very strongly, from a humane standpoint, against the doctrine of utilitarianism as practiced by the modern scientists. It seems to us, however, that he lets his imagination carry him too far in considering an impossible state of affairs. "Flat Mountain Pond" is a piece of well written narration. The verse in this issue is rather above the average college verse. "Song from Die Versunkene Glocke" and "Amherst" are especially good.

The editors of the *Hendrix College Mirror* are at least consistent with their theory as to what the literary department should contain; for it is entirely devoid of fiction. We are of the opinion that the best table of contents is the one which contains essays, fiction and poetry in an equal proportion. "Rome's Conquest of the Germans" is an interesting and instructive essay which shows much careful study on the

part of the writer. "The Legends Concerning King Arthur's Round Table" is an essay of merit.

A very neat cover and some editorials are the two redeeming qualities of *The Furman Echo* for February. Almost the whole of the literary department is taken up with school-boy compositions on such abstractions as "Success," "Courage," "Friendship," and "Justice," which are very poorly handled. With much wearisome plodding we make our way through the first two of these, vainly searching for any purpose the authors may have had in writing them. The next one, "Friendship," is written in a somewhat more pleasing style and the writer has given expression to his thoughts in a clear, straightforward manner. The essay on "Horatio Nelson" is very well written and shows considerable care on the part of the writer. We heartily join our voice with that of the editor of the *Echo* in his plea for a variety in the literary department of our magazines.

In the *S. W. P. U. Journal* we find several articles of more than passing interest. The first article, "A Nation's Shame," is a well written essay on the conditions and causes which worked out the Dreyfus case. The writer attempts to show that this affair was the outcome of the corrupt conditions and of the prejudice against the Jews which have existed in France for hundreds of years, and that the Jewish race in France, as well as Captain Dreyfus, was on trial. The writer's style is easy and simple and the subject is well treated. The poem, "The Story of the Willow," deserves special mention. The thought and rhythm are good. Besides these the *Journal* contains an interesting story, "A Martyr to Promise;" an able review of Richard Carvel; an appreciative essay on John Ruskin and other articles which we have not time to review.

The *William and Mary College Monthly* is hardly up to its usual standard. "A Review of 'Old English Idyls'" is, perhaps, the best contribution in this issue. The writer has evidently made a close study of the poem for he has care-

fully pointed out the principal qualities of it. "The Cynicism of Byron vs. Carlyle's Moroseness" is well treated.

The Carolinian for February is one of the best issues we have seen for some time. Although some other magazines have expressed an opposite opinion, we think that the story is an indispensable part of the literary contents; and *The Carolinian* has this element combined in the proper ratio with literary essays. The opening essay on Shakespeare is very good indeed, as is also the one on the "Decline of Poetry." The first and last stories are, perhaps, the best of this issue, and the last is well written in the intended French style. We commend too the first, "The Story in the Play." "The Ruby Ring" is, perhaps, too long for the plot. We are glad to see that *The Carolinian* is paying so much attention to fiction. This is indeed a good issue.

The February issue of the *Emory and Henry Era* is a good one. The first piece, "My Experience as an Agent," continued from the last issue, possesses some merit. The thought of the poem "The Quail Hunter" is good. "A Cup of Hot Coffee" contains excellent material for a story, but it is very poorly handled. The characters are unnatural and the writer's style is stiff and cumbersome. "A Brevard Romance" is the best story in the issue and compares favorably with other productions of the month. Nevertheless, we think much would have been gained had the writer seen fit to omit some of the details. The editorials are few but well written.

We welcome to our table Vol. 1, No. 1 of the *P. M. I. Cadet*. The issue is very neatly gotten up. We wish for the *Cadet* a prosperous and useful career.

The writer of the poem (?) "December's on my Mind" in the *Erskonian*, evidently had something *unusual* on his mind. The piece deserves no place in the magazine; much less should it be given the first place. This issue contains a war story, "The Story of George Perkins," written by the late Dr. Grier for the Confederate Veteran issue of the News and

Courier. "Points of Interest in the Valley of Virginia" is very well written and is full of interest. The essay on "Hamlet's Mental Condition" is the leading article of the issue. The writer has handled his subject very well indeed. But after reading the essay we are no nearer a solution to the problem of Hamlet's mental condition than we were before. However, this is no reflection on the author, for many of the world's ablest critics have tried in vain to fathom the depth of Hamlet.

The last two issues of *The Criterion* are before us, and it is with much gratification that we note the improvement which the editors are making in the quality of contributions selected. Although the *Criterion* is yet in its infancy, it compares favorably with magazines which have had the benefit of many years' experience. "Four Dying Years" is a pathetic story which holds the readers attention to the end.

In the same issue is an excellent biographical essay on "Thomas Carlyle." The February issue contains a sharply drawn contrast between the characters Shylock and Antonio of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. The Editorials of this issue are distinctly above the average.

The Wake Forest Student contains an excellent essay on "Shelley—His Life." We anxiously await the appearance of the second part of the essay in which the writer intends to take up more particularly the poetry of Shelley. "A Vision of Sin," "My Father's Story" and "The Lady of the Mountain" are good stories.

CLIPPINGS.

GRINDING,

The flowing stream the mill wheel turns,
 The mill wheel turns the stone
 That grinds the grain to meal.
 The golden corn new form so learns;
 'Tis powdered while the drone—

The wheel's refrain—we feel
 All pulsing through the trembling mill.
 The crushed and bruised corn,
 One beauty lost, it's true
 Its fairest form doth thus fulfill;
 Doth find the thing 'twas born
 And labor cost to do.

Just so the stream of God's great will
 Our life's affairs doth turn,
 And we, the corn, shall see
 Our golden hopes destroyed, and still
 The hum of Earth discern,
 While we forlorn must be
 Without the pale of active life.
 Though sorrow's weight and care
 Our happiness may take,
 We well are armed thus in the strife
 Our destined part to bear,
 The world to bless, and make
 It better for our living there.

—*Ex.*

HEAVEN'S LITANY.

Deep on the mountains the shadows lie,
 Cool the air, like a breath of sea;
 The day burns out in the western sky,
 While the evening star sings the litany—
 "God have mercy on us, we pray,
 Guard us now in the dying day."

Silent the trees, and the wind sighs low,
 "Keep us, God, from all passions free,
 From the vague unrest that all cherish so,
 From ourselves." And the star sings the litany—
 "God have mercy! Thy children we,
 Spare us, Lord, for we trust in Thee."

Darkens the blue in the depth of the sky,
 Shrouded the earth in night's mystery,
 In the hush, the heavens to earth draw nigh,
 And the clear stars singing the litany—
 "God, thou God of the darkness deep,
 Guard thy world as it lies asleep."

—*Ex.*

SERENADE.

Last eve I heard a linnet sing,
And low he sang, ah, low and deep,
And drowsy was his twittering,
Methought he called the world to sleep;
Sleep, sleep, sleep, he trilled,
How drowsily of sleep!

The dewy jasmine's fragrant smell
The murmuring night-wind bore along;
Pale on the world the moonlight fell
As trilled the linnet in his song.
Sleep, sleep, sleep, he sung,
How dreamily of sleep!

Last eve, dear heart, a dream I dreamed.
In moonlit arbor, fragrance filled,
Were you and I—O sweet it seemed!—
And near us low the trinet trilled.
Love, love, love, he piped,
How tenderly of love!

—*Ex.*

Alumni Department.

E. C. MAJOR, EDITOR.

Wofford College has several successful alumni in Anderson county. One of the oldest, perhaps the oldest, is Col. R. W. Simpson, President of the Board of Trustees of Clemson College. During his Senior year, Col. Simpson left college to enter the Confederate army. His diploma was sent to him after the war. Col. Simpson has had perhaps more than any other man to do with the inauguration of Clemson College. He is gratefully remembered as the founder of the Preston Literary Society while a student at Wofford.

Hon. Geo. E. Prince, the leading lawyer of Anderson, and a member of the House of Representatives, is another Wofford Alumnus. He is a trustee of Wofford and an enthusiastic supporter of the institution.

Still another alumnus we find in the person of Marshall Moore, principal of the Anderson Graded School. A graduate of only a few years standing, Marshall is making for himself an enviable reputation as a teacher. Connected with the same school is Mr. J. W. W. Daniel, of the class of 1898. These are first-class men doing first-class work.

At Williamston, the Athens of Anderson county, are four of Wofford's alumni. Rev. P. F. Kilgo is pastor of the Methodist church in that cultured community. Under the leadership of Mr. Kilgo, one of the handsomest churches in the State was erected by that plucky company of Methodists last year. Mr. Kilgo carried off several gold medals from Wofford's rostrum.

Dr. W. D. Hutto, of the class of '80, is one of the most enterprising citizens of that progressive little town. The Doctor, though an M. D., the valedictorian of the class of 1883, Charleston Medical College, is a drummer-farmer. About three months in the year he is traveling for a New York clothing house, and during the other nine months he

is farming and hunting birds. Fond of fancy chickens, good hogs and fine cows, and possessed of a rare taste for fixing up and beautifying a place, his is an ideal home. Dr. Hntto is the father of six boys every one of whom he expects to take a diploma at Wofford in the early years of the twentieth century.

Prof. W. T. Lander owns an interest in the Williamston Female College, that modest institution over which his scholarly father presides. Prof. Lander is a widower, but doesn't expect to be one long, we hear. He has not yet succeeded in discovering or inventing perpetual motion, but we are informed on good authority that with his indomitable energy, he comes as near being a machine in perpetual motion as one would care to see.

Prof. George Goodgion has had charge of the Williamston Male Academy several years. George has done good work there, but he has made one serious mistake—he has not yet married. How a man can teach school for seven years in a town where there is a Female college and not fall in love we are not able to understand. We will give him one year yet after this. If, after the expiration of that time, he is still a bachelor, we shall beg one of the older graduates to prefer charges against him before the Alumni Association. Let him redeem the time.

Rev. Alpheus Attaway resides at Williamston and serves the Williamston circuit. Mr. Attaway is a graduate of Wofford and is a faithful, earnest preacher.

Mr. G. L. Anderson, of the same town, was two years a student at Wofford, though he did not graduate. He is a successful drummer for a Baltimore shoe house and has a soft place in his heart for his Alma Mater.

And there, too, lives Hewlet Sullivan, the nimble "short stop" of Wofford's last year's baseball team. Hewlet is a splendid fellow, but the mistake of his life was in not finishing his college course with the class of 1900.

And Dr. Frank Lander, another Wofford man, has up to

this time lived at Williamston. Dr. Frank will graduate from the Charleston Medical College very soon. If that M. D. can't cure his patients with pills, he can laugh them out of sick countenances and out of bed.

That little town of Williamston has done well for Wofford and Wofford has done great things for her. See the boys Williamston furnished: Finger, Lynch, Prince, Clinkscales, the first batch; Lander, J. M. and W. T., Anderson, G. L. and J. N., the second installment; then Attaway, J. M. and A. W., Malcom, Frank and Earnest Lander, Hewlet and Wash Sullivan. What little town in the State can beat that?

ALUMNUS.

In a recent number of "Outing," a prominent athletic journal, we find an all-southern football team, arranged by a competent judge. In arranging these teams the strongest man in his respective position is chosen, irrespective of his college. We were delighted to find as left guard the name of William Choice, of the Virginia, Polytechnic Institute.

All the old football lovers of Wofford remember "Bill" Choice and what great ball he played here several years ago. We feel that this great honor should be ours, for here he received his training in that great game in which he has won fame for himself and his college.

H.

On February 6, at Georges, S. C., Mr. H. A. C. Walker, of the class of '97, was very happily married to Miss Julia Utsey. The ceremony was performed by the groom's father, Rev. A. C. Walker, assisted by Rev. George W. Walker, of Paine Institute. After the ceremony the bridal couple went to Batesburg where they spent several days very pleasantly at the home of Rev. A. C. Walker. They are now "at home" in Summerton, S. C., where Mr. Walker is the efficient and popular principal of the graded school. The Journal staff extends its best wishes.

H.

We have recently received the notice of the marriage of Mr. Clarence T. Henderson and Miss Lida M. Harmon at

the residence of Mr. Jas. R. Harmon near Glendale. Mr. Henderson spent several years on the campus with the class of '99 and is now teaching near Enoree.

Mr. Chas. H. Barber, a well known young man of Spartanburg, a graduate of Wofford, was recently married to Miss Dollie Lyons, formerly of Augusta, Ga. THE JOURNAL extends to them its best wishes.

R. N. Littlejohn, class of '60, is carrying on a very successful brokerage business at Charlotte, N. C.

C. A. Jefferies, '86, is practicing medicine at Gaffney.

G. W. Fousche, of the class of '95 is now in the insurance business in Tennessee.

B. E. Holcombe who spent several years at Wofford has recently moved to Spartanburg to practice dentistry.

Rev. E. S. Jones, class of '94, is pastor of the Pacolet Circuit.

Clipping from Spartanburg Herald of June 14th, 1893:

The commencement season ended today with the graduating exercises at Wofford College. As is usually the case, the commodious chapel was crowded with the admiring friends of the graduates, many of whom had come from a distance.

The thirty-eighth class, composed of eleven young men received their diplomas from the honored president of the college, Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle.

Words of tender admonition he spoke to the young men. They will keep in mind the important work of noble, Christian manhood. With the inspiring words of their beloved president, with the lasting impress of his teaching, with bright memories of the associations clinging around the walls of old Wofford, and with the God-speed of faculty and students alike, the young men go forth into life strongly equipped for the conflict which is to follow.

The music for this commencement was furnished by the Spartanburg orchestra and it was good.

The exercises of the morning were opened with prayer by Bishop Fitzgerald who afterwards made a few farewell remarks to the students expressing his pleasure at having been with them and wishing all success in the race of life.

Dr. Carlisle then introduced the first speaker of the graduating class. Following are the names of the graduates and the subjects of their speeches.

1. H. W. Ackerman, Colleton—Commerce and Culture.
2. R. W. Allen, Spartanburg—The Heroic Live Forever.
3. C. R. Calhoun, Abbeville—Impressions from Our History.
4. J. D. Craighead, Calloway, Mo.—(Excused by the faculty.)
5. W. T. Haynes, Spartanburg—Are Science and Poetry Antagonistic?
6. W. C. Kirkland, Barnwell—The Creative Power.
7. H. M. Lanham, Parker, Texas—Lexington and Concord.
8. H. Z. Nabers, Spartanburg—Man.
9. Henry Stokes, Greenville—The Statesman versus the Politician.
10. T. S. Shuler, Lexington—The Authorship Mania.
11. W. A. Pitts, Laurens—A Prophecy on the Class of '93.

The Class Prophecy by Mr. Pitts was an extremely interesting and humorous effort and was heartily applauded throughout.

The degree of A. M. was conferred upon Messrs. C. W. Stall, J. J. Riley, J. H. Carlisle, Jr., W. E. Willis, C. C. Herbert and J. F. Foushe, they having completed the requisite course.

Dr. Carlisle made a brief talk on the life of the late Dr. Whiteford Smith instancing some of the salient features in his beautiful life and character.

Diplomas were given to the eleven members of the gradua-

ting class and Dr. Carlisle gave them, in the baccalaureate address, some sound and earnest advice.

Hon. Wofford Tucker made a short speech on the life and character of the founder of the college, Rev. Benj. Wofford.

The audience joined in singing the Doxology and the thirty-eighth commencement of Wofford College had passed into history.

Local Department.

W. C. MARTIN, EDITOR.

THE MOOT COURT.

The Moot Court by the students, held in the court house of the city on last Monday evening, Feb. 26, was in every way a decided success. The crowd was large and every one seemed to be well pleased. It has been pronounced by all who attended as amusing, instructive and entertaining. All the parts were acted well, from the Judge to the bailiffs.

The trial was a murder case against one Douglas for the murder of Philip Y. Johnson. The victim was supposed to have been killed in the Spartan Inn hotel of this city on last November.

Every type of witness was put on the stand, from the rough mountain "hoosier" to the burly, black hotel waiter. The nature of the case was a novel one, and varied somewhat from the common moot court proceedings. Walter Douglass, though innocent, was found guilty of murder, when immediately after the verdict was announced, one Dooley, who had been employed as detective and was really the guilty party, makes an open confession in the court room, thus saving the life of the innocent prisoner, *W. S. Douglass*. The jury is polled and Dooley is sentenced to death.

Mr. Shockley, as solicitor, assisted by Mr. Driggers, represented the State, while Messrs. Garris and Daniels were on the defense. The speeches of the lawyers were delivered in a quite dignified style and were argumentive and convincing. Mr. Morrison took the part as prisoner, while Mr. Major was he detective. Both deserve special mention for their excellent.

Judge L. S. Hardin presided with a stern and unassuming air, while Mr. Watkins is cut out for the clerk of court office beyond all doubt.

Each and every one acted his part well, but we have not

space sufficient to mention all who deserve praise. The proceeds were very good and the students grateful to the citizens of Spartanburg for their full attendance.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

(COPIED FROM HERALD.)

The celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the Calhoun and Preston Societies of Wofford College took place last night in the college chapel. The audience was not large, but a very good number of the most cultured people of the city attended.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. J. M. Magruder, Rector of the Church of the Advent, of this city. Mr. W. Claude Martin, of Williamsburg, was introduced by Mr. C. P. Rogers, as the representative of the Calhoun Society. Mr. Martin delivered a very fine oration on "Two Types of American Heroes."

The two types which the speaker described so well are the soldier and the literary man. The soldier creates the nation, in a sense; and the literary man, the poet and the historian prolong its life. No country has ever produced a great literary man without having first produced a great soldier, and no country has ever produced a great soldier without producing afterward the eminent man of letters.

Mr. Martin's speech was intensely interesting, and showed much excellent thought. His delivery also was very good.

Mr. Elliott H. Hall, of Fairfield, the representative of the Prestons, was introduced by Mr. Clarence D. Lee. The subject of Mr. Hall's oration was "Alexander Hamilton." He paid an excellent tribute to this, one of the most important of the men, who shaped our earlier history; was at once the greatest financier of his time, a great statesman and an eminent political writer. As long as history is read his name will be known as the greatest American statesman, and the second among her heroes.

The reception given in the society halls was a very successful one, and was greatly enjoyed by all who remained to take part in it. Excellent music was furnished by the First South Carolina Regimental Band, of the city.

The Anniversary was a decided success in every respect, being fully up to the high standard set by former occasions of similar character.

ELECTIONS.

The following were elected officers of the Preston Society to serve the last quarter: Pres., L. T. H. Daniel; V. Pres., D. Luther Guy; 1st Critic, M. S. Asbell; 2d Critic, Rembert K. Hays; Secretary, Marvin Auld; Treas., H. G. Eidson; Cor. Secretary, N. L. Prince; 1st Censor, — Robertson; 2d Censor, Clarence Daniel Lee.

Mr. Carrol H. Varner has been elected monthly orator in the Calhoun Society for the month of April.

Mr. Robertson is monthly orator in the Preston Society for April.

The following have been elected to take part in the coming Sophomore exhibition: Speakers: Preston—N. L. Prince, B. A. Bennett and J. W. Dickson. Calhoun—A. Morrison, F. S. DuPré and Carroll H. Varner.

Chief Marshal, D. C. Strother; Calhoun—B. H. Brown, F. H. Hudgens and Tommie Austin. Preston—M. W. Gary, R. E. Mathias and Henry Leonard.

CAMPUS DOTS.

Examinations!

Base-ball!

“Old Gold and Black.”

The boys are anxiously awaiting the time when the umpire calls "play ball."

What has become of our field day enthusiasts? We must not fail in this branch of our athletics. If the whole student body do not combine and do their duty, let the few who are interested take up the enterprise and "shove her thro'."

Mr. P. C. Garris of the Senior class, has been confined within his room for the last few days on account of sickness. We hope he may soon recover and join his many friends on the campus again.

Mr. R. E. Mathias of the Sophomore class, has just returned from a short visit to Greenville.

Messrs. Sweeney, of Summerville, S. C., and Leonard, of Atlanta, Ga., have recently entered college. We welcome them among us, and wish for them much success in their college course.

Dr. Jno. C. Kilgo, president of Trinity college, has been on the campus recently as the guest of Prof. Snyder. We are sorry that the student body saw so little of Dr. Kilgo while on the campus. He is very popular with the boys at Wofford and a short talk from him would certainly have been appreciated.

A large number of the boys attended Max O'Rell's lecture at Converse College on Feb. 12. It happened to be a terrible night, but the boys faced the storm and turned out in full force, believing that they would be fully repaid for their presence. Whether they were or not, each can answer for himself.

Wofford students are thoroughly democratic in their political views, but we have in college two Juniors and one "FRESH" who are not altogether democratic in their principles, but strange to say they advocate Bryan and 16 to 1.

Mr. Mouzon, of Manning, S. C., who was a member of the class of 1900 in '97, has entered college again. He has entered the Sophomore class. Mr. Mouzon has many friends

in college, especially among the higher classes, who gladly welcome him among us once more.

The Y. M. C. A. delegates who attended the convention at Greenwood, report a delightful time. They are loud in their praise of Greenwood's hospitality, and one delegate declares that "Greenwood is the finest place in the world." We must make allowance for this special case, as we understand that our friend not only lost his head but his heart, while in Greenwood.

Mr. J. W. Brown, of Cowpens, was on the campus last Sunday visiting his brothers Messrs. H. M. and B. H. Brown.

Mr. J. F. Barnes as monthly orator for March in the Calhoun Society, delivered his oration last Saturday night on "The South." Mr. Barnes delivered his oration with ease and in a very forcible manner. His oration showed thought and study, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the Society.

Manager Hardin has ordered new jerseys, caps and stockings for the ball team. The jerseys and stockings are colored in inch bars of "old gold and black," while the caps are solid black with two old gold bands. The team will make quite a neat appearance on the field this spring and we expect them to play ball accordingly.

In spite of the bad weather for the last three weeks, the ball team has put in some warm practice. Capt. Burnett is using every effort to put out a good team and we feel safe in saying that Wofford will not be ashamed of the 1900 team. The boys are meeting with much encouragement at present. No less than twenty-five, are applicants for the team. Again, we are glad to see our Alumni taking so much interest in the work, this is encouraging to the boys. Messrs. Chreitzberg, Fleming, Barber, Law and Cannon, have been visitors on the athletic field during the past week and their presence alone is encouraging to the team. We are sorry we are not able to give in this issue, a schedule of the games for the season. Manager Hardin has not fully decided on a

schedule as yet but we hope to give out to our readers a list of the games in the next issue.

Mr. Kirkland, of the Freshman class has withdrawn from college, owing to bad health. We are sorry to give up Mr. Kirkland. He had made many friends while in college, all of whom sincerely hope that he may be soon restored to good health.

Since our last issue of the College Journal, the student body has been saddened by the death of a friend and a college mate, Mr. F. E. Merchant. Early in the morning of Feb. 13 our friend was called to another world. He had been sick for two weeks with a severe attack of pneumonia, and hardly any were suprised when on Tuesday morning, the news spread over the campus that he had died during the night. He entered college last October, joining the Freshman class, with the intention of completing his college course at this institution. He was a bright young man, in the bloom of youth, happy and ambitious, that life seemed to lay before him with all its pleasures and possibilities. He was a popular student, and when it was announced that Eugene Merchant was dead, a gloom settled over the entire campus, for in him every student felt that he had lost a friend. When the student body assembled on the campus, to escort the corpse to the depot and thus pay their last respects to their deceased college mate every student was present. Both the Freshman class and the Calhoun Society, of which society he was a member, have drawn up suitable resolutions through respect to our deceased friend. The body was carried to Branchville, S. C., where the burial took place.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, God in his inscrutable providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our esteemed member and brother, F. E. Merchant, we, the members of the Calhoun Literary Society, can but mourn his loss;

And Whereas, we the members of the Calhoun Literary Society, having gathered ourselves together out of respect and in memory of our honored brother, have hereby passed the following resolutions:

Resolved 1st. That this Society as one commend him to have been a youth of the highest integrity, a faithful, earnest student and a dutiful brother.

Resolved, 2nd. That we extend to the sorrowing and bereaved family our deep and sincere sympathy.

Resolved, 3d, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family.

Resolved, 4th, That these resolutions be entered in the records of the Society, and be published in the Wofford College Journal.

J. B. GIBSON,
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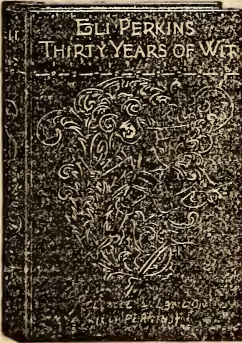
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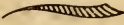
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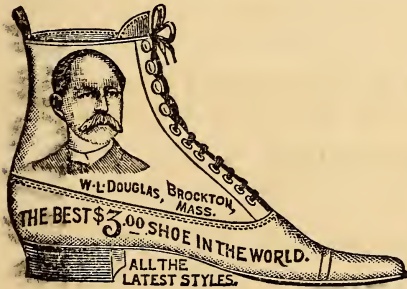
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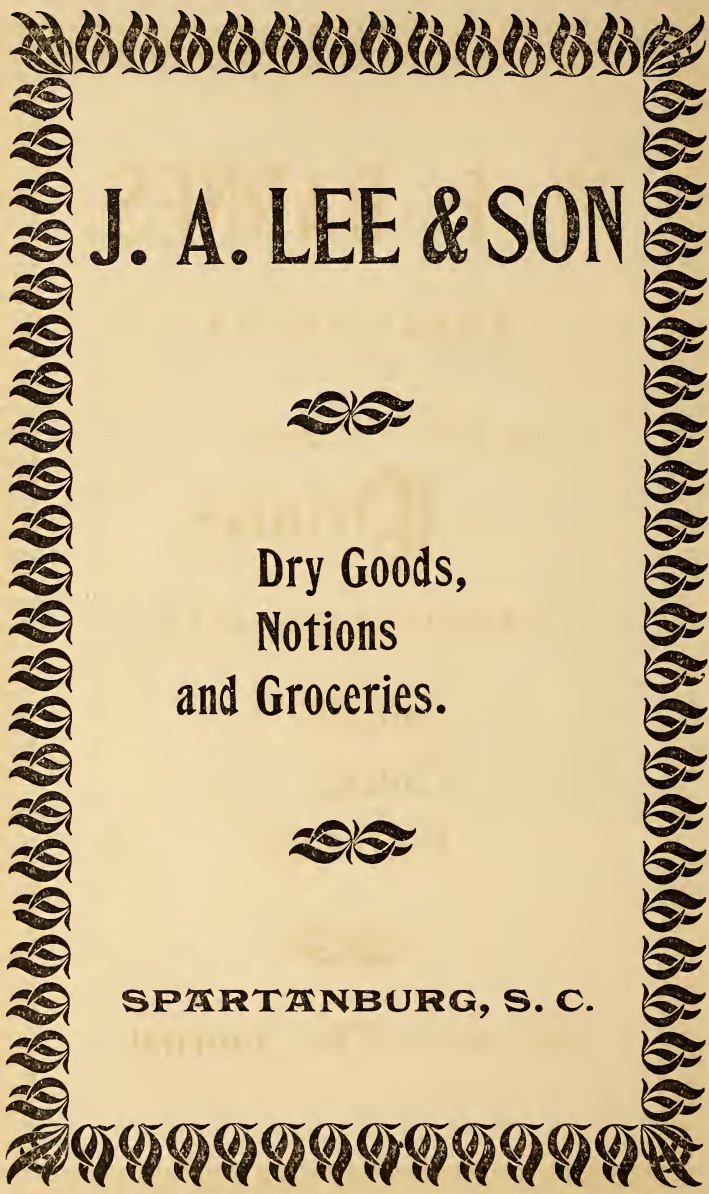
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Vol. XI.

MAY, 1900

No. 8

Entered at the Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as Second-class Matter.

CONTENTS.

Advertising Department.....	2-8
Literary Department.....	9-32
Bryant as a Poet of Nature—D. S. Murph, '02.....	9-12
A True Story.....	12-18
Physical Training in the College—Irela.....	18-20
On a March in Cuba—Wm. C. Owen.....	20-26
The Guide—C. H. Varner, '02.....	26-32
Editorial Department.....	33-36
Exchange Department.....	37-39
Alumni Department.....	41-46
Local Department.....	47-53
College Directory.....	55
Advertising Department.....	56-65

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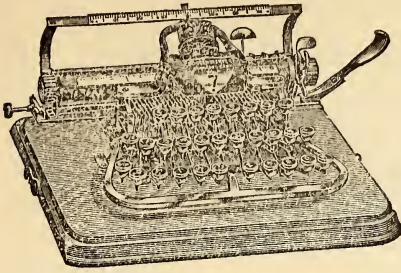
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BRYANT AS A POET OF NATURE.

Bryant once said : "The elements of poetry lie in natural objects, in the vicissitudes of human life, in the emotions of the human heart, and the relation of man to man." Emerson, speaking of the parts that enter into the final cause of the world, says : "They all admit of being thrown into one of the following classes : Commodity ; Beauty ; Language ; and Discipline." Leave out the first of Emerson's classes, unite the two quotations, and Bryant's treatment of Nature is the result.

In the first place, then, Bryant loves Nature for her own sake—for the beauty, the mere enjoyment that he finds in her. Emerson tells us that "the simple perception of natural forms is a delight." But with Bryant, this feeling is more than delight—it is Nature-worship. To such an extent does this feeling carry him that when he writes a poem on forest scenery, he does not call it "The Forest Ode," or the "Forest Song," but "The Forest Hymn." Note the beauty of this selection :

"Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes ; and yon clear spring that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steep the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does."

Speaking of the trees, he says :

"They, in thy sun,
Budded and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven."

Like Emerson, he sees beauty in every season—in March,

June, August, and the "melancholy days" of autumn. Notice these lines from "A Summer Ramble:"

"Oh, how unlike those merry hours,
In early June, when Earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout."

* * * * *

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,
The blessing of supreme repose."

Bryant represents, also, the tendency to people nature with divinities. He not only loves, but idealizes Nature. He attributes to her his own feelings and moods. Emerson has thus happily expressed it: "Nature always wears the colors of the season." "The same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs, is overspread with melancholy to-day." Bryant, with his gentle disposition, peoples the water with beautiful nymphs and the snow with light-hearted, "child-like forms."

"And then we stopped beside a hanging rock
With a smooth beach of white sands at its foot,
Where three fair creatures like herself were set
At their sea-banquet."

"When autumn days grew pale, there came a troop
Of child-like forms from that cold mountain top.

* * * * *

They shook from their full laps, the soft, light snow,
And buried the great earth, as autumn winds
Bury the forest floor in heaps of leaves."

We are inclined to think that the poet sees only the reflection of his own nature when he tells us of "That delicate forest flower, with scented breath—and look so like a smile."

Bryant not only loves and idealizes Nature, but also draws a lesson from her. To show Bryant's exact position in this respect, we can do nothing better than to quote once more from Emerson: "This ethical character so penetrates the bone and marrow of nature as to seem the end for which it

was made." So striking is this characteristic in Bryant's writings, that it suggests the desire to teach as the prime cause of his writing. When he writes a poem on "The Conqueror's Grave," it is to remind us that "all may win the triumphs thou hast won." After meditating on the peacefulness of a summer scene, he tells us that when—

"The good forsakes the scene of life ;
Like this deep quiet that, awhile,
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
Welcomes him to a happier shore."

Seeing a water fowl wending her solitary flight, he says :

"There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

* * * * *

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

"Written on thy works I read the lesson of thy own eternity," is one of the many lessons he draws from the forest.

As a rule, his treatment of Nature is general, rather than particular. He sees Nature as a whole, rather than her particular parts. He mentions the "blue wild-flowers," "the lovely landscape," "yon soft ring of summer haze," and "the forest depths, by foot impressed." Only once, in the "Death of the Flowers," does he make a striking departure from this method, and describe Nature with the definiteness that belongs to the modern school of writers. There he mentions the flowers by name :

"The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;
But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood."

The most important characteristic of his style is his simplicity. He is simple in subjects, simple in treatment, and

simple in style. But his simplicity impresses us as being the simplicity, not of doubting, but of authority; not of weakness, but of strength. Other qualities of his style are majesty and stateliness, qualities well suited to the didactic method and the ethical tendency of his writings. These qualities, constituting what is called the "classic style," are more clearly seen in Bryant than in any other American writer.

D. S. MURPH, '02.

A TRUE STORY.

I.

It was in the early part of the summer of 1897, when the incidents that I am about to relate began. Edmund Brakefield had just returned from college, having completed his freshman year. Edmund was a tall, somewhat well proportioned lad of eighteen years, who had been raised on the farm, except for five or six months attendance each year at the country school, had devoted most of his time to hunting and fishing with the other boys of the neighborhood. So we can easily imagine that, after nine months spent in the city, with a great deal of studying and freshman drudge-work, this country-bred lad was willing enough to spend three months at a quiet country home with his father, mother and two elder sisters.

The months spent at college had polished Edmund's manners considerably, which was very noticeable to his family after an absence of nearly a year. He was not what we would term handsome, but his style of dress was neat, his figure erect, and his manner somewhat dignified for one of his years. There was a kind of freshness and honesty about him, too, which made most people like him.

Mr. Brakefield was a farmer of some means, and being very considerate of his college son, did not think it right to ask the latter to take an active part in the duties of the farm, but placing a nice horse and buggy at his disposal, was willing for him to drive the country belles around when-

ever he wished. It must be mentioned, however, that Edmund did not take advantage of this luxury as much as might have been expected, for he was not one of your sports, paying the devoted to one girl to-day, and equally as devoted to another to-morrow ; but being fond of his two sisters, he was always particular that they had a way of getting every where they wished.

It was after Edmund had been home from college several weeks that his sisters announced to him their intention of having Jessie Moore, who lived in the town of Concord, some fifteen miles distant, to visit them. He had often heard his sisters speak of Jessie, but had never seen her, and as they told him that she was only fifteen years old, and rather small for her age, he had not looked forward to her visit with any considerable anticipation, although he was informed that she was very pretty and of a peculiarly sweet disposition.

The time came to send for Jessie, and Edmund kindly agreed to go with his sister Ruth to Concord in the family phaeton. So, early that morning, with a driver accompanying, they left for the village. A few hours' drive brought them to town. Ruth immediately went to the residence of Mr. Moore, while Edmund attended to some business affairs. After this was done, he also proceeded to Mr. Moore's. On entering the parlor he was introduced to a very pretty little girl, with lovely, dark-brown eyes and a soft, almost lily white complexion, whom Ruth informed him was Jessie Moore. Edmund never forgot the way she looked at him with those large eyes. Her manners were very simple, and as she was young and had not made her entrance into society, she did not seem inclined to begin a conversation with Edmund ; and he being somewhat bashful himself, few words passed between them. Not a few times, however, did their eyes meet.

On the way back home that afternoon, the little shyness on the parts of Jessie and Edmund was laid aside, and the three conversed gaily together on various subjects, especially as to what they should do during the few weeks Jes-

sie was to spend at the Brakefield's. Edmund noticed that there was not the least bit of that affectation, peculiar to some girls, about Jessie, and before they had gotten home she had begun to call him Edmund, and he to call her Jessie. This was at the suggestion of his sister Ruth, for she knew that the two would be closely associated for some time and it would be stilted for them to address each other as *Miss* and *Mister*.

Each day Jessie and Edmund became better friends ; they went to the grape harbor together, to the orchard, played games together, sang together, and late in the afternoon they would go out in the grove and spend many hours together sitting on the joggling board and talking. Whenever they went to neighborhood parties or picnics they seemed to prefer each other's company to that of the other girls and boys. Often Edmund would give way to other boys who would come around, but it was not because he wished to be with some other girl, and Jessie showed plainly that she would rather talk to Edmund than any other boy.

One night they went together to a moonlight picnic. Jessie was dressed in a white dress, and Edmund thought she had never looked so pretty, nor had any one else looked quite so pretty, and without the least idea of flirtation, he told her so. That night too, she seemed to show more plainly than ever before that she liked his company better than that of the other boys.

Things continued this way for several weeks, when the thought suddenly came to Edmund's mind that perhaps he was not acting exactly right. Jessie was young and had very little experience; what if she should fall in love with him? He had never dreamed of it before. He had only thought of her as a friend, but what did her action towards him in the presence of other boys mean? and what did those looks that she gave him at the table mean? And then he remembered that he had frequently complimented her on her beauty, and told her "how sweet she was," and what marked attention he had paid her. He knew that he had only done this with a spirit of gallantry, but how did she

know that? And then, too, he remembered how Jessie had made a confidant of him in telling him of her little affairs with the other boys of the neighborhood.

The time came for Jessie to go home, and during the rest of the summer Edmund saw her only once or twice. In September he returned to college, and amid the amusements of college and city life, almost forgot the little brown-eyed girl for awhile. He spent the Christmas holidays at home, and on the way back to college he called to see Jessie. They spent several hours very pleasantly together, and when it was time for him to go, she went with him to the depot. Just as he had told her good-bye and was about to board the train, she looked at him with that same expression of her eyes which he remembered from the last summer, and said: "Edmund, you must not forget me." Edmund laughed, and told her that he wouldn't, but to some extent he did not keep his promise.

For several months he only heard from her through his family, until one day there came a beautiful little box of violets, with these words written on a card: "With love, from Jessie."

Edmund felt very badly over having forgotten his promise not to forget her, and in his note of thanks for the violets he asked her to correspond with him, to which she consented.

Soon after this, the news came to Edmund from his home, that Jessie had become the prettiest and most popular girl in her town, and that several of the beaux of Concord were paying her marked attention. This surprised him very much, for he had only thought of her as a little girl. From this time on, he began to think more about her, and to long for the summer vacation to come so that he could get to see her. He resolved to be nicer to her than he had ever been; and he regretted having been so indifferent to her since he had been back at college. She had written asking him to stop over a few hours at her home on his return, and his desire to see her became stronger and stronger.

At last vacation came, and with much anticipation Edmund boarded the train for Concord. It seemed that the

train could not go fast enough for him, but finally it pulled up at the station. Edmund got off and directed his steps toward Mr. Moore's residence. He rang the bell and soon heard a light step dancing through the hall to meet him. The door was opened and a ringing voice which he recognized as Jessie's said: "Why hello, Edmund!" Edmund was almost astounded at first, he scarcely knew her. She had grown considerably; her dresses which were short when he saw her last, were now long, almost sweeping, and she had assumed the air of a lady of society. Although her manner was still unaffected, yet she talked a great deal more than when he last saw her. She had grown beautiful, to say the least of it.

It was not an hour after this that Edmund Brakefield knew once and for all that he loved Jessie Moore, the only question was whether she loved him. He had begun to entertain doubts as to this; she was so free and easy with him and talked so much, and then Edmund noticed that she mentioned the names of two young men of Concord very often, in fact, more so than he liked. Poor Edmund, he became more and more aware of the fact that he loved Jessie, and the more aware of this he became, the less natural he became. He resolved that before he left there that afternoon he would tell Jessie the truth. So when an opportunity was given, he took her out in the grove to have a talk with her, but she talked and laughed so gaily that it seemed impossible for Edmund to broach the subject.

The time came for him to go home and he had not mentioned the subject of love to her. She and her sister, Mary, were going to spend a week with his sisters in the following July, and he decided to put off this matter until then. That afternoon he left her with a fear that he had "sinned away his day of grace."

July came. The two young men whose names Edmund had heard Jessie mention so often, were to bring Jessie and Mary out to the Brakefield's, and the next day they were all to attend the annual picnic, some five or six miles from there.

Edmund remembered how Jessie used to prefer his company to all the other boys, and he thought, of course, that she would still do it, but how sadly he was mistaken. As soon as the two sisters and their escorts arrived, he saw plainly how matters stood. Both of the young men were in love with Jessie, and she scarcely knew which one she liked the better. They were around her all of the time, and she tried to divide her attention as equally between them as possible, while poor Edmund was left entirely out. He soon became quiet and stayed away from the crowd a good deal. His replies to the questions of his father and mother were short and rather cross. On the morning of the picnic it was arranged for Edmund and Jessie to go together. He thought that perhaps during the drive he might learn the cause of her change, but she seemed so engrossed with the thought of the other two young men that when they reached the picnic grounds he was glad to turn her over to one of them.

From this time on he determined to pursue another course. Changing his quiet manner for one of gaiety, he devoted himself to the other girls, and seemed to be as light hearted and as happy as any one, while all the time he was thinking of Jessie.

Only once during the day did the two encounter each other, and then it was only for a word. She asked him how he was enjoying the day, and he, without appearing to pay much attention to her, said "Oh, delightfully," and passed on. When the time came for the crowd to break up and go home, one of the young men who had been paying Jessie so much attention, asked her if he might drive her home. As she had come with Edward, she asked if he were willing for the change. Of course, he consented; what else could he have done? He did not wish to force his company upon her when she showed so plainly that she would rather be with some one else. On his way home that afternoon Edmund Brakefield was very quiet. He had succeeded in being gay and lively all day, now he had to give himself up to thought. How one year had changed affairs thought he. The summer before Jessie had loved him, he had considered her then only a child,

and had not tried to cultivate that love which she bore to him. She had grown weary of bestowing her affections upon one who did not return them. Now he loved her almost desperately, but he was determined that she should not find this out.

The party arrived at the residence of Mr. Brakefield, and after a short time the two young men took their departure. Then was Edmund's time to show his independence; he immediately began to play the devotee to Jessie's elder sister, scarcely noticing her except when politeness required it.

Jessie being used to having attention paid her, felt this slight. The absence of the other two young men, and the fact that Edmund noticed her very little, gave her plenty of time for reflection. The thought of how nice Edmund had always been to her and of the happy days they had spent together during the preceding summer came to her. She then began to think of the difference between him, whom she had slighted, and the other two boys. They were gay and lively, but that was about all she could say of them. She had been flattered by their marked attention and had almost forgotten Edmund, who, she knew was far above them in every respect.

Things continued this way for some time. Edmund's love for Jessie increased each day, but his pride kept him from making a prompt confession of it. On the other hand, Jessie's reflection had convinced her of the fact that she still loved Edmund, but what was she to do? He was paying her sister marked attention. Thus the two met each other each day with apparent indifference and coldness. How far apart they had grown in one year!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE COLLEGE.

A good sign of progress in the Southern college is the adoption and enforcement of regular physical training for the student. The question of health and physical training should hold its place as one of three fundamentals of a col-

lege education ; the spirit, the mind, and the body. Man may be called God's richest jewel thrown into the world in the rough. First polish the sides that will reflect the soul and mind. But while polishing these sides, let us turn occasionally to the physical side, and so work upon it, that the light passing through this physical side may add new lustre to the soul and mind rays and reflect back some of the rich beauties of the original maker. The physical side of this jewel may be called the back, or pointed side. We may apply the front, or the spiritual or mental side, continually to the emery wheel of experience and the pumice stone of knowledge, and show forth some beauty and worth. But to give the stone its true value and reveal its complete beauty, we must shape and polish the back, or physical side. How many human jewels have been dropped and gathered up again, having shown forth only a part of their true glory because their physical side had not been so polished as to reflect all the true lights of God and nature. Many of our greatest minds show the impress of physical, or bodily weakness. I do not wish to make the impression that physical training is paramount. But the spirit and the mind do better work when aided by an active, healthy body, than when impeded by a sickly, weak one.

The sedentary life of the college student requires some form of physical exercise. If he goes from day to day without exercising the body, his brain soon becomes languid from an over supply of blood. When the brain is at work it takes an extra supply of blood from the heart, and if this supply is not withdrawn by some bodily exertion, but allowed to remain in the brain, the effect is insomnia, general debility and finally nervous prostration. It is an old piece of advice, but a good one, "Exercise the body just after a mental strain."

Physical training should be encouraged for the protection and economy it offers. Keeping the body in a healthy condition is the best and only true protection against disease and slight injuries. Nature is our best doctor, and she is continually calling for exercise and rest in proper proportions.

The great Gladstone was one of Nature's most obedient patients. If the body on entering college life—which is an unnatural life—be in an average good condition, it should not be allowed to weaken and decay through neglect, but should be built up and strengthened for the battles of life at the small cost of a little prudence and daily physical exertion. Why not pay your doctor bills in daily outdoor pleasures instead of in the sick room, with many pains and complaints?

The benefits derived from systematic body-training cannot be fully estimated. It gives strength and vigor to the mind and buoys the spirit. A mind with a healthy body, has a feeling of independence and strength not experienced by the mind of the invalid. This feeling of mental mastery over the physical, frees the mind that it may strive for the mastery of higher things. How often does the mind conceive great and noble undertakings, but the body says "can't." The body should be kept in such condition that no reasonable demand of the mind could be refused a ready co-operation in carrying out the demand.

Train the body to be an encourager and not a discourager of the mind.

This simple training does not only aid in giving complete mastery of one's self, but it also gives one influence with others. It gives a commanding appearance with ease and grace of bearing, and shows to others what might be obtained in life by a judicious blending of mental and physical exertion. I am glad to see that most of our colleges have learned that to obtain the results, is to work the physical man in union with the mental man.

IRELA.

ON A MARCH IN CUBA.

February 19, Sunday.

Reveille at a very early hour. To-day our Brigade—Second Brigade, First Division, Seventh Army Corps—consisting of the Ninth Illinois, Second South Carolina and Fourth

Illinois Regiments, marches into the country, to be gone about eight or ten days. Everything was ready to leave camp at 8 A. M., but we had to wait some time on the Ninth Illinois. Left camp about 9 A. M., marching toward Havana. Left the main road about two miles from camp, turning to the right, and marching along a country trail. The Ninth and Fourth Illinois Regiments marched by Havana over the hard road. I wonder why this difference? General Douglass and staff go with our regiment and are leading us at a pretty fast gait. We passed through a pretty valley just now. The land was freshly plowed in places, and showed the soil to be black and loamy. In places, the young corn was thriving nicely, while in other places tall grass flourishes in abundance. On this side of the valley was a beautiful banana grove, and it was a great temptation to fill my haversack. Marched through a long avenue of palms; very beautiful.

11 A. M. Have arrived at an old Spanish fortification on top of a high hill. The view is simply grand. All around are beautiful valleys with hills just beyond, and on each hill there is some kind of fortification. In the distance is Havana, with a full view of the bay, and just beyond the sea. Attention! Away we go.

12 A. M. Now are trying to rest in a valley. The sun is extremely hot, and the wind seems away on a vacation. On each side are two defences that belong to Weyler's trocha around Havana. These defences are connected by telephone. Around each is a barbed-wire fence, about seven feet deep, with wire worked into a regular net. I heard Major —— tell Dr. —— he had a headache, and immediately he was put in the ambulance. Some of us enlisted men have headaches and every other kind, and yet must keep "hitting it" until too ill to go at all. What a difference. I am carrying, as are all the enlisted men, blanket, poncho, one-half tent, haversack, canteen, gun and twenty cartridges. Have had nothing to eat since very early this morning. I wonder when we will get dinner? Passed an orange tree just now, and some of the boys got what oranges were on it. G. H— gave me one, but it was as sour as a lemon.

About 1 P. M. we reached the main road, and found the wagons awaiting us. But we were not allowed to eat. I feel that I will faint unless I get something to strengthen me and a chance to cool off. Had to march through the sun while coming across the rough country, but now have beautiful shade trees on each side. The road is hard, and I could get along very well if I could rest awhile.

Havana and Guines road. The country is cultivated in some places, but the most of the land is overgrown with weeds. The palm is more numerous here than near camp. Came to a village, and being unable to stand my hunger any longer, I, with H—— and F——, stopped to get something to eat. D—— stopped down the road. I hurried forward to catch up with my company, but they were too far ahead. Passed many boys along the road who had given out. Our regiment camped in a grassy field beside the ruins of an old mansion. What tales the silent walls could tell if endowed with speech! Found some cotton trees about fifteen feet high in the rear of the building and plucked a few bolls. At last we got something to eat, consisting of hominy, hard-tack, tomatoes, bacon and coffee. I tent with Henry R. tonight.

February 20—Monday. Roll-call early. Everything put in shape to march. Wagons will carry tent and blankets for us. We left our camp—16 k's from Havana—at an early hour. Our regiment goes first, and must not fag. I put a little hominy, two slices of bacon and a few potatoes in my haversack for dinner. Passed the 9th Illinois just below us amid mutual cheers, and begin march to the band's merry tune. We are making about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. The country has changed considerably. On both sides of the road are acres of very fertile land, covered with a long, coarse grass. Rock fences are on each side of the road, but are badly in need of repairing. Most of the houses are thatched roof, and most of the once handsome country residences are in ruins. The farther we get from Havana the better we can see the effects of war. The country is comparatively level along the road, but on the left is a mountain rising perpendicularly for some

distance. Among these hills I suppose the Cuban soldiers hid when pursued by the Spaniards. Some distance in front of us are two high hills, one on each side of the road. They afford splendid protection to any body of troops wishing to guard the road. Passing these high hills we came into an open country. We no longer have shade trees, and the sun beats down upon us terrifically. Passing through a small village, we were watched very closely and curiously by the natives. Doubtless they have never seen an American before; but no, that won't do, for there's "Old Glory" waving from a flagstaff ahead of us.

About 12 M. Have stopped in an old field for dinner. I have a few Irish potatoes, a piece of bacon and a little hominy that I brought along. Divided with D——. J—— brought up some fat pieces of meat, salt and hard-tack, and this was our dinner for a twenty-mile march. Tried to get a little rest under the shade of a palm, but soon had to start our weary march again. D—— and several others are riding on the wagons this afternoon. Lt. S—— is limping, and I try to get him to ride in the ambulance, but he is willing to suffer with the men. The country is flat and very fertile, but almost without any cultivation at all. Major E—— says this is the finest estate in Cuba. The ruins of a few handsome country residences, and a few small huts covered with the leaves of the royal palm, are the only remnants of habitation visible. We now march for fifty minutes and rest ten minutes. In passing an old house with several well-laden orange trees in the yard, some boys from our battalion broke ranks and made for them, but Col. Thompson called them down.

After a heavy day's march we are once more at rest. Our camp is situated on the top of a high hill overlooking a very broad and fertile valley to the south. In the distance is Guines, distant about four or five miles. D—— and I hustled around and got our tent up. We tried to make it as comfortable as possible, but that isn't much in a tent three feet high, six feet long and about four or five feet wide. It looks very much like rain tonight, and if it does "we'll be

in it" sure! The tents hardly turn a heavy dew, and if a slight shower—something like an American summer storm—comes up, they will afford no protection worth speaking about. Went to bed very early.

Tuesday, February 21st. Regular roll-call. Were informed by the Sergeant that we wouldn't break camp until 2 P. M. After breakfast H—— and I went out for a walk. Hearing there was a cave very near camp, we went down there. The mouth of the cave was in the side of the hill, and almost hidden by the bushes. Entering we found quite a number of the boys already there, with torches, candles, etc. Having no light we attached ourselves to a party with lights and rambled quite a while through the immense cave. After crawling through numerous tunnels, over and up steep, slippery walls, entering and leaving large rooms or apartments of the cave, we came to an opening quite a distance from where we entered. In places I saw bones, I suppose, of some animal, and ashes of some fires. We supposed this to be a hiding place and stronghold of the Cubans. It is large enough to accommodate several regiments, and is so situated that a very few men could hold it against numbers of light-armed troops. From all reports we are encamped upon an old battle ground. At any rate some boys found an old skeleton partly sticking out of the ground at the edge of a tent.

Dinner, 12 M. For dinner we had rice, peas, hard-tack, meat and coffee. Fell in about an hour too soon and had to wait in a deep cut for the 9th Illinois to pass. This cut is about thirty feet deep and was smoothly cut through that depth of solid limestone. This is indeed a wonderful road, and is reported to have taken a hundred or more years to be completed. It was built by the Spanish government for military purposes, and reminds one of the old Roman roads he has read about. The boys are amusing themselves by cutting their names on the sides of the road. The 9th Illinois passes us today. Our band plays a lively air. Having permitted the wagons to pass, we moved off again. Our regiment brings up the rear today.

The country is one long level to the south, and the road is good and hard. Our rest has helped us wonderfully, so we are off quite refreshed. I see the smoke from the train from Havana. A respectable looking block-house guards this entrance to the town. The road is shady, and on each side are stone benches, indicating this an afternoon pleasure resort. Passing the block-house we entered the town. The houses are similar to those in Havana. In the center of the town is a large square with a nice church near its center. The natives crowd the streets to see us, much like we do a circus parade at home. A company of the 9th Illinois left for provost duty. This seems to be a very nice little town. Leaving the town we soon reach our camping ground, on the banks of the Guines river. Lined up our dog-tents, two companies to the row. After supper I went to bed and soon fell asleep. D——, having gone up town, awoke me on his return and asked if I had heard anything of the fuss between the 9th and 4th Illinois regiments. They were not very friendly, and that night their animosity reached the verge of a fight. Lining up on both sides of the road, they were about to begin a battle with Krag-Jorgensons, but fortunately all were quieted. I soon fell asleep to dream of more pleasant things.

Wednesday, 22nd February. Had breakfast and then took a walk. In the afternoon we were reviewed up town by Gen. Douglass—this to impress the natives, I suppose. D—— and I procured passes and went up town. Had a very pleasant time. Saw the champion chess player of Havana province play a game or two. Both 9th and 4th Illinois bands entertained the natives with music on the public square. Returned to camp and went to bed just after taps. So ended Washington's birthday.

Thursday, 25th February. Began forming for a review in honor of Gen. Maximo Gomez at 9 A. M. Had to wait some time on the edge of town for his arrival. After an hour's wait the bells in the church began chiming to announce Gen. Gomez's arrival. Attention! Forming in company front we marched up street in this manner. Owing

to the large crowd and narrowness of the street we had to pass in review in columns of fours. The General reviewed us from the veranda of a nice house. In passing, though quite contrary to rules, I turned my head to see the General. I saw a small, slender man with a thin face, large gray mustache and chin whiskers, wearing eyeglasses. He raised his hat as each company passed him at port-arms. He had quite an intelligent face, and judging by his reception he is loved and respected by the people. Flags were waving from every window and flowers were showered upon him. At last I had seen Cuba's great champion of freedom.

At 3 P. M. left for Havana. Camped at our old camp that night. Made our next and last camp a little after middle of the afternoon, February 24th. Stayed here until Monday morning. Had a very pleasant time rambling round. Left camp at 7 A. M. and reached Camp Columbia about 1 P. M., February 27th, having been gone eight and one-half days. Took charge of the Y. M. C. A. tent at once and soon the table was filled with boys writing home telling their experiences.

[Extracts from the diary of Wm. C. Owen, Corp. Co. C, 2nd Regiment S. C. V. Infantry.]

THE GUIDE.

After the guide had joined us and everything was ready, we began our journey through the forest and soon we were surrounded on all sides by dense woods. All went well until about noon when the guide, or as he was called, "Old Smoke," halted and began to examine his surroundings and found that we were considerably out of our right path.

The rest of the day was spent in finding our way back to the old path and just as the sun went down we came upon it. "Old Smoke," thinking it too dangerous to move on in the night, decided to make camp where we were. After we had eaten our evening meal, and had gotten ourselves in readiness for the night's rest, the guide took his rifle in hand and

sitting at the root of a nearby tree, kept watch for the night. One by one the long hours slipped by in perfect silence, unbroken save by the occasional howl of a wolf or the hoot of an owl peched in the top of a neighboring tree, until it began to lighten in the East and then the guide, for the first time, left his seat, aroused us from our sleep and began once more the journey through the forest.

We were now near the heart of this large expanse of woods, and "Old Smoke" warned us to move slower and to be on the alert, while he himself traveled a little in advance, never letting his eyes rest on anything longer than to learn what it was, which took him but an instant. It was well that such precaution was taken, for we were going deeper and deeper into the hunting grounds of the Apache Indians who at that time were wearing the war paint, the hatchet no longer being buried with the pale faces.

As the sun was nearing the tree tops on its downward path "Old Smoke halted, and when we had joined him, said, with a troubled look on his face: "If my eyes are not deceiving me, them red skins are somewhere in our neighborhood, for them leaves nigh that tree over there was not tread on by nothing else but a moccasin, and before we move another step I will get up in that tree to the left there and see what's up." Without saying another word he went to the tree, made a jump for the first limb and was soon in its top, a position from which he could see in every direction. As he moved his eyes in the direction northeast of us he sotpped and gazed in that direction for a short time, and then seemingly satisfied, he descended without a word. He was not long in making us acquainted with what he had seen. About a mile to the northeast of us he saw a curl of light smoke ascending slowly above the tree tops. Nothing more need be said for we all knew that it was the smoke from the campfire of a band of Indians, who, as it was now about sun down, had come in from the hunt and were preparing their usual meal. We held a short council and the guide told us there was one of two things to do, divide into two parts, get on both sides of the Indians and fall upon

them unexpectedly, thinking there was not more than half a dozen in the party, or to go back over our old route and enter the woods far below there. We could not think of the idea of going back, and wishing to try our hand with the Apaches, we quickly decided on the former move. So I, with two of the other men, Bill Johnson and Captain Sims, was to go to the right, while "Old Smoke" and the other man, Harry Thurston, were to take to the left, and if the party was found to consist of not more than six Indians the signal, the hoot of the owl, would be given and we would fall upon them from both sides.

About ten miles to the northeast of the scene of this story was an encampment of nearly one hundred Apache Indians, as I learned later, most of whom were warriors wearing the war paint, so that it was very dangerous for a white man to be in that part of the country.

A party of five of the warriors had gone off on the hunt and were not to return in several days, so they hunted many miles from the encampment, and had just made camp for the night when the guide saw the smoke of their fire from the tree top.

Following the advice of "Old Smoke" I went first, with Johnson following and the Captain coming behind, and thus in single file we started out, making a semi-circle so that the Indians would not hear us until we were in a rifle shot of them. Cautiously we proceeded until coming in on the semi-circle we caught sight of the warriors about two hundred yards from us, all sitting around a small fire with their rifles lying on the ground at an arms length from them. I motioned to the men to halt and, consulting with them a few minutes, I decided to draw a little nearer and then each of us was to post himself behind a tree and there, with his rifle in readiness, was to await the signal to be given by the guide. The plan was no sooner thought of than we commenced the carrying out of it, and soon each one was behind a tree waiting for the signal.

We had been in this position a minute or two when a horrible yell on the other side of the Indians broke the stillness.

Thinking we had been discovered, each of us, quicker than it takes to tell, jumped from behind his tree and fired.

“Practice makes perfect.” We three men had spent much time practicing with the rifle and now it served us well, for for three bullets went home and three warriors out of the four around the fire fell lifeless to the ground. The fourth, with a yell, bounded over the bodies of his comrades and disappeared in the darkness. After we fired each one of us remained in his tracks, waiting to see if there were any more of the Indians around, but not seeing or hearing anything else, we advanced toward the fire. Upon examination the Indians were found to be dead, each having received a bullet in a vital spot.

We had done our part, but what was wrong with Thurston and the guide? Where were they? We had not heard them fire, or the signal given. Something must be done, and nothing could be done but search in the direction they were supposed to be, which would be very difficult and at the same time dangerous, as darkness was now coming on. The last two facts were not taken into consideration because they must be found, dead or alive. So we started out, Johnson and myself going in opposite directions and gradually circling in so as to meet, while Sims searched the woods between us.

I had gone over about half of my circuit when I heard the hoot of an owl but, not thinking of the signal, I went on until I heard it once more, and then it flashed through my mind what it was. I turned off from my circuit and started in the direction from which the sound came. I heard it once more, this time a short distance to my right, and quickening my steps I soon came upon my two companions bending over some object on the ground. A light was soon made, and holding it down over the form, we beheld a horrible sight; there, on his back, lay the lifeless body of Harry Thurston with a deep gash in his head and a tomahawk partly in it. Part of the mystery was now explained; there were five rifles lying in the camp of the Apaches, but there were but four Indians to be seen, so the owner of the fifth one had

evidently gone into the woods somewhere. While Thurston and the guide were stealing upon the camp this Indian saw them, and raising a yell, which broke the silence previous to the three fatal shots, hurled his tomahawk at Thurston and bounded away through the woods. The result of his throw was the lifeless body at our feet. But why the guide did not give some signal, or where he was now, was still a mystery. Three more furious men could hardly have been found anywhere. One of our best friends murdered in such a way and the guide probably carried away by the same hands which slew Thurston. But we could do nothing then except search near us to see if "Old Smoke" had met the same fate of his companion, so we once more divided and began the search.

This search was destined to be fruitless. After searching a short time and running across no traces or signs of the missing guide, I gave a signal, and soon we were once more gathered around the dead body of Thurston. We could do nothing that night in the way of hunting for the missing guide, so we carried the remains of Thurston back to the camp which the Apaches had made, but no longer occupied and determined that the next morning, after giving Thurston as decent a burial as we could under the present circumstances, we would begin a search for "Old Smoke" which was to last until we were satisfied as to his fate.

We all needed sleep after a day's journey and the exciting moments which we had just passed through, but I was troubled too much that night to close my eyes for even the shortest time, so I persuaded my companions to stretch themselves upon the ground near the fire while I posted myself just outside the light of the fire and kept watch.

There was no moon that night, and a deep darkness spread itself through the woods in all directions. With the darkness there was a stillness as in the haunts of the dead, which was unbroken save by the occasional mutterings of one of the sleepers as he dreamed of the horrors just passed through.

About midnight the stillness was broken by the hoot of

an owl, and being on the alert, I at once thought of the signal and waited breathlessly to hear it repeated. I had not waited long before the hoot was once more given, and this time only a short distance off. Two or three minutes later "Old Smoke glided out into the light of the fire in that usual way of his. I was never more rejoiced to see anyone than I was to see "Old Smoke."

The other men were now awakened from their sleep and soon the guide was unraveling the mystery of his disappearance and of Thurston's death.

When Thurston and the guide had come in sight of the Indians sitting around the fire they stopped within two feet of each other, intending to wait until they thought we would be ready and then give the signal. But before they came up one of the Indians left the camp to find some fire wood. As he was returning he saw these two men stealing upon the camp; so he gave a yell, hurled his towahawk at the one nearer to him (Thurston) and bounded away through the forest. Darkness had begun to creep through the trees, but yet it was light enough to distinguish objects at a good little distance. Quick as he heard the yell, the guide looked around, and just in time to see Thurston fall and the Apache bound away. In an instant the desire for revenge took possession of him, and not taking time to look after Thurston, he leaped over his body and darted away in pursuit, determined not to rest until he had taken his revenge. "Old Smoke," well up on the ways of the red skins, knew that the Indian would run with all speed for two or three miles, and then, not supposing that any one would follow him, would turn off to his left and look for his companions. By the snapping of twigs or the crushing of the dry leaves "Old Smoke" was able to follow him for more than a mile, after which he turned a little to his left in order to intercept the Indian. He went on in this direction for a short distance and then hid himself in some bushes and listened. He did not have to wait long, for soon he heard the Indian running a little to his right and evidently turning in; so he came out of the bushes and stole softly forward a few hun-

dred feet and posted himself behind a tree. The Indian came on, although not so fast as he had been. When within a few feet of the tree the guide sprang upon him with knife in hand. The struggle lasted but a short time, for "Old Smoke" seized his throat with an iron grip, and with the knife he quickly ended his life.

His revenge taken, "Old Smoke" now turned his face in the direction he thought the Indian camp was, and started back. But darkness was over everything, and he did not know where or in which direction the camp was. He was not the man to give up, and was determined to find it. After about three or four hours of searching he saw the light of our fire through the trees, and then he gave the signal to let us know that he was coming, and a little later he entered the camp.

We were now in such a mood that it was useless to try to sleep any more, therefore we remained awake the remainder of the night and made our plans for the following day. After what had happened we knew it was too dangerous to go deeper into the forest, so we decided to give up our hunt and go back home.

As soon as it was light enough we gave the body of Thurston as decent a burial as we could, and burdened with sorrow and disappointment, and with one gone from our little party we began our journey homeward.

C. H. VARNER, '02.

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Established }
1888. }

MAY, 1900.

} Vol. X.
} No. 8.

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H. T. SHOCKLEY, EDITOR.

Educated farmers. You have often heard boys talking about their educational possibilities, have you not? Then you have heard some of them say about this: "I don't need to go to college; I intend to be a farmer." And this is just the opinion of a great many people in this country, though there are signs that an awakening is not far off and that our people will soon recognize the fact that education is never lost, no matter what business you intend to follow.

I heard a conversation the other day which brings out the need of education in farming admirably. A landowner riding over his plantation on a tour of inspection was called by one of his overseers and asked to come in. He dismounted from his horse, went in, and asked the man to state what he wished. The overseer replied. "Mr.— I just want to tell you that I haven't got sense enough to farm and have about concluded to give up trying." "Why John," Mr.— replied, "any negro can farm, what do you mean?" "Well," he said, "I'll tell you what makes me think so. Do you see all these houses around here going to ruin for want of a

board here and a nail yonder? It takes a carpenter to be a farmer. And," says he, "this fine farm is washing away for need of proper terraces. I ought to study engineering before I try farming. Then the other day I had some trouble on account of my negroes and had to go to law. So you see that a farmer has to be a lawyer. Besides this," he said, "only yesterday one of the hands fell sick and suffered much because the nearest doctor was miles off and I didn't know how to administer even a simple remedy. And I find that I don't get the crops I ought because I don't know the soil well enough to plant the right seed in the right place. So," said he, "I've concluded that I'd rather tackle any one of the professions than continue farming, for I don't know enough to be carpenter, civil engineer, lawyer, doctor and geologist all at the same time."

The above you may say is the product of an overwrought mind. Well it may be, but yet it carries its lesson. You know that it is a standing joke that the people of the up-country buy guano and put it on their land, and as soon as the rains come it is washed off and down to the coast where it is dug up and sold over again. This is only a joke, but it shows that outsiders have noticed the poor terracing of the hills of this section which has resulted from lack of knowledge.

Then what an advantage is to be derived from a knowledge of soils and their adaptation. Some people think that anything will grow in one soil which will grow in another, and this idea is only taken away by dearly bought experience. People say that any uneducated negro can farm. There is not a word of it true. He may be able to hoe cotton or to plow or to even make a crop, but he can't farm in the proper sense of the word.

Do you look on farming as a profession? Nine-tenths of the people do not; they call it an occupation. And here is the root of the matter, the cause of the mistake. Farming is a profession and should be studied as such. A young man wishes to be a lawyer, and he takes himself through a regular course of study to attain that proficiency necessary

to success. Another takes medicine for his profession and goes through years of training in medical schools and hospitals. Then why shouldn't the young farmer take a course which will fit him for his chosen profession?

Now, having read this, you may feel like saying, "All this space and nothing said which I didn't already know." That may be true, but nevertheless it does not detract from the purpose of this editorial, which purpose is not to teach something new (for we are not competent of doing that) but to call attention to a much needed reform. It is our desire to see the awakening, which has begun along this line, progress and accomplish the good we feel it can do.



Dewey, the Presidential Candidate.

The Hero of Manila has fallen victim to worse than the Spaniard. He has been brought into the service of over-vaulting ambition. The great hero is about to dwindle into an insignificant office seeker.

Dewey's career as a national hero has been anything but successful. This statement may seem strange when you think of the praises sung to his name; the brilliant welcome in New York, than which none greater has ever been witnessed by Americans; the magnificent home given him by the people of this country, and the vieing of cities for his presence at great fetes in his honor. But this is not what I mean; I mean the way in which he has borne this. First he betrayed the confidence of the people by giving away to his newly wed wife the gift of the nation. This he is now moving out of. And the straw that breaks the camel's back is his stepping forward to ride on the wings of his popularity, as a fighter, into the white house.

That Dewey has proved himself a capable Admiral, we all know, but that he will make a good president we do not know. It would be a very strange thing, though, if he did. For the man who has taken so little interest in politics as never to have voted, can hardly be expected to be well

enough up on the needs of a great nation to perform the functions of its highest office.

We hope that Dewey will restrain his presidential aspirations and not darken his present glory by the ignominy of almost certain defeat.



Exchange Department.

E. P. MILLER, EDITOR.

The Wesleyan Literary Monthly is usually our best exchange, and its reputation still holds in the April issue. Although it contains no essay work, the fiction makes up the deficiency; and it is well to get out a fiction number occasionally. Another good point we have noted in this magazine is that all other departments are held to be less important than the literary department, and that to the latter is given so much space. The first story, "U. M. C. 38, S. & W." has a good plot and is well written. "The Painting Above the Mantel" is a good sketch, suggesting more than is really written. The farce, "Gertrude's Cousin," pleases one with the quiet humor. The three pieces of verse are also well done; and especially would we notice the poem "By an Old Castle." One can really feel the gloom of the first two verses, and see the maids and the men with martial tread of the old time.

The N. C. University Magazine is one of our best exchanges, but the issue for March is lacking in fiction, there being but one story, "Ole Marse Henry," and that in dialect. This is a fair story, though, told in perfect dialect. "The Early Settlements of the Moravians" is an interesting bit of history, and contains originality. The essay on "The Spanish Tragedy and Hamlet" is good, showing the relation of the two. We are sorry to note that the usual space is not allotted to the literary contents.

The only poem in the *Wake Forest Student* for April is a good translation of one of Horace's odes. ". . . . Dinwidie Court House" contains some good description, but is not as good a story as "The Cornish Smuggler." By far the best essay in this issue is the one on Victor Hugo. The essays on Poe and Longfellow do not contain much original-

ity, and we hope to see an improvement in the other part or parts of the former.

The Richmond College Messenger for April contains some good verse, of which "The Minstrel's Harp" is the best. The piece on "Slavery" is a good oration. The plot of "A Finger of Fate" is not very well handled, but "A Wild Ride" is excellently told. We await with interest the continuation of the story, "The Return." A love story is not easy to handle, and the last named is above the ordinary.

The Converse Concept comes to us this month as a fiction number, and indeed begins well with that end in view. "The Last of the Race of Aidah" is a long story, and the writer is to be commended on the handling of the plot and the telling of the story. "The Gadfly" is a strong piece of poetry. The description in "Two Scenes" is excellent. "Dawn and Twilight" is what it is meant to be—the suggestion of a good story. We congratulate *The Concept* on its exchange department.

Altogether the plots and the work-up of the different stories in *The Trinity Archive* for April are not up to the usual standard. "John Abbott" does not take human nature into consideration, and we cannot speak very highly of either "McPherson's Code" or "Squire Bob's Victim." The redeeming feature of this issue is "The Origin and Development of the English Novel," which is a sound literary essay.

The Emory Phoenix for April contains more literary matter than usual, which we are glad to note. This issue begins with a fair piece of verse-making. The writer of "A Mistake" shows ability. We are glad to see that the literary papers on "Southern Writers" continue. "A Game" is very much like Poe's "Chess Player."

We welcome the first issue we have seen of the *Windmill*, of St. John's School. If it intends to be a humorous paper it makes a good beginning.

We commend the writer of "Memory's Harp" in the

Georgetonian. It is a noble piece of verse. The essay "Our Debt to Shakespeare's Women" is also worthy of note. "All a Summer's Day" is pleasing idyl—a sort of reverie.

The Baylor Literary begins with a good oration entitled "A Nation's Crisis." "Richard Carvel Contrasted with Henry Esmond" is a true literary essay. "National Songs of America" is an interesting account of our well-known songs and ballads and the authors thereof. We hope the essay on Grady will be concluded. If the conclusion is up to the standard of the first part, we do not hesitate to pronounce the whole an excellent piece of work. We are also glad to note that the exchange department is paid the proper amount of attention. Altogether, this issue is one of the best for this month.



Alumni Department.

E. C. MAJOR, EDITOR.

CLASS OF '76.

The class of '76, for several years spoken of as "the big class," was in many respects a remarkable class. There was more brotherly love and less dignity in that class than in any other graduated from Wofford since the war between the States.

The boys of '76 propose to have a reunion this year. They want to come together and compare notes, discuss their ups and downs and get their bearings for the next quarter of a century, the first quarter of the twentieth century.

Twenty-five years in the world! They ought to have done something for themselves and for humanity. Let us see.

Samuel Bagwell—There is "Bags," the first man in the class alphabetically. "Bags" was a good, honest plodder. For four years he fought a good fight and won the respect of his classmates. During his whole college course he rode his black horse to college, regardless of weather. "Bags" farms and teaches near Glendale where he was reared.

George W. Brown—"G." Brown was perhaps the youngest man in the class. "G." was fond of the ladies, was a good student and quite popular among the boys. After graduating he taught school two years in Darlington county, and, at the same time, studied law. He has practiced law continuously and successfully since then and, at present, represents that county in the State senate. "G." is a strong lawyer, a good speaker and a faithful advocate.

J. Fleming Brown—"Sheephead" Brown is a teacher and has been ever since he left college. "Sheephead" was one of the best mathematicians in his class. He wrote a splendid business hand, was quick of speech and movement and gave promise of a successful business life. His friends have not been disappointed. Prof. Brown is the *sine qua non* at Converse College. A fine teacher, "Sheephead" is none the less successful as a man

of affairs. Besides his class-room work, he manages the financial side of Converse College. Everything there shows the hand of a master.

Wilbur E. Burnett—"Buck" Burnett stands at the head of the class as financier. "Old Buck" is a hummer. He was a hustler in college and, after a quarter of a century, still has "a move on him." "Buck" graduated on Wednesday, and on the following Monday went into Spartanburg National Bank as office boy, or boy ready to do anything that needed to be done promptly and well. For several years he has been cashier of the bank and is identified with a number of the leading business enterprises of the city and county.

John G. Clinkscapes—"Old Clink" is a teacher. He wanted to be a lawyer. He read Blackstone while teaching school. His eyes gave out and for awhile he was compelled to give up both teaching and the study of law. After treatment by Dr. Calhoun, of Atlanta, his eyesight was improved and he again took up the work of teaching. After teaching several years in the Columbia Female College and in Clemson College, he was elected to the chair of Math in Wofford.

M. W. Crayton—"Marsh" Crayton is a doctor, a pill roller and is practicing his profession in Rutherford, N. C. It is said that "Old Marsh" imagined he had every disease he read about while at the medical college, and was sometimes almost frightened to death. "Marsh" was always credulous, but he was a "good-hearted" fellow, and is a faithful, useful physician.

James Avery Finger—"Old Dac" Finger was the base-ballist of the class. "Old Dac," with his promising "bay window," could stand on first base "till all hands were satisfied." "Dac" started out as drummer, but found it didn't suit him. He then settled down to the work of teaching, and has been connected with the Charleston city schools ever since. "Dac" is a success.

James B. Franks—"Jim" Franks, the handsome man of the class, taught school, farmed, then for a time was president of a bank, and is now an insurance agent in Philadelphia.

William L. Glaze—"Old Bill" was perhaps the best loved man of the class. He weighed over 200 pounds. He had a large frame, was big-brained and big-hearted. He was am-

bitious, but unselfish; was sympathetic and gentle, but as solid as a rock, and as true to truth and right as the needle to the pole. At Orangeburg, where "Old Bill" is loved by all classes, he is "The Major." Standing at the fore-front of the legal fraternity at that bar, "The Major" enjoys a lucrative and well-deserved practice.

William L. Gray—"Old Fussy" is the merchant prince of the class. A hustler in college, striking "square from the shoulder," the boys expected him to do something in the world, and they've not been disappointed. "Old Fussy's" sobriquet came from the mispronunciation of a Latin proper name one morning. With the boys of '76 that name will last as long as "Old Fussy himself; yes, and longer. One cannot now think of the business enterprises of the plucky little city of Laurens without seeing as the central figure "Old Fussy" of the class of '76.

Sam Keener—"Sam" is the preacher of the class—the only preacher—but he's a preacher. Nature cast "Sam" in a big mould. He was a leader, not because he wanted to be, but because he couldn't help it. He was popular, not because he courted popularity (he despised a man who allowed policy to control him), but because of his wonderful personality that made itself felt anywhere and everywhere. For a number of years Sam served as Presiding Elder in the Louisiana Conference, and is now, I think, president of a college in Alabama. Wherever "Sam" is, there is a man in his shoes.

Preston B. Langston—"Brooks" was the blusher of the class. He could laugh heartily and then blush on the shortest possible notice. "Brooks" loved his pipe, and could draw from the weed crumbs of comfort that some of his professors knew not of. "Brooks" was always in love, and he loved hard. To marry the "black-eyed girl" was to him the sum of all life. After graduating "Brooks" taught several years successfully in Oconee county, marrying in the meantime, of course. Going into the mercantile business at Pelzer, he had, after several successful years, financial reverses. He lost his wife, married again, and is now—must I write it?—a grandfather. Is it possible? A member of the class of '76 a grandfather? Let me feel this head of mine. Yes, it is just so. It might have

been I. The difference is this: My first-born was a boy; "Brooks'" was a girl.

Addison W. Lynch—"Old Sketch" was the laugher of the class. He laughed when things pleased him and laughed when they didn't; he laughed in season and out of season—mostly out. I wouldn't give fifteen cents for a mule that "Sketch" couldn't laugh out of countenance in fifteen seconds. But in spite of that defect which we could never cure, "Old Sketch" was a man, every inch a man. He laughed at difficulties, and fought his way through college, leaving behind a better record than many another who had more of this world's goods to help him on to a diploma. During "Sketch's" senior year he made \$25 per month teaching Latin and Greek for Prof. Sam's, who had charge of the High School in the city. While the rest of us were eating dinner "Sketch" was faithfully teaching the Spartanburg boys how to dig up and chew up Greek roots. The old boy is a teacher by profession and is now at the head of a flourishing school in Georgia. Lynch will win; there is no discount on him. He is a widower; but he will marry again.

Elias A. McBee—"Lias" was the dancer of the class. To see him cut the "pigeon wing" was a treat. He was full of sunshine, and scattered it with a lavish hand. His genial disposition, ready wit and unselfish nature made him a general favorite. He read law and practiced a few years in Greenville, his home. Now he is living on a farm in Greenville county.

George E. Prince—"Cleanser" was the debater of the class. For the sake of argument he would debate "which is the top side of a pancake?" Prince taught several years, but no member of his class was surprised to hear that he was practicing law. They considered him a born lawyer. Located in Anderson, he is now regarded one of the ablest lawyers in upper Carolina. He represents his county in the State Legislature, and has been mentioned in connection with the United States Senatorship.

T. C. Robinson—"Trissie" was the fat man of the class. He and McBee were the best prepared men in the class when we entered Fresh. "Trissie" is a lawyer-editor, mostly editor. He is located at Pickens. He ran for the office of State Super-

intendent of Education, and was defeated by a very close vote. He served for a time on the State Board of Control. The boys of '76 are glad that "Trissie" serves on that board no longer.

C. P. Rogers—"Charlie" was the quiet man of the class. He talked when it was necessary. Charlie was not selfish, but attended strictly to his own business, and expected everybody else to do the same thing. After graduating Charlie returned to his farm in Marlborough county, where he has been eminently successful as a planter. He married Miss Ellerbe, the highly cultured sister of the late Governor Wm. H. Ellerbe. This accomplished lady presides with ease and grace over Charlie's palatial home, and the quiet man of '76 is happy.

James L. Sheridan—"Jeems" was the musician of the class. He was fond of his flute. "Jeems" was not fond of study, but was quick and bright and full of life. He studied medicine after leaving Wofford and practiced successfully until his death a few years ago. He is buried in Orangeburg, the county of his birth.

Foster A. Sondley—Sondley, the man we could never nickname, is practicing law in Asheville, N. C. Sondley was the big-footed man of the class; but he was not all heels. He was noted as much for his large brain as for his big feet. Sondley was a student. Intellectually he was the leader of the class. He was never a boy, but always a man. For this reason he did not get the hold on his classmates that his strong intellect and studious habits would suggest. He is a bachelor. Some good woman ought to bring suit against Sondley for wedding Blackstone. His law library has usurped the place of some sweet woman in his home and heart. It's a shame! Sondley always did hate tobacco, the devil, and—well, I was about to write the word *women*. But that would be too strong. Sondley just simply has not had time to get married. I am told that he has on his office door in large letters the words, "Leave your tobacco outside." That's just what every member of the class would expect of Sondley. He would rather run off every patron than compromise with a thing he hates as much as he hates tobacco. "Accuracy" was Sondley's watchword in college. I dare say he still clings to it.

C. C. Twitty—Craig was one of the babies of the class. He and G. Brown were about the same age. Craig was a good student and had the advantage of being assisted by a scholarly father. Craig is a drummer and has done well. I have thought all these years, however, that a man with Craig's scholarly tastes and instincts ought to be a professional man.

R. B. R. C. Wallace—Robert Barnwell Rhett Calhoun Wallace—"Uncle Bob"—was the patriarch of the class. Every man in the class loved "Uncle Bob." Bob Wallace was honesty and sincerity personified. When "Uncle Bob" entered college he wore a broad-brimmed white wool hat. On the hat band was printed in large letters the name R. B. R. C. Wallace. In twenty-four hours the full name was known and he was dubbed "Uncle Bob." To say that "Uncle Bob" was popular with students and faculty would be stating a truth very mildly. "Uncle Bob" came to college with his name written in large letters on the band of his hat, not to advertise himself, but simply because he desired to mark his hat and thought the band a very good place to put so long a name. That innocence and simplicity characterized his entire college course. Bob is a doctor, and a good one, in Darlington county. The boys of '76 need not be told that when Dr. Wallace goes into a sick room a gentleman enters there.

MEMBER OF THE CLASS.

Local Department.

W. C. MARTIN, EDITOR.

BASE BALL.

Wofford's ball team has, so far, sustained their reputation which they so fairly won last year. The team is a record-breaker, and is considered by base ball men throughout the state as the best aggregation of college ball players ever put on the diamond in South Carolina. For the last two years Wofford's team has been a winner, having won up to date sixteen consecutive games. Her team has easily held the state championship for the last two years, and from the present forecast the sports say she must win again. We have played eight games this season, not losing one. Every game has been a clean and fair exhibition of good ball playing, and not once has our right to any game been questioned by our opponents or any of the audience. Though none of our opponents have denied the fact that we won *any* game from them fairly and squarely, yet some, lacking the manhood to acknowledge open defeat without uncalled for explanations and reasons why they did not win in a particular game, claim the best team in the state and will doubtless lay claim to the championship.

Newspaper reports count for little. Outsiders judge the relative standing of teams by the score made, and care very little for any explanation made by a defeated team. We are sorry to see so much contention between the different college teams of the state as has been conspicuously brought before the eyes of the people in newspaper controversies. Where there should exist good feeling and harmony, there is an existing feeling of jealousy. Every college team in the state has been mixed up in these newspaper controversies except Charleston College and Wofford. We hope to see no more of this ill feeling displayed, which will, in the course of time, make base ball disgusting to the people of South Carolina, and will without doubt do great injury to inter-collegiate athletics in the state.

Again, the high premium of college base ball is greatly reduced by some of our sister colleges hiring men to play ball, allowing them to enter college at any time simply to play in a particular game, and not even forcing them to take a course in their institution. Not only is it a low principle, but they are not treating those colleges fairly who do not hire men, and whose ball men are regular students, expecting to graduate, required to make above a certain stand in their college work, and thus assuring the public that the ball men at that institution are doing good college work. Such are the restrictions on the ball men at Wofford College, the champions of the state. If they should go down before a hired team there would be but little honor for the victors, but great must be the humiliation when they suffer defeat at the hands of Wofford year after year, and still persist in hiring ball men. We hope before the season of 1901 opens rules will have been passed by unanimous consent of the colleges of the state prohibiting looseness of any kind in college athletics.

WOFFORD'S RECORD.

Wofford's team left Spartanburg on the evening of the 5th of April for Columbia, where they played South Carolina on the following afternoon. The game was the greatest attraction of the season, which was proven by the immense crowd that witnessed the game. It was probably the largest crowd that has ever witnessed a college ball game in Columbia. The colors of the two teams were about equally divided among the crowd. The game was hot and snappy, and at times it seemed that Carolina would win out in spite of the encouraging cheers from the C. F. C. young ladies and the hard work of the Wofford men. DuPre pitched a great game against heavy odds, often striking out the third man with bases full. We are sorry we have not space to give a detailed account of the game, but a complete summary will tell the tale.

Score—Wofford 7; Carolina 5. Batteries—Wofford: DuPre and Hudgens; Carolina: Malone and Felder. Struck out—By

DuPre 11; by Malone 9. Base hits—Wofford 6; Carolina 4. Errors—Wofford 3; Carolina 11.

After Friday's game in Columbia, Wofford the following evening crossed bats with Charleston College in the City by the Sea. The game was slow and far too one-sided to be interesting. Hall pitched in beautiful shape, easily sustaining his reputation for speed.

Score—Wofford 24; Charleston 3. Batteries—Wofford: Hall and Hudgens; Charleston: Chisolm, O'Bryan and Slattery. Struck out—By Hall 13; by Chisolm 1. Base hits—Wofford 17; Charleston 2. Errors—Wofford 4; Charleston 10. Three-base hits—Burnett 1. Two-base hits—Greene 1; Hall 1.

The team spent Sunday in Charleston, and on Monday afternoon (April 9) met the S. C. M. A. boys. DuRant, the Citadel's left-hand twirler, pitched a good, steady game and got good support, but Wofford's men proved too strong for him, and his team was forced to take the same old dose previously administered to Charleston and South Carolina. DuPre was in the box again for Wofford, and throughout the game had the sturdy soldier boys at his mercy. Hudgens, Wofford's star catcher, won applause from the grand stand by his superb work behind the slab. DuPre received excellent support, holding the locals down to two lone hits.

Score—Wofford 8; Citadel 2. Struck out—DuPre 16; DuRant 5. Base hits—Wofford 10; Citadel 2. Two-base hits—For Citadel: Parker; for Wofford: Burnett, Bennett.

Our first games on the local diamond were with our strong opponents from Wake Forest, N. C., on April 23rd and 24th. A large crowd was present to see great ball playing, and had it not been for a few errors in the first game they would have seen two of the snappiest games ever pulled off in Spartanburg. However, the last game, on Tuesday, was a great game, and was fast, professional ball from start to finish. Wake Forest brought with them two puzzling left-hand twirlers who gave the Wofford men much trouble. Hall pitched a shut-out game the first day, only yielding four scattered hits, and had it not been for some costly errors and a wild throw, Wake Forest would never have rushed a man over the slab. In the second game

DuPre fully sustained his reputation as a tosser, pitching a shut-out game. He was given perfect support, his team not making a single error. Hobgood, for Wake Forest, pitched a beautiful game, holding Wofford down better than any other pitcher so far. He was given excellent support.

FIRST GAME.—Score—Wofford 7; Wake Forest 3. Struck out—Hall 11; Moore 6. Base Hits—Wofford 8; Wake Forest 4. Errors—Wofford 8; Wake Forest 4. Two-base hits—For Wofford: Martin 2, Bates 1, Bennett 1. Three-base hit—For Wake Forest: Weaver 1. Batteries—Wofford: Hall and Hudgens; Wake Forest: Moore and Royster.

SECOND GAME.—Score—Wofford 1; Wake Forest 0. Struck out—DuPre 18; Hobgood 7. Base hits—Wofford 4; Wake Forest 4. Errors—Wofford 0; Wake Forest 2. Two-base hit—For Wake Forest: Sams 1. Batteries—Wofford: DuPre and Hudgens; Wake Forest: Hobgood and Royster.

On the 26th our team boarded the train for Clemson College, where they defeated the Clemson tigers the following afternoon. Amid the roar of cannon, the crash of college yells, loud rumbling drums and the terrible blast from five hundred horns. Clemson College went down before Wofford to the tune of 6 to 0. It was a pitcher's battle, when DuPre once more held the big end of the rope. The ball team reports a pleasant trip to Clemson, and are loud in their praise of Clemson hospitality.

Score—Wofford 6; Clemson 0. Batteries—Wofford: DuPre and Hudgens; Clemson: McMakin and Lanham. Struck out—By DuPre 9; by McMakin 12. Base hits—Wofford 11; Clemson 2. Errors—Wofford 2; Clemson 3. Two-base hits—For Wofford: Burnett and Greene.

The last two games were both played in Spartanburg during the great musical festival at Converse College. Large crowds attended both games. The Carolina vs. Wofford game on Wednesday, the 3rd, was witnessed by more than a thousand people. More than two hundred Carolina supporters accompanied them to Spartanburg, hoping to see Carolina win from Wofford either through a streak of luck or by providence. But, alas! their hopes vanished when our boys tapped "Timmy"

Malone for eleven clean hits, flavored with a couple of three-baggers.

Score—Wofford 9; Carolina 3. Struck out—By DuPre 12; by Malone 4. Base hits—Wofford 11; Carolina 7. Three-base hits—For Wofford: Martin 1; Hall 1. Errors—Wofford 1; Carolina 5. Batteries—Wofford: DuPre and Hudgens; Carolina: Malone and Bennett.

On May 5 Wofford defeated Charleston College on the local diamond to the tune of 9 to 0.

Score—Wofford 9; Charleston 0. Batteries—Wofford: DuPre and Hudgens; Charleston: Heinitsh and Slattery. Base hits—Wofford 9; Charleston 2. Struck out—By DuPre 16; by Heinitsh 2. Errors—Wofford 4; Charleston 6. Three-base hit—Hall 1. Two-base hit—Bennett 1.

This is the tale so far. As Carolina says: "Draw your inference."

THE SOPHOMORE EXHIBITION.

On the evening of April 25th the Sophomores held their annual exhibition in the college chapel. A large crowd was present, all of whom pronounced the evening a very pleasant one. The speaking was good, being well up to the usual standard, while the music furnished by the "First Regiment Band" was thoroughly enjoyed by all. A feature of the evening was the delightful reception held in the two society halls after the speaking. The following program was carried through without a break:

Mr. T. F. Watkins, Presiding.

Jefferson Davis—C. H. Varner.

Music.

The Chariot Race—D. E. Camak.

Music.

Under Which Flag?—F. H. Hudgens.

Music.

A Great Day in Our History—N. L. Prince.

Music.

An Actor's Story—A. Morrison.

Music.

The Puritan and the Pilgrim—J. W. Dickson.

Music.

Reception.

CAMPUS DOTS.

Base ball.

Spring laziness.

Hurrah for commencement!

Many visitors have been on the campus during the last week.

Mr. F. S. DuPre has been elected orator in the Calhoun Society for June.

Mr. J. C. Moore, who graduated with the class of '98, has been on the campus the last few days visiting friends. He is the same old "Jim."

Hon. John R. Abney, of New York city, will deliver the literary address before the two societies on June 11, during commencement.

Among the old boys who attended the musical festival were Messrs. Hewlit Sullivan, B. A. Tolbert, C. M. McWhirter, W. M. Owings, George Coleman, H. W. White, M. B. Jennings and R. A. Hannon.

Prof. Snyder has just returned from a trip to Nashville, Tenn., where he attended a Southern Educational Conference.

An effort is being made to have the college ball park enclosed. We hope those interested in the matter may be successful, as we are greatly in need of an enclosed field.

The senior class, in company with Prof. DuPre, took a trip to Charleston about the 1st of April for the purpose of studying the phosphate works near the city. They spent a week in Charleston, and, while under the guidance of Prof. DuPre, visited many points of interest in and about the city.

The ball team while in Columbia, where they played with South Carolina College on April 6, was invited to a delightful

reception at Columbia College on the evening of the 6th. To simply say they enjoyed themselves would be putting the fact mildly. They appreciate the kindness shown them by the young ladies, and also their loyalty to Wofford. The boys claim it would be impossible to lose to Carolina as long as they have such fair support.

It is probable that another game will be played with Carolina this season. They seem anxious for it. Wofford has already defeated them twice. How strange to love—defeats!

The students have received much pleasure and profit from the excellent course of lectures given by the Lyceum this year. Nearly all have attended these lectures, and are anticipating some very fine ones next year.

A few statistics given here may be of interest to base ball enthusiasts. Wofford's pitchers have struck out 108 men in the last eight games, while 46 men on Wofford's team have struck out up to date. Our pitchers have so far yielded 27 hits, while our team has scored 75 hits. The scores stand: Wofford 71, opposing teams 16.



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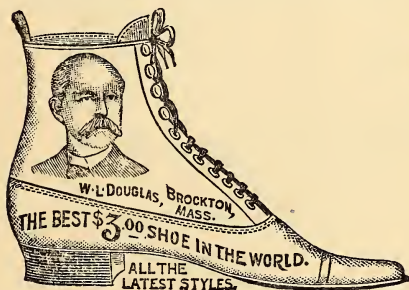
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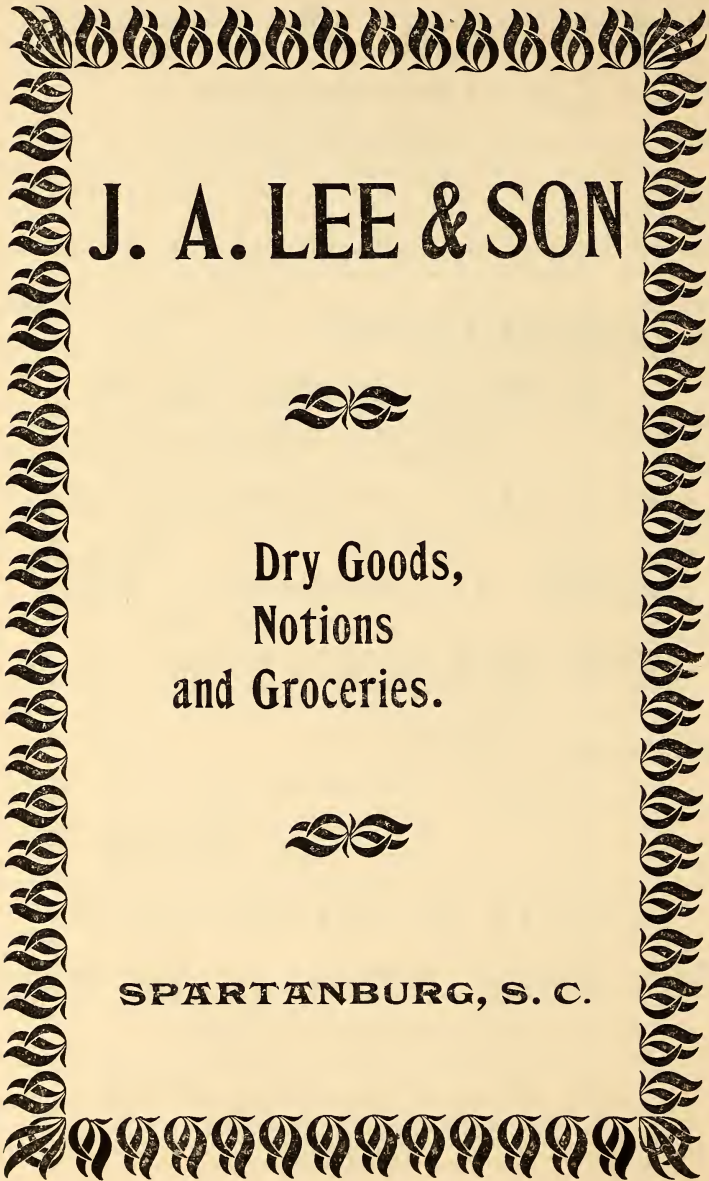
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April 1950
1950
1950

PUBLISHED BY THE CALHOUN
AND PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETIES

Vol. XI.

JUNE, 1900

MAY 30 1950

No. 9.

Entered at the Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as Second-class Matter.

CONTENTS.

Advertising Department	2-8
Literary Department	9-31
"Chronicles of the Class"	9-12
"Was it Marshal Ney?"	12-16
"Lord Byron's Greek Slave"	16-20
"Tennyson's Volume of 1830"	20-23
"The Oak"	23-25
"The Class of 1900"	25-31
Editorial Department	33-35
• Exchange Department	37-39
Local Department	41-43
College Directory	45
Advertising Department	46-55

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The seven sections of the next collegiate year will open as follows: First Thursday, Sept. 14, 1899; second, Monday, Oct. 23, 1899; third, Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1899; fourth, Tuesday, Jan 9, 1900; fifth, Thursday, Feb. 15, 1900; sixth, Monday, March 26, 1900; seventh, Wednesday, May 2, 1900. A new pupil may enter the College with perfect convenience at any one of these points of time. The scholastic year will close on Thursday, June 7 1900.

Our new Board of Trustees, after carefully canvassing all the interests of the institution, re-elected all the Faculty of last year, and determined to diminish the rates of board and tuition very materially. These rates will hereafter be as follows:

Items	Per Section	Per Year.
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Literary Tuition in Class C or D.	4.00	28.00.
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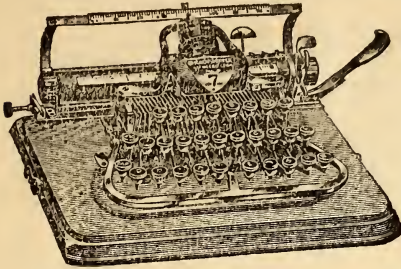
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Is a Literary Magazine, published monthly, by the Calhoun and the Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College. The aim of THE JOURNAL is to encourage literary pursuits among the students, and to serve as a medium of expressing their efforts.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Literary Department.

L. L. HARDIN, EDITOR.

CHRONICLES OF THE CLASS.

When we first stepped on this campus
Freshmen green as grass were we ;
Now, as grave and reverend Seniors,
We're as wise as wise can be.

—Barnyard Stripling.

If anyone doubts the truth of Thomas Carlyle's statement that great events in history are not ushered in with great demonstrations, but take place quietly and unobtrusively, let him note the way in which the Class of 1900 entered Wofford College. No bon-fires were lighted in the city, there was no hurrying to and fro of the populace, nor any clanging of bells. Tradition does not record that there was so much as an extra meeting of the board of trustees, nor even an unusual degree of excitement on the campus when the half-a-hundred youths composing the class dropped in from various rural retreats where (as a mere fad, of course,) they were accustomed to spend their leisure moments in agriculture. It is a pleasure as well as a duty (as they say on the rostrum at Commencement) to record some of the deeds of this class whose arrival was received so tamely. Observe some of the traits and triumphs of this paragon—

This full-blown, fairest flower,
The ripened harvest of a century.

One of the greatest triumphs was when, while yet in the Sophomore year, 1900 took charge of the "Junior Debate." The men of '99 had the excellent insight to see just who could best manage the business, and accordingly called upon

1900 to do the honors of the occasion, and 1900 complied with a composure and complacency really refreshing. The debate was one of the best ever heard here, and the standard of the Junior debates was upheld by Sophomores with true Junior ability and dignity. This, however, is far from being a common occurrence, and falls only to the lot of uncommon classes; for when the men of 1900 became Juniors they had no idea of calling upon the Sophs, but managed the debate in great style for the second time. The tools, they thought, belong to those who know how to use them. In the Junior year there was yet another triumph in store for them. The Preston Society liked its *personnel* so well that it decided to have 1900 Juniors for its presidents instead of '99 Seniors. This was rather pointed, the men of '99 thought, but who would doubt the wisdom of the masses? It was only the deep conservatism of the Calhoun Society, coupled with the fact that most of the Seniors were Calhouns, that prevented a similar occurrence there.

The class of 1900 has never been lacking in *esprit de corps*, and the faculty and students will testify that her men have a way of pulling together truly remarkable, but sometimes very annoying to the opposition. When, as Sophomores, this body decided that it was inexpedient at the time to get out an annual (after every other class had enthusiastically decided that it *was* highly expedient) it proceeded to say so in a loud and exasperating voice, and made itself so generally prominent and disagreeable that the matter was dropped perforce. Not only has class spirit been prominent, but that distinctly American quality known as *nerve* (recently percolating into this region from the hustling North) has ever been a prominent trait. If it did not see what it wanted it asked for it. It did not cost anything to ask for extra holidays, extra trips and special indulgences, and the faculty, through sheer admiration for a display of nerve on the grand scale, frequently consented. If it did not, the men of 1900 assumed a wrong but forgiving air that would have touched less experienced hearts.

The home stretch of the four years' course has not been

lacking in incident and interest. Naturally, toward the end of our journey we begin to look back over the course and talk a lot of stuff about the good old times of this or that year, forgetting, of course, the harrassments and embarrassments that beset us in these same good old days. One fact the historian distinctly remembers, however, and he must record it, for in the light of recent events it looms up prophetic.

When this class was perambulating about the campus in a more or less lost-strayed-or-stolen condition during the first days of its freshman year, it was made the butt of many witticisms and facetious remarks in which the words "class of naughty-naught", "class of double-zero" and others of like import were prominent. Now look at the class, four years from that time. There *have* been double-zeros, even double-double-zeros—but where? They are not recorded on the professors' books—but there are other books. Look at the official scorer's book—an official in the eyes of some above the beforenamed in importance. There you will find the double-double-zeros: Wake Forest o, Clemson o, Charleston College o, and the Citadel o. But those are not Wofford's zeros, you say. True, most worthy reader, but is it not more blessed to give than to receive? Since the men of 1900 have reached the upper classes and have had a voice in the matter no game has ever been lost by Wofford.

But let our eulogy be recited by posterity. In every department of college life—scholarship, society work, base-ball, gymnasium—in all public exhibitions, 1900 has played a prominent and honorable part. Further than this, extreme modesty, which the reader has no doubt observed, has been carried almost to a fault in this history—extreme modesty and diffidence forbid your historian to go. If there is any one thing that 1900 is proud of it is her modesty—in that she reigns supreme.

Our bright and shining countenances will soon be seen no more around these classic walks and walls—no more, except at intervals. There is no predicting when some planet of

this constellation is going to scoot across the horizon of the campus in all its brilliancy.

We leave, like those volcanic stones, our cherished Alma Mater;
But we'll come tumbling in some time to see the dear old crater.

C. C. HERODOTUS.

WAS IT MARSHAL NEY?

It has only been of recent years that the tradition has been corroborated that Marshal Ney, Napoleon's great captain, instead of being executed in the Luxemburg Gardens, as it was supposed, escaped to America and died a country school teacher in North Carolina. Especially in North and South Carolina where he taught school, and where many proofs have been developed, has this tradition been held as no mere supposition.

On Ney's return to France after the downfall of Napoleon at Waterloo, he was arrested, convicted of treason and sentenced to be shot. It seems that on being carried to the place of execution he was told by the surgeon who accompanied him, and who was an intimate friend, that the soldiers would shoot above his head, but that he must fall as if he were really shot. The soldiers shot over his head as they were ordered. A weight corresponding to that of the Marshal was placed in the coffin, and Ney escaped to England, being furnished with passports by the Duke of Wellington. In England he was befriended by powerful and influential friends, among them William Cobbett, the famous "Liberal leader of Parliament."

He was given letters of introduction to influential people in this country by Cobbett, and finally neached the United States undetected. Here he was in perfect safety, but on account of his friends in England and France who might have suffered had their part in his escape been known, he kept his identity a secret. He soon left Baltimore, where he first went after reaching this country, and came South to Charleston; but this being a sea-coast town and the home of

many French refugees who might recognize him, he went up in the country to Darlington county where he taught a small country school. After teaching here for a few months he went over into Marlboro, an adjoining county, where he secured another school about six miles from Bennettsville, the county seat. Here he remained for several months, making his home at a Mr. Rogers's, whose son was one of his pupils, and who died only a few years ago at an advanced age. Another one of Ney's pupils, a Mr. Alsbrooks, died last year, being over ninety years of age.

During his residence in Marlboro Ney went by the name of Peter Stewart. It was here that he first learned of Napoleon's death. He was sitting in the school room one Thursday afternoon between two and three o'clock reading a paper, which a neighbor passing by had handed him, and on seeing the death of his great commander he burst into tears. School was immediately dismissed and there was no more until the following Monday. In the meantime Ney remained in his room and refused to talk to anyone.

About this time a great tournament was held in Columbia, and Ney went over to that accompanied by Mr. Rogers and his little son. Being a great admirer of horses, and also being one of the finest horsemen in the world, the Marshal secured a horse and entered the tournament. Everyone present was astonished by his remarkable riding, and began to inquire who he was. There happened to be some French refugees there, and they immediately circulated the report that it was none other than Peter Stewart Ney, the "bravest of the brave." When this report reached the Marshal he went at once to his room at the hotel and did not appear on the street again until he returned home.

Ney did not remain in Marlboro county very long after this but went up into North Carolina.

From the time the Marshal first went to North Carolina, in 1821, until about 1835 little is known of his life except that he was still leading the life of a country school teacher. It was about this time that his son Eugene came to visit him in North Carolina. A note of introduction to Colonel Willet

of New York from Lafayette shows that Eugene Ney came to this country in 1821. It is as follows:

“PARIS, Aug. 6, 1821.

“My Dear Willet:—It is fitt that I should introduce to our Senior Revolutionary Commander, a son of the illustrious and unfortunate Marshal Ney—who intends to visit the United States—I am to thank you my dear friend for the introductory letters I note and then receive, and doubly rejoice at every opportunity to Hear from You and to offer the best wishes and tender regards of your affectionate brother soldier,

“LAFAYETTE.

“Col. Willet,

“New York,

“By Eugene Ney.

“58 Broome St.”

(The above is copied from an old sheet, the original being in the possession of a Mrs. Stanton of New York.)

When young Ney came to this country his father apprenticed him to Drs. Rush and Cox, the famous Philadelphia surgeons, and it was not until he had completed his education that he went to visit his father, who was then teaching school in Iredell county, N. C. Peter Stewart Ney was then boarding at the home of a farmer named Houston, and it was late one afternoon that young Ney arrived at his house and asked for accommodation for the night. His request was refused on the ground that every bed was occupied, but young Ney insisted, saying that there was no other house near and it was then very late. On agreeing to sleep on the floor he was allowed to remain for the night. At supper that evening father and son sat opposite each other but neither of them spoke. When the meal was finished they left the house together and went behind a haystack where they sat talking until nearly morning. At this meeting Ney gave his son a check for \$1,000 for his start in life, and earnestly recommended him to enlist in the United States army. This advice young Ney followed, but soon became tired of soldier life and resigned from the army. He then began to practice medicine at Saltillosville, Indiana, where he now lives, being 92 years old. He is known as Dr. E. M. C. Neyman, and says that his attorney has some valuable papers

in his possession which will be opened after his death. The records give the date of the birth of Eugene, third son of Marshal Ney, as 1808, which corresponds exactly with that of Dr. Neyman's, thus making him 92 years old. The last time father and son met was in 1843, at a tavern kept by Thomas Allison, in Statesville, N. C., but what took place at this meeting has never been known.

In 1846 Peter Stewart Ney died in Rowan county, N. C., and was buried in the Third Creek church yard. For several years Dr. Neyman corresponded with the deacons of the Third Creek church with the hope of having the body moved to his home in Indiana. He told them his story on the strictest pledge of secrecy, but they refused to believe him. Finally Dr. Neyman offered to prove by an examination of the skull that it was his father. The church authorities agreed to this, and on May 3, 1889, the body was exhumed. Marshal Ney's skull had once been trepanned, and it was in this way that Dr. Neyman hoped to prove his story. This was impossible, however, as the body was in such a state, after forty-three years, that nothing could be proved, so the church authorities refused to allow the body to be moved.

While in this country Marshal Ney was said to have been a very reserved man, talking only to those with whom he was best acquainted. When the subject of war was introduced, and especially concerning the French Revolution, he would become very excited and would walk to and fro talking and waving his hands in a wild manner.

For several years Dr. James Weston, pastor of the Church of the Ascension, at Hickory, N. C., has been studying this subject and he has recently published a most interesting book on it. Other men are now working on this subject, and there is no doubt that the time will soon come when it will no longer be held as a mere tradition that the strange man who now lies in the little country church yard in North Carolina, who so quietly and modestly spent the latter years of his life among the plain country people of a rugged community, and who bore to the end the sad secret of his own life, was the

same man who, by his brilliant generalship and undaunted bravery, excited the admiration of the whole world, and rightly gained a name which has never, before or since, been given to man, "the bravest of the brave."

J. B. G.

LORD BYRON'S GREEK SLAVE.

We had been talking about the old myths of ancient Greece for some time, but just now the clear full moon rose out from behind the clustering islands, and we were so much awed by the beautiful scene which lay before us that we could speak not a word. For from the high crag where we sat, which jutted out into the sea from the main land, we lost not a detail of the natural picture before us. Looking across towards Corfu we could just make out the outlines of that island; and the expanse of water dividing us lay calm and silvery. And not only the sea, but everything—the atmosphere, the sky, the outlines of distant islands—was mellowed and softly chastened by the yellow moon. And to crown all, just now a soft breeze sprang up and wafted to us, where we sat, innumerable sweet odors so mixed together that we could recognize not a single one. Now also the breeze caught the water and rippled it into miniature mad-caps. Thus, with the hereditary influence of the place—the silvery moonlight, the dark outlines of the far-off island, the soft breeze, the rippling, plashing water, and the sweet odors—we sat speechless for some time.

But this was what we had come for, and we were satisfied.

The old guide was the first one to break the stillness.

"Have you got enough?"

No one answered. He waited awhile, and then becoming restless—for he had seen this same scene since his boyhood—he again spoke.

"A, where, where did we leave off?"

Again no answer. At length some one said, musingly, as if not expecting any answer:

"Leave off what?"

"Oh!—whatever we were talking about, before you all went to sleep," said the old guide, half sullenly.

"Isn't it beautiful!" said the one who had questioned.

"What, the conversation?"

Everyone laughed, but no one ventured to speak.

The old fellow, seeing us so enthralled, tried the last resource, the resource with which the Greek guide always conquers. This was to say something about the myths or history of the country.

So he tried again:

"I think we were speaking of some myths awhile ago; but there hangs about these Hellenes stories other than those of ancient Ionia."

"What?" I asked.

"Oh! different sorts. There are tales of the war, stories of Mavrocordato, and some half-legends relating to Lord Byron."

At this last, everyone awoke and was all ears.

"Tell us one of the last," said I, slipping a coin into his hand.

Completely pacified, he said:

"Well, they are not much, and I can't speak for the truth of some of them; these islanders around here have taken them up, and told and re-told, and woven them together so much that they have lost all that was originally in them."

This seemed to promise something good; so we kept quiet and let the old fellow, garrulous like all guides, say what he pleased. He seemed to reflect for a moment, and then began:

"Since I come to think of it, I won't tell you a legend. I'll tell you a story which I know to be true, for I saw the greater part of it.

"It was along in August of the year 1823 that Lord Byron came to us, as you know. Well, the Turks were then at war with us, and were committing the most cruel crimes and barbarities. As Lord Byron was unknown to most of us, he was watched with great curiosity, for some could not understand why he had come to us. I, myself, was in the army, holding

the position of a second lieutenant. I, with the others, was interested in the Englishman who had come to help us. One day I noticed that everywhere he went he was followed by a young Greek. I had known this young fellow since his boyhood, but lately had noticed that a great change had come over him. He seemed sad and downcast, and never said a word, not even to speak to me. But what was more strange to me, he always followed the Englishman and treated him almost like a god. This youth's name was Doulos——"

Just as that name was pronounced a young Greek beside me suddenly jumped to his feet, but as quickly sat down again. I was startled, but as no one else had noticed it, I said nothing. The guide went on:

"I questioned Doulos often, asking him what made him so downcast, but he would tell nothing. Later I found out the reason.

"There was in these isles a young girl named Lilah. I knew that Doulos had loved her since they were playmates together; and one day, discovering that she had not been seen for some two months, I knew that this had something to do with Doulos' sadness. And I did not blame him for being sad, for Lilah was a sweet, beautiful girl, and she also loved Doulos well.

"As I said, we were then at war with the Turks, and Lord Byron had come to help us. Doulos was a private in the army, and everyone knew him to be a brave man and a fearless fighter. Although we were constantly engaged in keeping the Turks back, he now and then slipped off and crossed over to the islands to see Lilah, and always came back with a joyous smile on his face. He was then happy, and was the best companion in all the company.

"All this time the Turks, to further carry out their cruelties, made secret expeditions to the islands where there was no one to interfere or hinder them in their barbarities.

"One morning, just as day was breaking, I heard some one walk softly by. I looked up, and recognized Doulos. I knew where he was going, for I saw that happy smile on his face.

"I saw him again that day, but he appeared a different person. Just at dusk, when the scene was as beautiful as this, he came limping slowly into camp. He was not the same light-hearted youth who had left in the early morning, but seemed to have grown older; and he no longer had joy in his face. I went to him and tried to comfort him, asking him what was the matter, for I saw that he had been shot just above the knee. He looked at me as if dazed, and said not a word.

"That night I happened to pass the Englishman's house, and hearing voices through the open window I stopped and listened. I immediately recognized the voices of Doulos and the Englishman. Curiosity overpowering me, I crept up to the window and saw Doulos standing before Lord Byron. He was saying something about the Turks, and then I caught the name of Lilah. I knew at once that he was telling what had happened to him that day. He had crossed over to the islands to see his sweetheart, and just as he was nearing the house had heard a scream. He rushed forward, but before reaching the house a man rushed out bearing Lilah in his arms, and jumped on a horse standing at the door. Doulos rushed after him, but could not outrun the horse; and just as the horseman reached a turn overtopped by high rocks he stopped, pulled a pistol, and deliberately took aim at his pursuer. As the shot resounded among the rocks Doulos fell, shot through the leg. However, he had recognized in the horseman a Turk.

"Just as he related this Doulos fell down on his knees before the Englishman and begged him to help him take revenge. Here I saw another element in the young Greek's character. His face was swollen and inflamed by passion and thought of taking revenge.

"After help had been promised him he opened the door and left the house.

"The next morning these two left camp, and returned the evening of the second day. Doulos looked quiet, and all the passion had left his face. Instead, there was a look of infinite sadness.

"I did not know, then, what they had done on the two days' trip. But about two years later, when I was near the death-bed of Doulos—for Doulos has been dead some fifteen years—he called me, and quietly told me that he had taken his revenge but had never since seen Lilah.

"These two years, though, before he died he followed and served the English poet like a slave."

Just as the old guide spoke these last words the moon went down and we were left in almost darkness. No one spoke; and the only sound to be heard was the monotonous murmur and splash of the water on the rocks below.

I leaned over towards the old guide and asked him, in a low voice, who the young Greek was who had sat beside me and who had started at the name of Doulos. He hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Why, everyone thinks, and I know, him to be a son of Lilah."

F. K. L.

TENNYSON'S VOLUME OF 1830.

Most young poets begin by attempting something on the grand scale, something which will give ample scope to their limitless powers. After the drama and the chic have been given to the world, and no combustion has taken place in that cold and unappreciative region, a period of painful discipline ensues before the young poet learns his limitations. It was not so with Tennyson; he seems from the first to have possessed a control and knowledge of his sphere of art that seldom failed him throughout his long years of labor. He began by making himself a thorough master of the *technique* of verse. It is hard for us now to realize what, in Tennyson's youth, that meant. Since Tennyson, English verse has been carried to a high degree of finish, but in his day the form of verse received not nearly so much attention as at present. Shelley was about the only poet whose verse was highly finished in rhythm. Tennyson's first verses, then, are bound to be purely creations of beauty in rhythm and

musical, suggestive melodies. With a few exceptions, thought and abstract truth are not present, there is no moral taught, and the poems are their own excuse for existing—are poems *per se*.

The most marked exception to what has just been said is the "Supposed Confessions." Here the author voices the restless care and doubt of this age and the passionate discontent of the thinker. The verse is well suited to the theme, for it is not involved or highly wrought, but simple, and moving rapidly forward. In parts we have some typical Tennysonian images even here, though.

Probably the most ambitious poems of this volume are the "Ode to Memory" and "The Poet." They deal more with abstract themes and are not so typical of this volume as some others.

We come now to his picture gallery of women. We have here the young poet-artist, in love with all the winsome graces and Naiad airs of woman in her ever-varying moods, giving us pictures seen purely with the eye of an artist. There is little of the subjective here, and that little is merely incidental. This group of woman pictures includes Lillian, Isabel, Madeline, Adeline, Margaret, Rosalind and Eleanor. Here, again, the structure of the verse suits the theme perfectly; it is as infinitely varied, has all the music and delicacy, all the melody and poetry of woman's voice and presence.

Claribel and Mariana are among these poems, but not strictly of them. The poet's aim in Claribel is to produce, or more properly to reproduce, a definite emotional effect. This is done by a series of images and sounds; the introduction of the feminine is only an incidental means. With Mariana it is somewhat the same; by a description of certain conditions a poetical impression is produced. It is hard to say whether nature is introduced to suggest the emotion or whether the emotions color the aspect of nature.

The remaining poems are in the nature of songs, for the most part, and of exercise in versification. We will notice several Tennysonian features of these. His descriptions by

specific details is a novel and striking characteristic. Many poets get a generalized, hazy view of natural scenery, catching only the general effect, but Tennyson sees every object distinctly and individually, and describes it just as he sees it. His use of color is in keeping with this other trait; his verses are full of description in which the element of color is largely present. His colors are generally Homeric in their broad clearness. As an illustration, both of this use of color and of the beautiful convolutions of his verse, I quote here a stanza from "The Dying Swan." The poem is not by any means the best in the volume nor is the stanza of rare beauty for Tennyson, but it is in a high degree Tennysonian.

Some *blue* peaks in the distance rose,
 And *white* against the *cold-white* sky
 Shone out their crowning snows.
 One willow over the river wept
 And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
 Above in the wind was the swallow
 Chasing itself at its own wild will,
 And far through the marsh, *green* and still
 The tangled water-courser slept
 Shot over with *purple* and *green* and *yellow*.

This volume of poems occupies a high place among poems of this kind. They are perfect as far as they go, and they go only so far as Tennyson's intuition taught him to venture. This success is attained by minute perfection of the verse—a perfection in rhythm so minute and refined that at times it is beyond the power of the average reader to catch the effect, and he believes that he detects a discord. Let such a person, if he have any knowledge of prosody, examine closely and he will find that the supposed flaw was a variation too nice for his ear. Not only the perfect smoothness in flow of the individual lines with infinite variation to save them from monotony, but even the sequence of vowel sounds, the succession of liquids and sibilants, besides the internal rhymes, repetition and semi-refrain show that Tennyson possessed an ear of extreme niceness. The closer the examination the more minutely perfect the verse appears. I defy any person to scan by means of an ordinary text on prosody, with its exact

rules and formulæ, a half-dozen poems that I might select from this volume. They can be scanned, but they cannot be tabulated under certain classes. Tennyson's verse has been the despair, it is said, of that class of imitation which invariably springs up around a leading poet. It seemed to carry perfection to the farthest possible point—*seemed*, only, of course. It was the full appreciation of this perfection in art, and creation of the beautiful, that caused Poe to cry out in admiration, "I call and *think* him the noblest poet."

C. C. ALEXANDER.

THE OAK.

It was quite small, but "nature takes care of her own," and "large rivers from small fountains flow." It was merely an acorn planted by a small boy from boyish curiosity. After a year's time he was not surprised to see it sending out branches on all sides, and its roots planting themselves with a firmer grip in the "mother earth," from which the tree was to get its livelihood, but he was impatient at its slow growth. Several times he uselessly threatened it with destruction if it continued its slow progress. The young tree, feeling, as it were, with its roots, grew on as was intended by nature.

The oak grew, and so did the boy. The boy moved away. Year after year the oak sent out its branches, furnishing the birds of the community a fine resting place at night and a cool shade from the mid-day sun. Many a hungry squirrel had run up the trunk of this tree and supplied himself with a square meal of acorns; many a lazy cow and hog had found a comfortable lying place in the heat of the day.

A laborer one day, noticing what a resting place it seemed, made a bench under it, fastening the end to the trunk, where he would lay his head.

As the tree was over him, it seemed as a mother sheltering, resting a weary boy; and as the summer breeze would blow through its branches it would seem as if she was fanning him to the sleep which has overtaken him.

The tree grows on. Winter comes, and the tree, as following nature, sheds off her thick cover in order to give as much sunshine as possible to her trunk and roots. She still has her ward, for with the trunk the cold wind is cut off, and we see the tired laborer go to the bench, lie with his head to the trunk, and enjoy the rays of sunshine which are streaming through its bared branches.

Spring comes. The tree changes as does the season. She doesn't forget to send out her shoots which grow into leaves, rapidly growing to maturity. It has now become the largest tree in the community. By its magnificent shade, by its enormous size, by the number of storms it has passed through without any slight injury, even, it becomes noted throughout the entire neighborhood.

Years have passed. An old man is plodding down the road. He chances to reach this oak. "What a blessed shade!" he says, as he sits down on the bench under this famous tree. "And can this be the tree I planted? Aye; it has stood the storms of the elements, no easier for it to bear than the trials and storms of life. It has stood the storm; I have fallen far short of doing my duty. It has responded to the call of Nature—the spirit of Nature; the spirit of God has called me, and I have not responded, therefore in my weakness—on account of relying on my own strength—I have sadly become a wreck. O! that I had responded to the spirit calling me, as the oak gave way; then as the oak is famous as a tree, so may I have been famous as a man. I should have taken a lesson from its slow, but patient, growth. My life has been a failure!" Then he quotes:

"When my passion first began
Ere that which in me burned
The love, that makes me thrice a man
Could hope itself returned.

"To yonder oak within the field
I spoke without restraint;
And with a larger faith appealed
Than Papist unto Saint.

“ But since I heard him make reply
Is many a weary hour
'Twere well to question him and try
If yet he keeps the power.”

Then he says in measured accents, “I wish my life was as strong as this oak.”

The old man rises and departs with a heavy heart, and the oak seems to moan at his departure, as a rising “puff” of wind blows through its branches.

CHYON.

THE CLASS OF 1900.

It is customary for prophets of graduating classes to secure a vision of the future greatness of their classmates through a dream. I have been waiting for a dream that would thus open my eyes, but it has never come. The God of Sleep has never swept his magic wand over my clouded vision, and dispelling the clouded mists of uncertainty, allowed me to see the future with clear and prophetic eye. This forecast has come to me through the wanderings of the mind. Occasional rays of light have darted through the cloud of uncertain life, and here and there the bright faces of classmates have appeared to me.

The scenes of my own conflicts in life were laid in distant Texas, far away from the scenes of boyhood. My day's work had been wearying, the troubles of worried clients being transmitted to my own mind. When at last it was over, I left my office, locking the door with a sigh of relief. Having nowhere else to go, I went to my room at the public boarding house, which was all that I could call home. The room was scantily furnished, but on the walls were a few of my old college pictures. The most highly prized was that of the Class of 1900, the noble Eighteen. Twilight came upon me, that hour in which one's mind is prone to wander over the past. The scenes and pleasures of childhood passed rapidly in review, and I was again at college.

“College days rise up before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago,—
Like a dream they hover o’er me,
Calm and bright as evening’s glow.

“Fancy sees the happy faces
That I knew in days of yore,
Memory oft again retraces
Paths retraced so oft before.

“Years have passed; my head is whiter
Than it was in those gay days;
Then, ah! then my heart was lighter
E’er it knew the world’s rough ways.”

Fearful that my emotions might overcome me, I tried to draw my mind away from these scenes, but the ties of memory were too strong. The twenty-five years since graduation had been but as a day. Our class was remarkable in several respects. It was the last of the century, a keystone, as it were, to the century’s work, polished by that Master-Workman under whose eyes so many rough stones had been shaped and polished to reflect honor and renown upon him. With that of 1900 he had put aside his tools, and stood ready to receive his reward—true, faithful, great in his simplicity.

It was also the last class to graduate at Wofford College without any of those newly discovered beings, co-eds. The rustle of skirts or the sound of the feminine voice never disturbed the sanctity of our recitation rooms. No member of the class ever studied until the wee small hours of the night, his only purpose to keep up with a co-ed. For all of these deliverances we were truly thankful.

I had been musing thus for some time, when I was interrupted by the arrival of the mail. My attention was drawn to a letter postmarked Spartanburg, S. C. This was indeed a boon to a poor homesick mortal. Rapidly tearing open the envelope, I read the following:

“DEAR HARDIN:—As you are doubtless aware, great preparations are being made for the commencement here next month. The class of 1900 is to have its first re-union, and we are going to have some of the “good old times” over

again. We will be delighted to see you here and will expect you to spend the time with us.

“Yours as ever,

“A. DIAL GRAY.”

What member of the class can ever forget “Old Dial?” Not I. He was now writing his pronouns in the plural number. I wondered what that meant. Dial hovered around the college a year or more, waiting for the class of 1900 to catch up, preferring to end his college career with the century. He was a happy, genial companion, handsome, free, open and generous. He went through college without being absent from chapel, recitation rooms, or society meetings, and never made less than eighteen on an examination. The Preston Hall still resounds with the eloquence and oratory in his only speech delivered there. This speech was a discussion of the dispensary system. For several years he was a “knight of the road,” but soon went into business at Spartanburg, and is now the merchant prince of that city.

I did not hesitate long in deciding to go East and meet with my old classmates, to find out what success and reverses had met them in life.

The age of steam had passed; electricity had lost its prestige. Transportation was looked after by gigantic corporations operating flying machines. In trying to decide between the advantages offered by competing lines, I secured a booklet entitled “The Travelers’ Guide,” issued by the “Southern Aerial Navigation Company.” In the list of officers I noticed the name of E. M. Lander, as President of the corporation. This was no surprise, for in college “Doc” had exhibited characteristics that pointed to success. After graduation he secured a position with the “Black Diamond Railroad,” and by strict attention to business, and high moral worth, soon became President of the company. He was the chief promoter of the first aerial line in the South.

My desire to help “Doc” along decided the contest as to a route of travel. Two days later I stepped aboard the flying machine at seven o’clock in the morning, and soon we were rapidly flying through space towards Atlanta, reaching

that city in a few hours. Some moments before our departure for Spartanburg, there stepped into the ship a tall, well-formed, handsome man of middle age. Something about him seemed familiar, and I soon recognized the stranger as being none other than Whiteford Claude Martin. Only a few words were necessary for us to revive all of our old-time friendship. He taught school for some years, but discontented, studied law and located in Atlanta. He had rapidly risen and was considered one of the most eloquent and able lawyers in that city. He, too, was going back "to be with the boys."

Spartanburg was soon reached, and we were again on familiar ground. Dial met us, and soon we were in his automobile speeding towards his suburban home, "Bensonhurst."

The following morning we visited old Wofford. Time had wrought its changes. Magnificent new buildings dotted the campus. While discussing these changes, our attention was directed to a well dressed gentleman who was approaching. It was James Ed Edwards, now professor of science in Central University, Abbeville county. Ed's personal appearance had changed little. He was just a little more bald and wore a "Van Dyke" beard. His worst trait was being an evolutionist. We never forgot the time when the geology class carried various collected specimens of rock to the class-room. He hunted long, and finally found what he thought to be a fossil. He could, so he thought, plainly discern the hair of some extinct animal upon the specimen. What a blow when told that it was merely a piece of mortar.

That night a meeting of the class was held in the office of Dr. C. B. Burnett. This sounds differently from "Old Home-Run Burnett," but it is one and the same person, nevertheless. He studied medicine and was a successful and popular physician. "Jack" was pre-eminently the base ball man of the class, and even yet had not forgotten some of it. When treating an unusually severe case, he would make a "sacrifice hit," and the patient never came back any more.

At this re-union of the class every member was present. Wit and humor, business and pleasure, science and philoso-

phy, law and medicine, were mixed up in one heterogenous mass.

Shockley had chosen teaching as a profession and was now professor of Ancient Languages in a neighboring college. Hugh was a good student, of high moral worth, and always gave promise of success in life.

Judge Hall was there, but still the same Elliot Hall that we knew in college—a good student, free, open hearted and generous. He taught school for several years, but finally turned to law. Rising rapidly, he was now filling a Judge's place in the circuit court.

One member of the class, Lem Wiggins, had distinguished himself in his own peculiar way. He was the first to break the ties of bachelorhood and pledge himself to another, "for better or for worse." He undertook to lead the youth of the land along the stormy way of education, and had been eminently successful.

In the political world the class was ably represented by C. D. Lee. He practiced law as a sort of pastime. His first success was his election as coroner of Darlington county. This election was unanimous, due entirely to the fact that he had no opposition. He is now most favorably spoken of for the State Senate.

In the way of clergymen, 1900 had but one lone representative, but in his hands the interests of the class in that respect were well cared for. P. C. Garris in college had the confidence of students and faculty. He joined the South Carolina Conference and there sustained himself well, being now the most handsome presiding elder of that body.

The great number of pedagogues in South Carolina had received a valuable addition in the person of Carlisle Major. He had one unmentionable, distinguishing feature from all his classmates. In his chosen profession he had done remarkably well, and was one of the most prominent educators in the state.

One of the few men of the class to enter the business world was Eustace P. Miller. He had a talent in this direction

and had been successful, now being treasurer of a large cotton mill in the Piedmont belt.

The quietude of many a neighboring class-room was rudely disturbed during the last few months of our course by a most hideous noise. The originator of this ear-splitting racket was Butler H. Boyd, and its name was "Sousa's Chariot Race, Improved." He was now endeavoring to train the youth of the country to reproduce this dance, with school-teaching as a medium of instruction. The poor little fellows were made to dance quite often.

Phillips, the smallest member, and also the ladies' man of the class, had gone into the mill business, and now owned the controlling amount of stock in several large mills. He had pushed Wiggins a close finish in the race for the "matrimonial honors" of the class.

Fairey, "Old Jim," as he is familiarly called, had finally chosen the profession of law for his life work. He hesitated for several years as to what he would do, in the meantime taking life easily, but when finally decided, he produced a stir in legal circles. His specialty was the handling of "divorce cases."

One of the brainiest men of the class was Alexander, but, being handicapped, he was unable to do much literary work. He spent several years "rusticating" on the farm. His talent lay in the field of journalism, but, unable to follow that, he went into the mercantile business and soon established for himself a reputation as a staunch commercial man.

Carroll Rogers was the second man of the class to follow up his work in science, doing his post-graduate work at Cornell University. He was now in the employ of the government, and making valuable research into the geological formation of the Arctic regions.

Each man had given his experiences and the first reunion of the class of 1900 was at an end. In a few days my happy stay at old Wofford was ended, and I returned to my work in Texas. My hopes and aspirations had been strengthened by my short association with old friends on hallowed ground.

In following out the usual custom, I have attempted the

rôle of class prophet, but classmates your future is what you make it, with the help of Divine Providence.

“He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.”

'Tis hard to break our associations, but the record of our college course is finished and must be closed. And now a last farewell:

“Here's to our college friends and chums:
Sweet may their memory be ;
May God preserve our dear old class—
Three cheers for old W. C.”

L. L. HARDIN.



WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Established {
1888.

JUNE, 1900.

} Vol. XI.
} No. 9.

STAFF:

H. T. Shockley, '00, Editor-in-Chief.

CALHOUN SOCIETY:

E. P. MILLER, Exchange,
W. C. MARTIN, Local,
W. C. KOGER, Ass't Bus. M'g'r.

PRESTON SOCIETY:

L. L. HARDIN, Literary,
E. C. MAJOR, Alumni,
T. H. DANIEL, Ass't Literary.

Clarence D. Lee, '00, Business Manager.

Editorial Department.

H. T. SHOCKLEY, EDITOR.

To the Students. We, the outgoing Editorial Staff, desire to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to those students who have so loyally aided us by contributing to the Journal for this year, and to bespeak their hearty support for the Journal of next year.

In parting, we have a few words to say to the general body of students. This Journal belongs to all the students, and each one of you is responsible for its welfare. You are just as responsible as if you were one of the staff. Then don't let the Literary Editor of next year have to beg contributions and then have to wait weeks for them. Such a state of affairs is a disgrace to the college, and a disgrace to a college is a disgrace to the students. The Literary Editor should have so much to choose from that it would be an honor to have your piece given preference.

We will ever have an interest in the welfare of the Journal. And we are glad to say that, with the staff selected, we have no fears for next year's issue.

A Letter from Prof. Cooke to the Journal.

Dear Boys and girls of Wofford:—Just a word or two from the capital of the German empire. As I write there rises before my window the dome of the imperial palace, and beside it is the university where every day 12,000 men and women go in and out in their search after truth, passing in their quest beneath the shadows of Helenholz and of William and Alexander Humbolt, and sitting in halls that yet echo with the voice of Mommsen, the biographer of Rome. Just out beyond the gate sits in bronze, on his warhorse, the first founder of the German empire, old Frederick the Great, and beyond him stretches, like a verdant river, *unter der Linden*, passing down to where the column of victory lifts up its golden angel with a laurel wreath to crown the victorious sons of the Fatherland. How can the German youth be less than noble amid these living memories?

But it is not of these things I am thinking; rather of a quiet college among the terra cotta hills of Carolina, where two hundred young men and women are striving to work out their problems in the school of knowledge—not less important these, because they chance to be beneath the pines and not beneath the lindens. But because they sometimes miss the silent appeals for the best there is in them, they may grow weary of the drudgery of work, and wonder if there really is a use in learning German verbs.

Some time ago when in Rome I went to see the masterpiece of the great master—the Moses of Michael Angelo. One wonders why it is not in Saint Peters, but it was carved and left here in a little church far out on the edge of the city. The world goes now not because of the church but because of Angelo's marble—so little did the sculptor consider the *place* when he set his hand to work. And do you think he wrought this wonder in stone by a few fell strokes of genius? In order to be able to give its perfectness to that marble hand, he gave long, assiduous years to what might seem the fruitless study of minute anatomy, but when I traced the veins that seem to throb, they answered to those that flew in the

human hand, so careful was the master in the least of things. It was he who said "trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

I trust you are having a prosperous year in Wofford. My great regret is that I shall not be with you in June. The Seniors I look forward to greeting as Alumni; to the other classes I need only say *auf Wiedersehen*. Greetings to the base ball boys; what victories they have been winning while we slept around here in the old earth's shadow. But remember that—

"Heights by great men gained and kept,
Were not attended by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

With best wishes,

Berlin.

A. B. COOKE.



Exchange Department.

E. P. MILLER, EDITOR.

The time has now come for the present board of editors to sever its connection with the Journal, and to hand over to its successors the charge with which it has been intrusted for the past college year.

Our connection with the Journal has been, for the most part, a pleasant one, and it is not without some feelings of regret that we bring ourselves to say "good-bye" to the many friends we have made among the magazines that have been regular visitors to our table—some always on time, and others that came straggling in anywhere from the first to the last of the month in which they were due. We, of course, have made mistakes, but we hope they have been accredited to ignorance rather than to any neglect of duty on the part of the editors, for it has ever been our purpose to give to our readers our best efforts. In how far we have succeeded, you of course, know too well already. Above everything, we are sincerely grateful to those who have pointed out our mistakes and who have been kind enough to offer suggestions where they were needed, for this is preeminently the function of the Exchange Department to criticise and suggest, and not to engage in idle praise or scathing criticism.

With this, and wishing a successful and prosperous career for the Journal, we take up our work again for the last time.

The first magazine that attracts our attention is the *Amherst Literary Monthly*. The *Monthly* is attired in a simple but neat dress: Its several departments are very successfully conducted. "The Place of the Classics in Amherst College" we pass over as being of purely local interest. "Barnstable's Basket" is a good story told in a pleasing manner; A story of this kind is a digression from the ordinary college journal story and does not fail to interest the reader. The poem, "By the Sea," is well done. During the year the author of this poem has contributed other verses which we have read

with interest. He is to be commended for his successful handling of a metre so simple, yet so difficult. There are other good things in this issue, but a lack of space forbids a notice of them.

Next we take up the *Wake Forest Student* whose contributions are numerous and varied, but all of a high order. The essay on "Timrod as a Poet" approaches nearer to a just appreciation of the life and works of South Carolina's poet-laureate than anything we have seen in a college journal. The essay on "Edgar Allen Poe" which is concluded in this number is also worthy of commendation. "Boer vs. British" is an able argument for the liberty of the Boers.

The *Lowell Annual* has reached us and is indeed a credit to the institution from which it came. The reading matter is of an exceptionally high order. The cuts and illustrations are good and add greatly to the attractiveness of the *Annual*.

"A Story of Kipling" in the *Trinity Archive* is full of interest and information for students of English literature.

The Wesleyan Literary Monthly contains its usual quota of good stories and essays. "A Glimpse at Jean Valjean" we select as the best story.

AT GRADUATING TIME.

The graduates are going forth—
 God bless them, every one!—
 To run this hard and stubborn world
 Just as it should be run,
 But much I fear they'll find the facts
 Don't always track with dreams;
 And running this old earth is not
 As easy as it seems.

As seniors we are prone to think
 Our wisdom is complete,
 We've but to ask—the world will lay
 Its trophies at our feet.
 But schooldays done and work begun,
 We learn to our regret

The College of Experience
We have not mastered yet.

Ambition beckons on to us
And eagerly we press
Toward a distant, gleaming goal,
The Temple of Success.
It seems a pleasant journey at
The dawning of life's day.
But as we stumble on, it grows
A long and weary way.

The world has garlands and applause
At graduating time;
And then forgets us the next day,
When we attempt to climb.
Life is a battle, where each one
Must seek and hold his own,
He who would rise above the crowd
Must scale the heights alone.

This is the rule of life today
As it has ever been:
The world bestows its smiles on those
Who have the strength to win.
Beneath all outward semblances
It looks for merit true,
It little cares how much you know,
But asks, what can you do?

When you have left your college halls
You're barely at the start,
For Wisdom's height is infinite
And long the ways of Art.
You'll find that in the school of life
Acts count for more than dreams;
And running this old earth is not
As easy as it seems.

—*Ex.*



Local Department.

W. C. MARTIN, EDITOR.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

At a final meeting of the Athletic Association which was held last week, the officers for next year were elected and the association was found to be in a flourishing condition. Manager Hardin reported that the old debt of (\$100) one hundred dollars, which has been hanging over the association for several years, had been paid off, and reported the association clearly out of debt with \$129'00 in the treasury. The association unanimously voted thanks to Mr. Hardin for his efficient management, both of the team and financial affairs of the association. Prof. Clinkscales was re-elected president of the association and Mr. T. H. Daniel secretary and treasurer. Mr. J. B. Gibson was elected as manager of next years ball team, with Mr. K. W. Littlejohn as assistant.

"Dick" Hudgens who has caught for Wofford the last two seasons, was elected captain of next year's team by acclamation. With "Jim" Gibson for manager, "Dick" Hudgens for captain, with six old ball men back, with the same number of applicants for team as we have had for the last two seasons, and backed by a strong and enthusiastic association with a full treasury, Wofford should put out a winning team next year as good as her champion team of 1900. Whether Wofford puts out a football team next year or not we cannot say, but she has started out with that intention, having elected her football officers for the coming fall. Mr. Frank Watkins, manager; W. C. Koger, assistant manager; F. S. DuPré, captain.

WOFFORD vs. S. C. M. A.

Wofford played her last game on the local diamond in May with the Citadel. It was the same old story, told in the sev-

enteen preceeding games, with Wofford on top.

The Citadel put up a good clean game, but were unable to find DuPré for a single hit. "Baby" DuPré who has made such a reputation throughout the State this season as a clever twirler, closed the season with a brilliant finish, striking out twenty (20) men and not yielding a single hit. He pitched phenomenal ball and received good support throughout the game.

DuRant, the Citadel's left hand man, pitched a good game and had he been given stronger support, Wofford would have been satisfied with less than nine (9) runs. The visitors accepted defeat gracefully, and by their gentlemanly behavior while in Spartanburg, they won many admirers.

The score was Wofford 9, Citadel 0. Batteries—Wofford, DuPré and Hudgens; Citadel, DuRant and Law. Base hits—Wofford 10; Citadel 0. Strike outs—DuRant 5; DuPré 20.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Commencement !

The boys are anxious for vacation.

Examinations are over.

Mr. J. C. Fairy went to Columbia last week as Wofford's representative in a meeting of the State Athletic Association.

Messrs. Hardin and Martin, of the Senior Class, returned from Columbia last week, where they were in attendance at Columbia College commencement, acting in capacity as marshals.

Prof. Rembert delivered the literary address this year before the Carlisle and Wightman societies of Columbia College.

Wofford has lost one game in the three years, that is, one out of the last twenty-six (26). She has not lost a single game in two years, or, has won eighteen (18) consecutive victories.

The relative standing of the ball teams in the state is:

1st, Wofford; 2d, Clemson; 3d, South Carolina College; 4th, Erskine; 5th, Newberry; 6th, Citadel; 7th, Furman University; 8th, Charleston College; 9th, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

A most delightful reception was tendered the Senior class last Saturday evening at the residence of Mrs. B. F. Shockley. The occasion was most enjoyable and will be remembered a long time by those who were so fortunate as to be present.

The JOURNAL staff for next year will be: L. T. H. Daniel, Editor-in-Chief; K. W. Littlejohn, Business Manager; J. B. Gibson, Literary Editor; H. M. Brown, Alumni Editor; M. Auld, Local Editor; D. L. Guy, Exchange Editor, D. S. Murph, Assistant Literary Editor; B. A. Bennett, Assistant Business Manager.

A cut of our victorious base-ball team appears in this issue of the JOURNAL. It is useless to say that Wofford is proud of her team, and in showing their just appreciatisn of the good work done by the team this year the Athletic Association has presented each man with his old uniform. A list of the men in the cut are given below, beginning with the first man on the left side in the back row: B. A. Bennett, third base; Claude Martin, center field; L. L. Hardin, Manager; E. P. Miller, Assistant Manager and Scorer; A. M. Brabham, right field; George Bates, second base; "Jack" Burnett, first base; Faysoux DuPré, pitcher and left field; Elliot Hall, pitcher and left field; Walter Green, short-stop; "Dick" Hudgens, catcher.



Wofford College Directory.

JAS. H. CARLISLE, L.L. D., President.

J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Secretary.

D. A. DUPRÉ, A. M., Treasurer.

Calhoun Literary Society.

President, Vance Brabham.
Vice-President, D. D. Jones.
1st Critic, V. C. Wilson.
Secretary, C. H. Varner.
Treasurer, F. S. DuPre.

Preston Literary Society.

President, Marvin Auld.
Vice-President, M. S. Asbill.
1st Critic, E. L. Guy.
Secretary, M. L. Prince.
Treasurer, B. A. Bennett.

"Wofford College Journal."

Editor-in-Chief, H. T. Shockley.
Business M'g'r., Clarence D. Lee.
Literary Editor, L. L. Hardin.
Exchange Editor, E. P. Miller.
Alumni Editor, E. C. Major.
Local Editor, W. C. Martin.
Ass't. Bus. M'g'r., W. C. Koger.
Ass't. Lit. Editor, Thomas Daniel.

Y. M. C. A.

President, V. W. Brabham.
Vice-President, M. Auld.
Secretary, C. E. Peele.
Treasurer, N. L. Prince.

Athletic Association.

President Prof. J. G. Clinkscales.
Manager, L. L. Hardin.
Assistant Manager, E. P. Miller.
Sec. and Treas., E. C. Major.
Captain, Chas. B. Burnett.

Gymnasium Association.

President, E. P. Miller.
Vice-President, C. D. Lee.
Sec. and Treas., E. C. Major.

Alumni Association.

President, W. E. Burnett, '76.
Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, '76.

Fraternities.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.
Pi Kappa Alpha.
Kappa Alpha.
Kappa Sigma.
Chi Phi.
Chi Psi.

Caterer Wightman Hall.

L. E. Wiggins.

Senior Class.

President, L. L. Hardin.
Vice-President, E. H. Hall.
Sec. and Treas., Carroll Rogers.
Poet, C. C. Alexander.

Junior Class.

President, Thomas Daniel.
Vice-President, M. Auld.
Sec. and Treas., J. B. Gibson.
Poet, F. K. Lake.
Historian, W. C. Koger.

Sophomore Class.

President, F. F. Watkins.
Vice-President, Carroll Varner.
Sec. and Treas., Strother.

Freshman Class.

President, Herbert Lewis.
Vice-President, W. K. Greene.
Sec. and Treas., J. R. Duncan.

Ye Wofford Swells,

Just four months ago we contracted for this page in the Journal, through which medium we have solicited your trade, and today (we are proud to say) we feel it our duty to use this space in extending to you our sincere appreciation for your very liberal patronage, for surely 'twas beyond our expectation, and we feel flattered indeed by your kind favors.

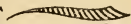
Now, to throw bouquets at ourselves (as it were), we must congratulate you upon your keen appreciation of what is stylish, up-to-date and durable, and knowing where to buy swell shoes. We are close students of shoeology, and you may rest assured that shoes bought of us are Dame Fashion's latest productions.

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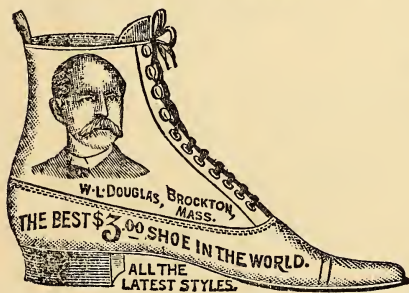
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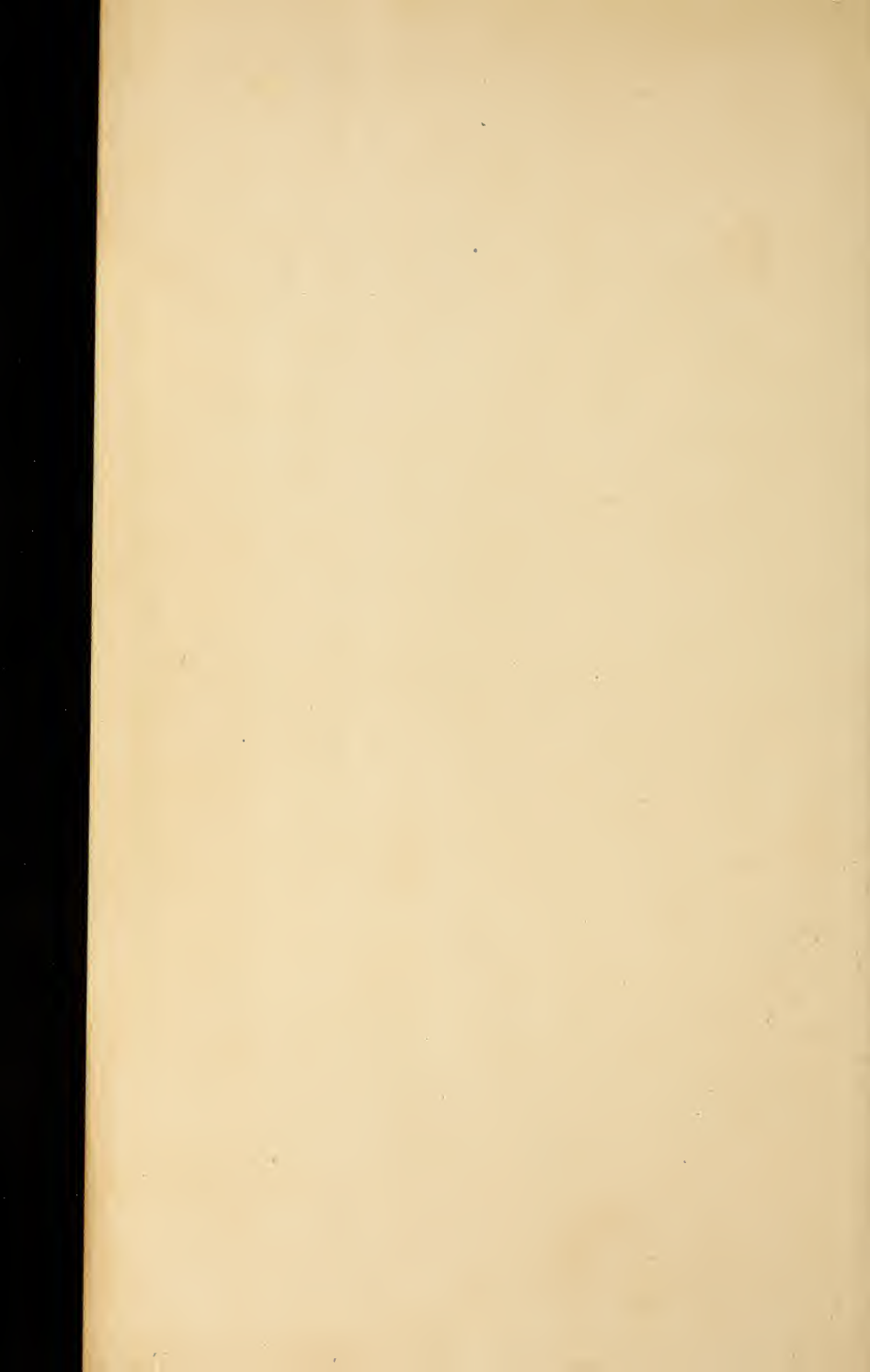
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